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ENGLAND AND EUROPE,

AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SESSION.

ENGLAND, by a course of valour exerted in a righteous cause, by councils manly and wise, by a national spirit unequalled for the love of freedom, for energy, and for generosity, and lastly and chiefly, by the possession of the purest form of the purest religion, stands at this hour in the foremost place of the civilized world.

Where is her rival now to be found? Russia, the only power whose influence might have seemed to menace her supremacy, has been taught in a single campaign the feebleness of an empire whose strength is founded upon the brute force of armies. That she has been taught this lesson no lover of the peace of Europe, or the true interests of mankind, can regret. Wherever grasping and insolent ambition receives its chastisement, a great good is done to the cause of justice; and wherever the true weakness and fragility of despotism can be contrasted with the intrinsic and inexhaustible vigour of a government of freedom, there human rights have made a progress, and the victory is gained for human nature. Whether the next Russian campaign will be more successful than that which has now closed in such signal disgrace to the ostentatious and unjustifiable spirit of aggression, which urged the emperor into the Turkish war; or whether the first campaign shall be the last, is of no importance to the main question. The Russians have been defeated, and that too under the most humiliating circumstances—not at the close of a long struggle, where their troops, discipline, and spirit, might be supposed equally broken down; but with the most completely picked army that the empire ever sent into the field; with all the advantages of discipline and equipment in the troops, and experience in the generals; with a national and superstitious enthusiasm to stimulate them to efforts even beyond the exploits of soldiership, and with the whole temptation of the opulence of European and Asiatic Turkey to reward their easy march over the bodies of the enemy.

In this struggle too they were not to contend with the organized and iron power of the great European kingdoms; Austrian discipline, French activity, and British courage, were not to turn the bayonets of the grenadier-army of all the Russias. Nicholas was to march against

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a rabble, almost entirely new to the field, ill equipped, ill officered, and stubbornly adverse to the adoption of the improvements of modern war. The personal bravery of the enemy was acknowledged, but superior tactics make personal bravery in the enemy rather a snare, than an element of success. Victory was secure!

Three months of a campaign against half naked barbarians and mouldering walls, were enough to extinguish the flame of Russian ambition. The veterans of the north fled before the peasantry of Asia; discipline gave way before brave disorder; and fifty thousand Russian corpses, three armies utterly dismantled, enormous financial losses, and the lost military name, that Russia had expended her blood for a century to purchase, are the monuments of her Turkish war.

Russia is still a great empire, with great means of good or evil. But the secret of her weak place has been betrayed by herself. To invasion she may be inexpugnable. She may present a barrier of adamant in the severity of her climate, the barren immensity of her dominions, and the rude patriotism of her people; but beyond her borders she is feeble; like her own north wind, her force is in her native region: it decays in its descent into Europe, and finally softens and sinks away. As a menacer or a rival of England, Russia is no more. When shall we hear again of Armed Neutralities; of North-Sea Coalitions; or of the March to India; those showy charlatawries with which the adroitness and artifice of Catherine and Alexander contrived at once to occupy the eyes of European statesmen, and conceal the actual weakness of their empire? We have now a chain upon the neck of Russia, which we shall leave in the hands of the Turk; and which, at the first growlings from the northern den, we shall teach him how to tighten. But peace with all, and peace among all, is the golden rule of England. Every shot fired in Europe, is a shot virtually fired against her; and as her injury would be the injury of every corner of the earth where man is above the beast of the field; so is her supremacy the mighty promise and pledge of strength, knowledge, and happiness, to the circle of the globe.

The failure of the Russian campaign may be followed by lessons still more important than the chastisement of unprovoked hostilities. It ought to furnish a great lesson of the actual weakness of the despotic form of government. The leading cabinets may be made awake to the living evidence, that the rigidity of authority to which they sacrifice the incalculable benefits of national freedom, is not worth the price; that while it is directly injurious to the mighty nerve to be found in commerce, knowledge, manly enterprize, and that general magnitude and force of the human mind, which can grow up only where man is master of himself; the external power of the nation is not the more exempt from the severest casualties: that this hard and close investiture of a nation, this forcing the national frame into perpetual armour, is no preservative against defeat; and that the wisest plan may be to hang up this memorial of the times of feudality and barbarism among the reliques of years in the grave, beat the sword into the ploughshare, and leave man to follow the open and generous impulses of genius and nature.

All the other leading European states, are either in close alliance with us, or too keenly busied with their own difficulties, to dare the chance of English war. France has learned by the slow wisdom of suffering, the infinite importance of peace with a country to which all her coasts are open, yet which is totally inaccessible by her: whose fleets can at a

word, sweep her commerce from the ocean, shut up her ports, and cut off her intercourse with her colonies ; and which, when the struggle comes at last on the land, can show that the British soldier is made of the same materials as the British sailor.

Spain and Portugal are too eagerly employed by dissensions at home to think of hostilities. The monks are the masters of both : the monks hate the freedom, the religion, and the knowledge of England ; and desperately would they show their hate, if they dared. But their daggers are for other breasts ; the spirit of jacobinism keeps the spirit of monkery in employment too anxious for foreign mischief. One devil has been called up to controul the malice of another. They are fit antagonists, and will rend each other with fang and talon, until their work is done, until the Peninsula is sunk into the final degradation of a wilderness scattered over with a few superstitious slaves ; or startles the world by the brief and bloody supremacy of a jacobin empire.

Austria lies in that massive tranquillity which has characterized the reign of the house of Hapsburg. But of all the continental states, she is the most essentially bound to the alliance of England ; by her position in the midst of the great military powers ; by the absence of any source of rival ambition ; and by the habits of old connexion, and combined struggle against Napoleon. She has all the strength of passive power ; her military position is impregnable, unless betrayed by negligence or imbecility ; her troops are brave, and she can recruit her armies from an immense extent of territory filled with a hardy population.

There has not been a moment since the close of the revolutionary war, when the politician would be entitled to calculate more securely upon the general peace of Europe. Even the late disturbances of the military states have only assisted this probability. The interval since the fall of Napoleon had been long enough for a generation to start into public life, who knew nothing of the miseries of war. Man is a restless animal ; and in every continental nation, there was a rapidly rising tendency to recommence the scene, where their fathers had suffered so deeply. But, as if for the express purpose of checking this hazardous tendency, there is scarcely an European nation, which has not, within a short period, had a trial of war, not sufficient to draw the blood fatally, yet more than enough to teach them the misery that can be inflicted by the sword.

The Turkish campaign has given the armies of Russia a trial of war, that has palpably checked the passion of her people for tampering with military glory. The French soldiery were beginning to exclaim against the indolence of peace. The expedition to the Morea, slight as its losses may have been, has palpably answered the purpose of checking the insane love for laurels ; and every man now on the Greek soil is exclaiming against the folly that sent him from home. If Belgium, a power of great importance to England, has suffered herself to be drawn into the views of Russian ambition, she has had a trial of war in the East, which will long disgust her armies.

There is the additional security against European war, that is to be found in the interior disturbance of the continental states. It is a remarkable characteristic of the times, that insurrection, open or concealed, is in the bowels of every kingdom of Europe. The most formidable enemies of the Spanish and Portuguese thrones are notoriously active within their own realms, sometimes defying them in the field, and perpetually menacing the royal authority. In France, the spirit of disturbance lives

in the two-fold shape of the Jacobin and the Jesuit ; and the slightest relaxation of the vigilance of government might let loose civil war through the land. In Belgium, one half of the population is suspicious of the other, and the whole power of government is employed in restraining the mutual violences of superstition and fanaticism. In Prussia, the whole military strength of the crown is not too strong for the suppression of revolutionary opinions. Even in the heavy quietude of the Austrian monarchy, jacobinism, fanaticism, and the sullen repugnance of newly conquered countries to a master of a strange speech and soil, are felt to be demands on all the vigilant suspicion of the cabinet. The revolutionary impulses of the north of Germany have made their way even into the lazy provinces of the Danube. The Hungarian nobility, too, molest Austria with their old demands of privilege ; and the keeping of the Italian conquests is a perpetual business of the prison and the sabre. The Greek revolt plagues the Ottoman with the common trouble of European thrones. The Polish disaffection, and even conspiracy to an enormous extent in the Russian army, must exercise the fears of the Emperor, and teach him, if he is to be taught by experience, the necessity of applying his vigour to the correction of evils at home. Whether those extraordinary tendencies to popular disturbance are to be looked on as the last heavings of that time of tempest which wrecked so many European thrones, or as that ominous and instinctive rising of the great deep of society, the "ground swell," which portends the final and ten-fold storm, its present operation must be to retard the hostilities of the monarchs of Europe, to assist the efforts of England for general peace, and to give hertime to perfect those noble plans of national and European amelioration, for which she seems to have been raised by the especial hand of Heaven.

We have seen the singular concurrence of what the world calls accident, in giving England a paramount influence abroad. We shall call it by a loftier and more cheering name ; and exult in the proof that to nations strenuous in well-doing, is extended the same protection that has been promised to the virtuous among men. By this high protection, England, one of the smallest territories in Europe, has been raised into an eminence never equalled by the greatest ; has been made the sovereign of realms, to which the mightiest of the European kingdoms would be but a province ; has become the mother of colonies that already assume the magnitude of empires ; has planted her arts, her laws, her literature, and her religion, in the uttermost parts of the earth ; and is at this hour, even in the midst of the strifes and jealousies of Europe, acknowledged as the universal friend, appealed to as the great arbiter, by whose will contending nations are to abide ; whose friendship is to be a pledge of safety, as her hostility is to turn the tide of conquest, to overwhelm the insolence of the triumphant, and to give breathing time and restoration to the undone.

But, to look to the course of our domestic policy, we are persuaded that there too protection is capable of being traced ; that evil has been palpably controuled to good, and that a proud and rapid progress of amelioration has been preparing, in the midst of what seemed to be but a choice of calamities.

Scarcely more than two years ago, the nation was in the hands of Lord Liverpool, whose avowed policy was to govern on any terms that might avoid a collision of parties. Lord Liverpool's intentions were

sincere, but his habits of life had made the retention of office a part of his being; and for that retention, he unconsciously sacrificed the principles of the British constitution. The system of governing by a divided cabinet, was his favourite and fatal secret; and the confidence reposed in his moderation and honesty, might have made us regardless of the evils of his policy, until the bulwarks of the national faith and freedom had been irremediably broken away. A cabinet in which no one leading measure could have been resolved on, without parings down and concessions on both sides of the council-table, would have been at last trained to the discovery, that all rights and principles were the legitimate subject of barter.

A change in the premiership, suddenly and irresistibly showed the perniciousness of this system. The new minister had found the cabinet following its separate styles of thinking on the Popish question, he resolved that they should try how far separate styles of thinking could be agreed upon in all the principles of the constitution, and with a stroke of the pen he made one half of the cabinet Whig. The nation cried out against the treachery of the man, and the iniquity of the measure, and idly lamented the simple integrity of Lord Liverpool. But it was his wily successor that played the involuntary patriot. He showed the true tendency of the system, by a cabinet in which, not merely no act could pass the council without mutual concession, but no act whatever could pass. The fellow advisers for their country's good, had but one principle in common, that of keeping their situations in defiance of public scorn. All the great questions were flung under the table, all the mouths of council were padlocked, by mutual consent; and the dexterity of this amphibious cabinet was exhausted on contrivances for doing nothing. The Catholic Question, the Test Act, the Corn Question, the Parliamentary Reform, the Finance Question, all were alike buried in the equivocal bosoms of this heteroclite cabinet of chicane. It was the deprecated power of Mr. Canning that did the state this service. It was he who shewed, to demonstration, that the divided cabinet must degenerate into a gang of political swindlers; the evidence was given, and the involuntary patriot passed away before he had time to mature his fellow conspirators into that ripeness of conciliation, which would have at length learned the folly of standing at arms' length, when they might approximate, and pick the nation's pocket together. Peace be to his grave. His life was of use, if it gave us but one lesson, never to trust the professions of a man struggling his way up to office; and never to decide on the panegyric, until it can be rectified by the epitaph, of a statesman. An undefinable government followed, a government of invalids past their labour, and recruits not come to their age of service; of minds long ago laid up in obscurity, and minds not arrived at the years of discretion. Its activity was in a life of post chaises from London to Windsor, to inquire whether it was in or out; its deliberation was in the peace-making of two clerks, and its title to the national gratitude was in its speedy discovery that it knew nothing about the national business, and that it was high time for it to withdraw. The lesson of the divided cabinet had now been fully given. A man of genius and vigour assumed the premiership. Accustomed to the sure course of things, he left the fools to expose their own folly, and the knaves to outwit themselves. The folly and knavery soon did their work, and the clearance of the cabinet justified his expectations, almost before they were pronounced.

He will not forget the lesson wrought for his strength, by his weak predecessors. He will purify the cabinet, and the nation, already rejoicing, shall yet more rejoice, in the casualties that prepared the way for the supremacy of a great minister.

Another memorable working of good out of evil, is still before us in full action. Six months ago the public mind seemed asleep to the most momentous question that can concern a people; the question whether the free constitution and scriptural faith of England shall be laid at the mercy of the slaves of an Italian priest, and the haters of Protestantism? Popery was making stealthy but rapid strides during this slumber. The indolent friends of the constitution felt themselves justified in their indolence, by the apparent neglect of the nation; the timid looked round, saw no help, and made a traffic of their timidity; the knavish saw in the general somnolency, only a more secure season of providing for themselves, popery recruited her ranks from them all.

Suddenly an individual made a speech at a public dinner, implying that the premier was a convert to the views of the papists. His speech was an error or a fiction, but its tidings were heard with dismay by every well-wisher to the empire. The exultation of popery followed it, with insolent triumph. But then followed the nobler results: the menace broke the sleep of Protestantism. Its supposed desertion by Government, roused it to the exertion of its own brave energies; the premature menaces of popery invigorated its remembrance of the tender mercies of popish rebellion. It sent its summons through the land, it collected and combined, its speakers developed, in a course of masterly appeals to the common sense of the nation, the resources, the dignity, and the sacredness of the national cause. Its voice was heard in England, and echoed by the aroused and generous sympathy of our land of freemen. In Ireland, the Brunswick Clubs already number upwards of four hundred thousand individuals, the representatives of the property, learning, religion, and principle of the country; a force that at once puts the nation in a state of security, leaves the mind of the minister at its ease, to pursue its course of manly wisdom; and establishes the saving truth that Protestantism, if faithful to itself, can never fail.

In England, the rights of our religion and freedom have since been, again and again, authenticated by the mightiest voice of her people. Myriads have already pledged themselves, by the most public and unquestionable declarations, to the resistance of all conspiracy against their faith and laws. The hypocrite and the sycophant, the rabble-leader, and the specious liberalist, have been turned into contempt: the summoning of the nation soon taught them the difference between a corrupted mob and the fearless and high-hearted multitudes of England. Kent, Cornwall, Devon, and a crowd of important districts, have already pronounced their will. The slightest attempt to carry the question now, would stir the land from north to south, and from east to west, into one grand movement; and if, instead of exulting, as we do, in the vigour, we had to dread the weakness of government, we should find the noblest refuge in the colossal shadow of the uproused nation.

Let one more instance be given. The feebleness of the Irish parliament, in 1793, gave the franchise to the papist forty-shilling freeholders. Liberalism was the folly of the day; and it proclaimed that then, for the first time, the Irish peasant was to be lifted into the rank of a human being; that, with the power of voting, his moral condition must rise in

the scale ; and that, with political influence, he was to be the heir of the whole inheritance of freedom and virtue.

The romance was ridiculed, and the reasoning was disproved. But the Irish parliament was already marked for suicide ; and its last work was to leave a legacy of mischief to its country. The instant operation of the boon was the shame of modern philosophy. The condition of the peasant became instantly darkened. His original evil, the minute subdivision of the land, was increased tenfold by the eagerness of the landlord to increase the number of voters. The land was perpetually cut into still smaller fragments ; for the spot that could sustain nothing else, could sustain the false oath of a mock freeholder. The peasantry were thus reduced to the verge of beggary ; and their moral condition was as much sunk as their physical. One-third of these freeholders were without the value of forty shillings on earth ; but it was enough for the landlord's purpose if they had the hardihood to swear. The elections became, year after year, a thicker tissue of abomination. Perjury was notorious, till it almost ceased to be thought a crime. Then came a rebellion that wreaked its vengeance on this perjured peasantry. Next came a more enduring and final vengeance, that smote the landlord through his pride—The house of merchandize, the temple, turned by his atrocious traffic of conscience and honour into a den of thieves—the Irish parliament, was extinguished for ever.

The punishment was inflicted, but the crime remained. The manufacture of false oaths and false freeholders, the only manufacture of popish Ireland, went on flourishing to the highest hope of every scorner of the common decencies of truth and law. At the last numeration, made in 1815, the freeholders, above twenty pounds a-year, were not quite 20,000 ; while the forty shilling freeholders, or those who perjured themselves by the name, were no less than one hundred and fifty-seven thousand ! Electors, of whom the vast majority knew no more of the qualities of a representative than of the philosopher's stone ; two-thirds of whom could not read, write, or even speak the English language ; and almost the whole of whom were as much under the slavery of the priests, as ever dog was under the lash of his master.

Mr. O'Connell at last made the daring attempt to turn this infamous abuse to the purposes of that Association, which "governed the government" of Ireland. He solicited the aid of the lords of the rabble, the priests ; and the priests forthwith issued their indisputable commands to their slaves. The mob of Clare carried the day at once. The landlords were trampled down in the general rush round the triumphal car of the "Liberator." Old memories of benefits, the natural connexion of the tenant with the proprietor, the whole of the links of mutual kindness, obligation and service, were snapped at a touch of the priestly hand ; and Mr. O'Connell, the mock representative, was returned, by a mock election, to a parliament within whose doors he was never to set his foot.

The Clare election struck the timid with the last dismay. They saw in it the total abscission of the people from their natural representatives ; Ireland in the hands of the mob of superstition and civil turbulence ; and the English parliament besieged by a host of popish radicalism ; or every county of Ireland virtually disfranchised by the return of disqualified members.

The prospect was as alarming as the offence was monstrous. And yet it

is in this enormity that the safety of both Ireland and England are at this hour taking root. The daring insult of electing a representative in utter scorn of law, first shewed the lengths to which the popish faction were ready to urge their lawless partizans. The daring interference of the priests, next shewed the utter nonsense and hollowness of all the liberalism that had pretended to draw a line between the temporal and spiritual influence of Rome; and the daring and gross contempt on the part of the peasantry, of all the ties of gratitude and service to their landlords, thirdly, shewed these landlords the way to future security. And this way they are now adopting in all parts of Ireland. Without waiting for the tardiness or dubiousness of legislative enactment, they are rapidly depriving the popish freeholders of the power of ingratitude to their landlords, of treason to the Constitution, and of perjury in the sight of Heaven. They are refusing *leases of lives* to their papist tenantry; and thus, without injury to the natural feelings of humanity, or breaking the natural connexion between the orders of society, they are at once relieving the state from the power of a fierce and guilty faction, themselves from a mass of domestic hazard and hostility, and the peasantry from an employment unfit for their capacities, and which redounded to them only in increased poverty, embittered natures, and perpetual crime. A few years of this system, vigorously and conscientiously adhered to, will relieve the whole of the popish peasantry from the fatal incumbrance of electioneering. If the priests are still destined to have dominion over their ignorance; their contempt of an oath will, at least, not marshal them in battle array against the gates of the legislature. If the Association shall be still suffered to insult the religion and government of the empire, it shall, at least, not be endowed with the power of sending its orators to disfranchise the Protestant electors of Ireland. Time will be obtained for sober thoughts, faction will fall into scorn, and the country will be saved.

A REVERIE.

"Chaos indigestaque moles."—OVID.

Long years, methought, had gone, since I had slept
 The sleep of death, and in an unknown tomb
 My form lay mouldering; suddenly the trump
 Thundered a summons to the dead, the grave
 Sent back an awful echo, and from hill
 And vale, and sun-kissed mead—from mountain heights,
 Untrodden save by thought—from ocean depths,
 Where the rare monster of an elder world
 Wantons in licensed solitude—from glen
 Unpierced by human glance, and so remote
 That the strong cataract beneath roars on,
 Unheard by aught above—from river, sea,
 And lake, the myriad shroudless ghosts sprung up
 High in heaven's destined concave: I, too, woke
 To sense, to agony; and each particle
 Of dust, so aged that the very worms,

Who long had battered on the yellow corse,
 Had crumbled piecemeal too, was fashioned
 To form distinct: before the throne of Him,
 The Unknown, I stood—when once again the trump
 Rang through the affrighted world.

Earth, sea, and sky,
 Decked with its infinite isles of splendour, set
 Like gems upon an Indian coronal,
 Rocked to the centre; Night, tremendous Night!
 Fell like a cold blight on the world, and shrunk,
 As a guilty thing, from the dread sight of death.
 Hark! 'twas the parting groan that Nature gave,
 Conscious of fate; Time heard the awful sound,
 And knew his hour was come, and spreading wide
 His pinions, black as Erebus, he flew
 To where proud Chimboraco's regal front
 Soars like some giant of the elder time,
 Glorifying in might omnipotent.—
 Thrice the fierce trump awoke an echo; thrice
 The wide world reeled in conscious dread, as one
 From fit of deepest inebriety
 Shocked into sudden soberness; above
 Glory came streaming forth, and a bright form,
 Begirt with flame, companioned by a choir
 Of sun-lit souls, broke the dunest gloom,
 And all was light again; Time saw the God,
 And crumbled into nothing; Nature paused
 But for an instant, and the thunders rolled
 Their last sad peal. Oh! then commenced the work
 Of desolation! from the livid sky
 The sun dependant dropped, the billows boomed
 And lashed themselves to madness, and the face
 Of Nature, reverend in years, grew black
 With the convulsive spasms of decay.

The world—a fearful sight—was gone, and heaven
 Flamed as a scroll, by whose sulphureous light,
 Swathed in the shroud of dead Eternity,
 The ghost of buried ages moved along.
 Then voices broke from the abyss; and Time,
 And Fate, and Death the skeleton, athwart
 The deep gloom flitted, waiting the behest
 Of Sovereign Deity. I saw no more;
 Sense fled my vision; feeling lost her helm;
 Existence, but not life, of negative
 Dominion, governed me; I knew I lived—
 But where, or how, or in what character,
 Was all a blank.

A TRAVELLER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

I HAVE been for many years a Rambler, but chiefly through Europe. The traveller's club was not established when I began my career, and I therefore was not under the necessity of "booking myself for China," as is required by the statutes of that great locomotive institution. A simple sight of Mount Caucasus was enough for me. I ventured only within a days sail of Columbia; and saw no more of New Holland, than might be communicated by the sight of a native, whom I met in a whaler, embalmed, by order of the governor of Sydney, as a present to the Zoological Society.

In my wanderings, too, I differed from the tourists of this world in another point. I eschewed picture galleries, cathedrals, crown jewel offices, and "glorious châteaux," that no man living could distinguish from a Dutch stable. An English one would offer no comparison. My business was with man, much; and with woman, a little. I have always thought a man of sense, to the full as amusing as the tallest steeple that ever pierced the sky; and the colour on a lovely female cheek worth all the carnation ever laid on canvas by the pencil. From the pomps of Palladio, and the magic of Titian, I turned to living lips and eyes; and, though the whole world of Dilettanti, measuring-rod and sketch-book in hand, must be struck dumb at my gothicism, I am still wedded to my heresy, and shall, to the last, think that the happiest descriptions of brick and mortar may grow dull, the liveliest catalogue of pictures lose its gaiety, and that, while we have our senses about us, the pleasantest "study of mankind is man."

As the specimens of this unusual study rose before me, I frequently made brief memoranda, sufficient to mark the leading features. Of those I shall give you a few in succession. My first is of a beautiful creature whom I met at Vienna. She was French, but with a grace and Italian look of sensibility that seldom honours the countenance beyond the Alps. Strange to say, with my picture-antipathy, my first knowledge of her was from a picture.

I was one morning at the Leopold Museum, where all Vienna flocked to see the portrait of Madame de M. I contemplated it with a pleasure justified by the perfection of the features, and the finish of the execution. The beauty of the original had augmented the talent of the artist.

The grave Imperial Aid-de-camp who accompanied me, after smiling at my long trance of admiration, proposed to introduce me to the acquaintance of the model, and in the evening conducted me to the *soirée* of the Comtesse de M. The portrait of the salon lost much of its merit in my eyes, as soon as they caught a glance of the original. The painter could not seize and arrest on the canvas the grace which distinguished each motion of the young Comtesse. The spirit and animation that heightened her slightest expression, that mingling of dignity and affability, which reflected itself on her countenance, rendered it one of the loveliest, one of the most seductive, that I had ever seen. After having dispersed her card tables—arranged the players—seated her Boston in the middle of the room—shut up in a corner the eternal piquet—the fair Comtesse came to rejoin, at one extremity of the apartment, a little group, so lucky as to escape the distribution of the markers—and to prefer to the melancholy pastimes of whist or *écarté*, the more rare pleasure of an agreeable and spirited conversation.

At the moment of the Comtesse's approach, a young privy councillor maintained—perhaps rather too warmly—that it was impossible to be deceived as to any one's origin, and that a certain air of dignity, in the whole appearance, betrayed, in spite of themselves, those who had the honour of being born in the privileged classes. This opinion was also that of an old lady, who finished all her phrases with—"as the late baron used to say"—and was opposed by a superior officer of most distinguished air, and an ex-minister, who had their own reasons for what they said. At last, to give an example that must lead every one to his side, the orator addressed the mistress of the mansion, and triumphantly inquired, whether, let fate have placed her in whatever inferior situation, her noble birth would not have been at once recognized from her air and manners. The beautiful Comtesse gave a smile at the words.

"What an unfortunate illustration, Monsieur de L.," said she.

"What, Madame—are you not the daughter of a comte?"

"No."

"Of a baron?" said the old lady.

"No."

"Of an officer?" resumed the colonel.

"No."

"Of an administrator?" added the ex-minister.

"No."

"You deceive us, Madame," replied the young privy councillor; "you certainly are of a family——"

"Of honest people, but who positively had no titles to boast of," said the Comtesse, smilingly. "You can vouch that I am no better than I assert," she continued turning to the friend who had introduced me. She was, at the instant, called away to decide some point at one of the tables; and, while the observations excited by her frank declaration were rapidly crossing each other, I inquired of the Aide-de-camp, "Who was the beautiful Comtesse?"—"She shall tell you herself," replied he.—"I have at home her sketch of her own memoirs. She lent it to me, and I will lend it to you—for she seems as little anxious to conceal what she has risen from, as what she has risen to."

My way lay through his street—he gave me the manuscript as we went home, and I read, before I slept, as follows:—

"My name is Angelique L'Arjou; I was born at Neuilly. My mother, who was surnamed the Belle Paysanne, died a few days after I came into the world, and her husband did not long survive her. An orphan from two years of age, I was reared by an aunt, who, having no child, became a second mother to me. Since the death of my parents, her garden had acquired a great increase—she had inherited all her sisters' customers, and her sole ambition was to make me the bearer of the finest fruits and flowers in the vicinity of Paris. I approached my fifteenth year. The animated glances of the young men who sought to meet me—the ill-temper of the young girls who avoided me—and the anxiety of my aunt, taught me that I was handsome. I had suspected it myself for a year back. But one is never pretty with impunity. All the youths of Neuilly paid court to me; however, though I cared for none, I thought proper not to offend any. Their rustic flames did not teach me how one can love—but their rustic eulogies taught me how one can please; and, with a little memory, lessons of this sort are not soon forgotten.

"For a whole year I maintained a sage equilibrium among all my

suitors. My aunt, who had the rage of husbands—she was the widow of her third—selected a spouse for me—a youth of my own age; the son of a rich tradesman. I had never seen him but once, and I accepted him with sobs. Already were the marriage trinkets purchased—the contract was even drawn up, when an accident that I had the luck to meet, broke my marriage, and began my fortune.

“In one of my visits to Paris, in entering the Hôtel de Suède, Rue de Richelieu, my foot slipped, and I sprained my ankle. My screams and sufferings attracted a number of the strangers who lodged in the hôtel. Among them was an old gentleman, who appeared to feel a lively interest in the accident; he did not quit me an instant, and his benevolence exaggerated my danger to allow him the pleasure of offering his attentions. In the fear that the slightest movement would augment my sufferings, he would not hear of my removal, and, on the spot, sent off his carriage and footmen for my aunt. She arrived—visited me—condoled with me—embraced me—was in despair—confused herself with excuses, lamentations, thanks—and, finally, yielding to the reiterated entreaties of my new guardian—she granted him a moment’s audience.

“Monsieur de Villefort was an old bachelor, who had spent his life in amassing wealth, without knowing who was to spend it. He had no heirs but very distant relations, who had, at various intervals, given him hints that he had been old for a long time. Those hints, at last, grew displeasing. One morning he quitted Grenoble, and came to Paris, with the intention of disinheriting his relations. Marriage appeared to him the most ready and certain means. My appearance pleased him; my youth had interested him, and he selected me for the instrument of his vengeance. My aunt took good care to offer no refusal. She dismissed the Neuilly bridegroom—published new banns—conducted me to the mayoralty—led me to the church—made me utter one little word in its proper place—and Monsieur de Villefort told me, with great ceremony, that I was his bride.

“This worthy old man occupied himself seriously with my education—I owe to him whatever little I know. I lost him at the end of three years from my marriage. I shall regret him all my life. He left me all his estates—his relations attacked the will—they lost their cause—and they appealed. It was necessary that I should go to Grenoble. To have right on one’s side, is a fine thing—but solicitations, recommendations, and importunities, have also their merits; and at law we should neglect nothing. I knew no one in this province, where I came for the first time; my residence was at the Lion d’Or; the windows of my apartment looked to those of a colonel of infantry, who, I knew not how, but I knew why, contrived to be always in my way. In a provincial town, a stranger has always the privilege of exciting curiosity. The motive of my journey was quickly ascertained; and my adversaries had the address to circulate little anecdotes of scandal, to prejudice the public opinion. Through one of those chances—common enough in the history of my life—the colonel read one of those libels; he was indignant, nor could he persuade himself that I was such as they painted me. He asked permission to present himself to me. He came—professed the profound attachment with which I had inspired him, and offered me, with true military frankness, his sword, his time, his attentions, and his heart. I accepted all; and I did well. Born in the environs of Grenoble, he was connected with the greater number of my judges; he

saw them—spoke to them—convinced them of the solidity of my pretensions—and as there are circumstances where justice will carry the day from intrigue, I gained my cause a second time.

“I could not dissemble to myself the obligations I owed to the colonel; he had powerfully seconded me, and his zeal had succeeded in destroying the reports raised by the relations of Monsieur de Villefort. Each day his visits became more frequent, his glances more expressive, his conversations more animated. At last he hazarded a demand for his reward; and, be it wisdom, or be it caprice, I found myself wedded a second time, without having had much more hand in it than the first.

“At the expiration of a few months my husband was called to join his regiment; but, led on too far by his courage, he was killed at the battle of Nuremberg, and I became a widow for the second time, at the age of two-and-twenty. As his family were allied to the best families of the province, I naturally found myself connected with the most distinguished persons of Dauphiny; and those connections contributed in no slight degree to correct whatever might have remained of the manners and habits of my childhood.

“I quitted Grenoble, after having arranged the affairs of my new inheritance, of which the value doubled my income. I had now been four years at Paris, when one of the colonel's sisters begged of me to make an application for her to a man of rank, who had promised to get the eldest of her sons on the establishment at St. Cyr. I drove to the Comte de N——; he received me *à merveille*—his countenance pleased me infinitely; his conversation made me forget the hour; he assured me he would interest himself in my request, and next morning he brought me the letter of admission. As the reward of this service, he asked permission to visit me, and had no difficulty to obtain it. Some days afterwards the comte demanded my hand—I really think I would have offered it to him.

As they drew up the contract, my names—which of course I was obliged to declare—drew from him an exclamation of joy and surprise that he was not sufficiently master of himself to restrain. This poor Comte de M—— loved me through reminiscence—never expecting to discover in the widow of Monsieur de Villefort, and General L——, the pretty little flower girl of Neuilly—the object of his first passion. On my side, how could I have recognised in the man I now loved, him whom ten years earlier I should only have espoused, because I could not help it. Each of us had made way in the world—every one made it at that period. The week following I married my lover; the first month that succeeded was a month of fêtes and pleasures; the second——”

Here ended the manuscript.

“What will your young privy councillor say to that?” observed I to my friend, as I next day returned him the Countess's memoir.

“Why, that the château of the Prince de —— is close to Neuilly—that his highness is an amateur of beauty—that the mother was called *la Belle Paysanne*, and was—secretly married to him?”

FULL LENGTHS: NO. XII.

THE ACTOR.

PERHAPS Fortune does not buffet any set of beings with more industry, and withal less effect, than Actors. There may be something in the habitual mutability of their feelings that evades the blow ; they live, in a great measure, out of this dull sphere, " which men call earth ;" they assume the dress, the tone, the gait of emperors, kings, nobles ; the world slides, and they mark it not. The Actor leaves his home, and forgets every domestic exigence in the temporary government of a state, or overthrow of a tyrant ; he is completely out of the real world until the dropping of the curtain. The time likewise not spent on the stage is passed in preparation for the night ; and thus the shafts of fate glance from our Actor like swan-shot from an elephant. If struck at all, the barb must pierce the bones, and quiver in the marrow.

Let us instance an author who, by the aid of pen, ink, and paper—implements for immortality—makes him a world of his own, peoples it according to his desires, and lies basking beneath the sky of summer-blue. Let us take Milton, in his divine phrenzy, drawing " empyreal air ;" let us contemplate him suddenly snatched from the heaven of heavens by a shrill warning from his landlady, that an unpoetic cobbler refuses to leave the newly heel-tapped shoes of " Mr. Milton" without the groat ! Is not this a check ? Is not our poet brought from his Pegasus with a jolt that threatens dislocation ? We take it, the feeling of an Actor, really awakened to worldly pressure, is, in some degree, the same. He descends from his throne, and the breath of assumed royalty is scarcely extinct within him, ere " our anointed self" may receive a no very ceremonious deputation from a petty creditor, or the personal attack of an enraged " cleanser of soiled linen."

Our Actor—mind, we are speaking of players in the mass—is the most joyous, careless, superficial flutterer in existence. He knows every thing, yet has learned nothing ; he has played at ducks and drakes over every rivulet of information, yet never plunged inch-deep into any thing beyond a play-book, or Joe Miller's jests. If he venture a scrap of Latin, be sure there is among his luggage a dictionary of quotations ; if he speak of history,—why, he has played in *Richard* and *Coriolanus*. The stage is with him the fixed orb around which the whole world revolves ; there is nothing worthy of a moment's devotion one hundred yards from the green-room. It is amusing to perceive how blind, how dead, is our real Actor to the stir and turmoil of politics ; he will turn from a Salamanca to admire a *Sir John Brute's* wig ; Waterloo sinks into insignificance before the amber-headed cane of a *Sir Peter Teazle*. What is St. Stephen's to him—what the memory of Burke and Chatham ? To be sure, Sheridan is well remembered ; but then Sheridan wrote the *Critic*.

Our Actor is completely great-coated in self-importance—buttoned up to the throat in the impervious inch-thick vest of vanity. We never find his nature cold and shivering at the atmosphere of diffidence ; no, it glows with all the comfortable fervour of self-opinion. Place him any where, and it is impossible that he should become frozen ; every Actor is, in fact, his own Vesuvius. In *Mallim's South Wales*, there is a fine characteristic anecdote of the vanity of a dreamy Methodist : the man had come to so settled an opinion of his immaculate state, that he planted

his belief in dwarf-box, and thus saw the memento of his salvation sprouting greenly around him. "Howel Harris, saved by grace, 17—," taught by the clipping sheers, grew letter by letter in gratifying distinctness. Now this is precisely what an Actor practises, only with different agents. The walls of his house (if he have one) are plastered with his character-portraits; he is multiplied a hundred times; turn where we will, we meet him—not a niche is vacant.*

A mackerel lives longer out of water than does an Actor out of his element: he cannot, for a minute "look abroad into universality." Keep him to the last edition of a new or old play, the burning of the two theatres, or an anecdote of John Kemble, and our Actor sparkles amazingly. Put to him an unprofessional question, and you strike him dumb; an abstract truth locks his jaws. On the contrary, listen to the stock-joke; lend an attentive ear to the witticism clubbed by the whole green-room—for there is rarely more than *one* at a time in circulation—and no man talks faster—none with a deeper delight to himself—none more profound, more knowing. The conversation of our Actor is a fine "piece of mosaic." Here Shakspeare is laid under contribution—here Farquhar—here Otway. We have an undigested mass of quotations, dropping without order from him. In words he is absolutely impoverishable. What a lion he stalks in a country town! How he stilts himself upon his jokes over the sleek, unsuspecting heads of his astonished hearers! He tells a story; and, for the remainder of the night, sits embosomed in the ineffable lustre of his humour.

An Actor can always be recognized in the street; he seems at ease (for where is he not?) in the crowd, yet not one of it. The peacock, stripped of its feathers, will still maintain its strut: the Actor has not forgotten the part of last night; his head, accustomed to the velvet cap, the overhanging plumes, and the sparkling gem, carries the meek beaver with a haughty, jerking air; his foot throws itself forth with determination, as though ambition, love, or tyranny yet burned in every toe; his hand still seems to grasp a hilt or cartel; the coat sets as though it knew it had usurped the place of tunic, vest, or robe; the very cravat dilates with the conscious pride of "station." He looks at the passers-by with the air of an old acquaintance—of one who has obliged them—suns himself in the fair eyes that have wept at his "serious business"—and bathes his spirit in the dewy lips that have tittered at his comedy. Verily, *we have seen* a successful Actor air himself in the Park: we have seen him, whilst his inward man was wholly inebriated with the looks and gestures that he drew upon him!

The vanity of our Actor is never more apparent than in his benevolent custom of helping the ignorant dramatists whose creations he embodies: his philanthropy is unbounded. Even the Bard of Avon's language sometimes gains correction and adornment. We once heard an Actor tag the exit of the starved *Apothecary* with an original interpolation. We should much like to have the measure of the importance of a popular Actor as taken by himself: it would be a curiosity for the study of the contemplative. We remember one striking instance. A celebrated mimic, a few seasons since, modestly expressed his hope that he might

* It is odd to perceive how vanity haunts the tribe. There is now lying before us the address-card of a truly great tragedian. On the reverse is the Actor placed, like a naughty boy in the corner, with a cap on his head, and the following startling intelligence:—"Adanienouidet, chief of Huron tribe of Indians."

be the means of conciliating one quarter of the world with England. Only think of the comfortable state of that man's mind, who, having rubbed a hare's-foot over his cheek and nose, thinks himself sufficiently important to form a connecting link between Great Britain and America!

This feeling may, however, be reasonably accounted for. The Actor, unlike every other professional man, receives admiration through so violent and gross a medium—it comes with such a gust upon his senses, that he cannot maintain that equanimity arrived at by the poet, the painter, the sculptor. The man, accustomed to estimate his appearance as the signal of shouts and plaudits from congregated thousands, cannot soberly calculate his real importance, but is apt to confound his bearing in every other relation of life with his mere professional value. The admiration paid to men in other walks of art comes to them cooled, purified, and sweetened by distance—just as the voluptuous Turk draws the bounty of the weed through a dulcifying rivulet of rose-water. Now our Actor has it hot—"burning hot"—and rolling up around him, eyes, mouth, nose, ears, all take in the intoxicating vapour, and a large monster of vanity is thereby generated.

An Actor, in the full enjoyment of his art, must experience the most intense and violent delight. He fairly bathes himself in the plaudits showered around him: he seems saturated with commendation. His person dilates, his eye lightens, all the cares of existence are lost, annihilated, in the brief rapture of the moment. The consciousness of self-importance knocks hardly at his heart; his pulses are at full gallop; his very being is multiplied. It is to this cause that an Actor has less admiration for his author than has the uninitiated man. The Actor loses all recollection of the dramatist in self: he is persuaded that he has snatched the unformed lump from the author, and, by his own feelings and emotions, given shape and beauty to the plastic mass! It is *he* who has *made* the part.

The low, creeping envy of the Actor is to be accounted for on the same principle as his conceit: the approbation paid to another reaches him as loudly as that awarded to self. Actors come in more direct collision with one another than any kind of men besides. Hence, there is more envy, more low, petty intrigues, in a green-room, than in a court of France.

Popularity is the Actor's idol. No matter how it be gained, so that the precious spoil—the golden bough, the glittering *aureus ramus*—be acquired. We will close our paper with a brief, yet striking illustration, of this passion: it may stand as an index, a finger-post, to the motives of our subject. A manager—who must be taken as an Actor, with all his feelings and frailties in the most intense state of expression, who is, in fact, to an actor, what prussic is to oxalic acid—some short time since smote, not a noble Venetian, but a famous burletta-writer: the blow or kick was more deadly from the place where it was applied. Our author cited the manager before a justice, who, however, pursuing the soothing system, dismissed the parties to debate the matter with themselves. The manager spoke eloquently in extenuation of the error: the author still looked sullen. At length the manager hit upon a golden expedient; for, drawing up to the modern Lopez, he exclaimed, in a low, persuasive, yet prophetic voice, at the same time laying one hand, with gentle significance, upon our author's shoulder, "Never mind—never mind, my boy; it will make you popular!"

J.

TAM GARAI, THE GOOD BANYAN.

"Glory is but the shadow of virtue : where the one is not, the other cannot be."—*Maxim extracted from the SAMA-VEDAM of the Hindus.*

BEFORE the Tartars, the Moguls, the Mahrattas, or the English had been the conquerors of the finest countries of the east, the kingdom of Guzzerat was regarded as the great source of supplies, and the richest province of the Indian peninsula. Its rajah was just dead ; his son, who had succeeded him, was daring, and distinguished by many brilliant qualities ; the people, whose sovereign he had become, were mighty ; the country he ruled was prolific ; and the kings of Decan, of Jesselmire, and of Chitor were tributary to his power. With such temptations, is it strange that the youth should give way to ambition ? He desired to surpass Alexander in his conquests, and Mariadramen in his equity. He even longed for reverses, that, in bearing them, he might rival Porus. The most learned brahmins of Benares, the most celebrated poets of India, were summoned to his court to celebrate the exploits he projected, and the virtues he was going to have.

He doubled the number of his soldiers, caused them to be attired magnificently, and determined to dazzle his people by personally passing his vast army in review.

Between the mountains of Bollodo and the gulf of Guzzerat spreads an immense plain, skirted by a double vista of palm and sandal trees. To that spot the troops of the young prince poured from all parts of the kingdom. Thither thronged the inhabitants of Barocha, Cambaya, Boudra, &c., eager for the proud array, and for a sight of their new sovereign.

The army took its position on the border of the gulf, and the royal retinue presently appeared. Two thousand rajputs, or sons of noblemen, formed its vanguard. They were all clad in baftas* of the finest cotton, stuffs of striped silk, brocades of gold and silver. In their hands each bore either one of the famed bows of Multan, or the lance and axe of Kaboul. To the sound of every warlike instrument at once, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, his brow and breast covered with diamonds of Somelpour, Visapour, and Golconda, the prince appeared. He was mounted on a beautiful white elephant ; its caparison was of surpassing splendour ; it sparkled with the most precious stones of Pegu and the isle of Ceylon.

The bosom of our young hero swelled with pride at this prodigality and magnificence, which he regarded as the harbingers of glory. He lifted his head, and looked about him, with extreme self-complacency, to gladden his eye with the evidences of the impression he was making upon his people. But what was his wonder, when he perceived the multitude, instead of pressing upon his path to feast upon a nearer view of his mighty person, suddenly receding like a tremendous wave. Its swiftness increases momentarily, and, with tumult and terror, it reeled backward to the vistas which fringed the plain.

The cause of this consternation was a terrific panther, which had just

* Bands of muslin, in which they encircled the head.

darted out from the mountains of Bollodo. The rush of the animal had been checked by the sight of the recoiling throng, and it was advancing slowly, with distended jaws, in the wide space thrown open by its appearance.

A poor and tattered old man, who, from the first, had stood aloof from the crowd, was left, by its sudden flight, alone upon the path. He was an *Halachor*—as despised a caste as that of the *Parias*—and, even in the midst of danger, did not dare to mingle with his more favoured countrymen, lest he might chance to contaminate them by an accidental touch. The monster made a spring, caught the old man, and, with a growl of triumph, was bearing him towards the mountains.

Suddenly, a person darts from the throng, boldly cuts off the retreat of the panther, forces him to let go his prey, and thrusts his arm down his distended throat.

In vain did the baffled brute, panting with fury, and his eyes starting from their sockets, plunge his fangs into his adversary's side. The Indian resists and struggles; strangles him, and flings him, expiring, upon the sand.

The people sent forth a shout of joy and astonishment; but it was louder, and still more exulting, when they recognized, in the conqueror of the panther, the good banyan, Tam Garai, whose whole fortune had formerly been exhausted in succouring the poor of Guzzerat.

When order was restored, the young rajah reappeared. He was in a warrior's costume, and mounted on a courser of Arabia. He made his steed prance with extraordinary skill, went through the ranks of his soldiers, and promised riches and honours to them all. The people admired the grace and dexterity of the young rajah; but every mind was intent upon what had just occurred; and every eye kept turning from the spectacle of grandeur to the mountains of Bollodo.

The breaking up of the review was announced for the morrow. The royal tents were pitched upon the bank; perfumes burned on every side; fires were lighted all over the plain. The brahmins invoked the benedictions of Heaven on a king who was the hope of Indostan; and the poets of the courts struck up their noblest strains to celebrate his skill in horsemanship, the lustre of his diamonds, and even the generosity of which, no doubt, they were desirous to have evidence.

The king entered his tent well pleased. He thought the praises he had heard of himself gave great evidence of the proper notions of his people. He could not consider any projects of aggrandizement too great for a people so deserving. He even began to ponder seriously on the wonderful things he meant to accomplish. But he was desirous of hearing nearer at hand of the vast impression he had made. If the great men and the poets were so struck by his display of magnificence and power, what must the populace say of it when they get among themselves, and can freely unbosom their delight? He wrapped himself in a simple garb of rajput, and set off on foot for the great avenue of palm and sandal. The multitude had hastily thrown up rude shelters there for the night. He saw groups every where in warm and eager conversation. He approached some of them. It was strange to be lurking about thus to hear his own praises; but he was curious to know what the lower orders liked him most for. He listened. The name of Tam Garai was the only one which met his ear! There were earnest questionings about his situation and his wounds; the excess of his magnanimity, in exposing his

own life to save that of a miserable Halachor, was extolled over and over again ; every one had seen the struggle with the panther ; and every one, in recounting it with different circumstances, increased the size of the monster and the boldness of the combatant. Indignant that, on the day of his grand review, such should be the general theme, the king turned aside to other groups. The other groups enlarged on the benevolence of the good banyan ! During a year of scarcity, he had, at his own expense, kept more than a thousand persons from starving. By the secrets he had discovered and disclosed in medicine, he had preserved innumerable lives ; and the name of Tam Garai, repeated from lip to lip, wearied the king, and he was mortified, and went back to his tent.

The young rajah had no sooner returned, than a brahmin, who had brought him up from infancy, and whose frankness and virtues he respected, was summoned before him. The sage heard with calmness the result of his ramble, and replied :—

“ Show and splendour dazzle for a moment, and are forgotten. The memory of a good action never dies.”

The prince drew a long breath, and, after a moment's pause, “ Well, then,” said he, “ I will perform good actions.”

The royal favourites now appeared, and the dancing-girls and jugglers were called in ; and, in the midst of all sorts of surprising sleights and dances, half the night was consumed in chewing the betel,* and in carousing arrack† and the juice of the toddi‡.

Returning to Guzzerat, the capital of his states, now known by the name of Ahmed-Abad, the king, more eager than ever for glory, turned over in his mind by what means he could possibly achieve the noble actions he meditated. “ If it is good to overcome a panther,” said he, “ how much better must it be to overcome a people. War is the only thing of sufficient importance to render so great a man as I am illustrious.” He instantly sent for the minister charged with the finances of the kingdom. He asked him whether the rajahs of Jesselmire and of Decan paid their tribute with punctuality. He was answered that two hundred thousand rupees of gold had that very moment been paid into the treasury in their name. The prince was quite disconcerted by a precision which deprived him of all pretext for invasion.

That instant a messenger rushed in. He said the whole city was in consternation. The little river of Lambremetti, which runs through Guzzerat, and whose alternate deluge and disappearance are equal calamities to the public, was overflowing its banks, and had even then nearly swallowed up the dwelling of a rich merchant, which stood upon its shore. A woman and her child happened to be the only persons in the house. They were, as the messenger came away, upon the roof, imploring succour ; but no one dared approach them. The waters were extending momentarily ; every instant they rose higher up the walls, and must presently overtop the whole mansion. The torrents of rain, which had swelled the river, gave such turbulence to its waves, especially in this spot, which was strewn with rocks and unfinished edifices, that it was almost certain death to attempt a rescue, and no one could be found bold enough to venture.

* Amalgamation of the nuts of arrack and quicklime, enclosed in a leaf of piper-betel, a viny plant of the pepper species.

† Spirituous liquor extracted from the sugar-cane.

‡ Sort of palm-tree.

The king darted, with all his court, to the seat of the disaster. In his hand he waved a massy goblet of gold, of inestimable workmanship, and enriched with the finest diamonds of the regalia.—“This for their preserver!” cried he.

A murmur of approbation arose on every side: yet not one of the numerous bystanders attempted to deserve the goblet. The king made it once more glitter before all eyes; all still withstood the temptation.

Just then there was a man perceived whirling down the rapid current of the Lambremetti in a little junk. After the Indian manner, he worked the oar with his foot, while he propped himself on his hands, and put forth all his strength to reach the wretched victims. But the frail bark was flung, by the turmoil of the waters, against a projection from their surface, and dashed to pieces, and, with its unknown navigator, disappeared. But the gallant boatman was seen presently to rise above the waves. Expert in swimming, he glanced from projection to projection—caught an axe from the scaffolding of an unfinished building which was nearly submerged, and, tearing apart some of the materials which formed it, laid them in order for a raft, and knit them firmly together with ligatures, which were flung to him from the trembling pair upon the adjacent house-top. He reached the mother and her child; he placed them on the raft, and bound them there, and launched them on the stream, from whose impetuosity he in some degree screened them by means of a rope which he held extended as he swam behind them. Driven at length into a creek of the river, they landed there in safety. The people rushed to receive them; the air resounded with acclamations; the hero was conducted, on the shoulders of the multitude, to the king.

It was Tam Garai. The young prince blushed to hear him named.

“Take this,” said he, offering the goblet; “you have deserved the promised recompence.”

“I cannot take it,” replied the banyan; “it will, in Brama’s eye, deprive the action of its virtue.”

“But, remember,” answered the astonished prince, “had you perished, none would have given you credit for your disinterestedness.”

“What care I for the judgment of man? I saw two fellow-creatures perishing. My heart prompted me to save them. I am more than rewarded in the approbation of my heart.”

“Be it so;—but I am aware that the prodigality of your benevolence has been your ruin. Let me be the restorer of your fortune.”

“Heaven has restored it, prince. A large sum which I lent formerly was restored to me this very morning.”

Nothing was spoken of at court but the magnanimity of the king, who would have sacrificed the most beautiful of his goblets to save two of his subjects. Nothing was spoken of among the people but the noble disinterestedness of Tam Garai.

The rajah said to the brahmin, “My father, are you satisfied with my conduct?”

“Yes,” replied the brahmin, “your action is noble; but that of the banyan will eclipse it. You sought a glory without peril;—he braved a peril without glory, for a triumph without reward.”

Some months more passed away in warlike preparations; but for what war, or for what object there should be a war, not even the king himself

could tell. He was bent upon one, however ; but he was too "just" to invade the neighbouring states, or to draw upon his loving subjects the terrible chances of battles, without some sort of pretext. In the hope there would arise one ere long, he thought he would amuse himself, in the interim, by building ; and so he laid the foundations of a vast palace in the middle of the Meidan, the great central square of Guzzerat. He watched over its progress in person. Every thing was planned with such admirable forethought, that, even if death had come upon him unawares, the building might have been carried on to its completion, intending that, if he never obtained a chance of conquest, posterity should at least have an intimation of what a prince he was from this superb monument.

When it was completed, "What do the people find to talk about now?" asked he of his veracious brahmin.

"The cistern of the good banyan," replied the brahmin.

"What cistern?" vociferated the prince, reddening with fury.

"Your majesty is aware," answered the brahmin with composure, "that, notwithstanding what the people suffer from the inundations of the Lambremetti, they are even more afflicted by the scarcity of water when it is dried up, as it is at present. Tam Garai, at his own expense, has constructed a vast cistern, which, by subterranean conduits, receives the superflux of the river in the time of rain, and preserves it for the time of drought."

"But my palace!" interrupted the prince, in a choked voice ; "what say the people of my palace?"

"The people think you will be magnificently lodged there."

"What! dare they weigh the finest monument of Indostan against a paltry cistern?"

"King of Guzzerat!" said the brahmin, raising his voice, "the esteem of the people is won by services, and not by splendour : they value monuments only by their usefulness."

More than twenty poems, in most musically-balanced periods, were instantly composed in praise of the palace of Meidan, the wonder of India ; but the rajah heard them listlessly, for the people had composed a song about the banyan, whose burthen ran—

"May Brama watch o'er Tam Garai!"

And often did those rude rhymes reach even the ear of the sovereign.

His disgust did not escape the courtiers. One, who was sharper-sighted than the rest, soon divined its cause. He hastened to the prince, flung himself at his feet, placed his right hand on his breast, set the other on the earth, then drew it back on his head, and exclaimed—

"Justice!—justice, in the name of Brama!—justice, in the name of the people!"

The young rajah was not unaware that to be equitable was one of the ways to attain glory. Indeed, he had long wished for an opportunity of eclipsing, by some signal judgment, the renown of Mariadramen, the Solomon of India. He commanded the courtier to speak out.

"Prince, a miscreant, a heresiarch, imbued with the detestable principles of Agamam, dares openly profess that all men are born equal."

"His name?"

"Tam Garai."

The banyan was brought before the king. He was found guilty of

having indiscriminately visited persons of every caste—of having even suffered the garment of an Halachor to touch his without instantly purifying himself from the contamination. This was quite proof enough of his being a sectary of Agamam. He was doomed to banishment. Even the good brahmin did not dare to say a word in his favour, for the offence was against religion. Besides, the king, when he pronounced the decree, declared that he would forthwith attempt to appease the wrath of the gods for the impiety of Tam Garai, by raising a pagoda in their honour at Guzzerat, which should surpass the united magnificence of all the gorgeous three at Jaggernaut, Multan, and Kalamak.

“My salutary counsels,” cried the brahmin, “begin to take effect upon the king. Now he plans *useful* monuments.”

It was then, especially, that every lyre was tuned to teach posterity the equitable judgment of the Rajah of the rajahs of Guzzerat. The people answered only by their favourite ballad—

“May Brama watch o’er Tam Garai!”

The prince now thought himself quite secure with posterity. His poets could not say more of him than they had done. No king had ever built so fine a palace. No king had ever pronounced a sentence so just, and, at the same time, so liberal. His virtue, in this case, had literally been its own reward. The equity of his decree had, at the same time, raised his fame, and rid him of his only rival with the people.

How is he to employ himself next? He had not yet distinguished himself in the career in which he had ever longed for distinction. Now a chance seems to offer. There is no other addition he can possibly make to his greatness. There is a fair excuse for war. Shall it be neglected? Certainly not.

The Sanganians and the Warrels had long harassed his coasts by their piracies. They had been quiet for the last few months; but offences had been committed, and might be committed again, and the offenders must be exterminated. However, there was no doing this without a powerful navy; and powerful navies cost money, and the people were already complaining of the taxes. “Double them,” said the courtiers; “the camel is never quiet until loaded.” The king listened to the courtiers, and lost the good will of the nation.

After long preparations, the forces were in readiness. On their way to embark at the gulf of Guzzerat, they were to pass through the wild villages of the Kowlis, to exterminate its tribes of brigands, and to dethrone the queen of Sangania. This done, they were to possess themselves of the sea, from the point of Diu to the coast of Malabar, and to force the Warrels to deliver up their arms and ships.

The Kowlis were taken by surprise, and made very little resistance. They were conquered, destroyed, or given up to slavery. The king conducted himself like a hero: he shared all dangers with his soldiers. With his own hand he slew the leader of the foe, and had two elephants killed under him. The defeat of the brigands was followed by three days of rejoicing. When these were accomplished, the victorious rajah pronounced the order to embark. But scarcely was the signal of departure given, when a ship from the Warrels and the Sanganians was seen to enter the gulf. The deputies from those nations prostrated themselves before the king. One of them addressed him in the following terms:—

“Rajah of rajahs! For a long time we had no resource but war. We have more than once given proofs enough of our prowess, in our reception of the united forces of your father and the kings of Decan, Cambaya, and Balagata. Let those convince you that, when we submit, it is only because we do not choose to conquer. It was once our highest ambition to be feared. We are changed now: we have a nobler ambition. The circumstance which wrought this change is one of too exalted a character to be concealed. Hear it. A merchant junk, captured by our Sanganiens, had on board of her a passenger who proved to be a subject of yours. He was about to incur the usual fate of our prisoners,* when some former inhabitants of Guzzerat, who served among us, recognized him, and implored his pardon of our queen. Struck with their touching picture of his virtues, she commanded him to be brought before her. The words spoken by the sage sunk deep into her heart. The effect of his counsels was soon conspicuous in the improvement of every thing around us. By his advice our numerous prisoners were no longer treated worse than brutes; their condition was rendered comfortable; their respective talents were ascertained, and called into active exercise. The arts and embellishments of society were thus suddenly implanted among us; and we began to find better uses for life than the making it a mere scourge to others. That maddening beverage, *bang*,† which, by inflaming our imagination, excited us to ferocity, fell into disuse; and, with its rejection, the natural gentleness of the Indian character returned. Our disarmed vessels offered to make exchanges with the neighbouring nations. At first, the offer was scarcely credited; but, gradually, we were believed. Commerce, at length, entered our ports. Our fields, which had been left uncultured, became productive. Our manners grew conciliating. The Warrels, who had ever been the allies of our sterner character, soon recognized the blessing of the change, and changed with us. True, there were some few untameable spirits who would not concur in the improvement, and who strove to throw us back into barbarism; but the virtues of our new legislator, and the firmness of our queen, prevailed, and established the revolution. This miraculous regeneration of two nations is the work of a few months, and of one man; and now the Sanganiens and the Warrels, in union, repeat the favourite ballad of Guzzerat—

“‘Oh, Brama! bless the good Garai.’”

At this name, the prince started, and his brow fell. The ambassador went on:—

“Disturb not, great rajah! the happiness we are beginning to enjoy. Every pretext for war shall be removed. The ships captured from your subjects shall be restored. But leave our prosperity to increase unmolested, and name your own amount of tribute as an indemnity for the expense of this uncalled-for expedition, and it shall speedily be paid. Meanwhile, accept these hostages as guarantees of our sincerity,” added he, presenting two of the sons of the queen of Sangania to the rajah; “let them learn in thy kingdom the art of rendering nations happy. How can they acquire aught but virtue under his eye who can reckon in the number of his subjects a Tam Garai?”

* These people, the moment they have made a prisoner, cut the tendon Achilles, to render it impossible for him to escape.

† Mixture of opium and henbane.

"Tam Garai!" echoed the young prince, bending up his brow, red with spite and fury—"must that name haunt me through the world? Must it for ever cross my triumphs—thwart my noblest hopes? Must I renounce conquest, and my ruling passion—glory, because there happens to be a Tam Garai?"

The veracious brahmin was near the monarch, and heresy and Agaman now formed no part of the question.—"If you love glory, shew more self-command," said he, "and expose not your weaknesses to strangers. Accept the offer of the Sanganians. A treaty is of more value than a victory. It is nobler to vanquish by words than by arms, and to persuade is better than to conquer."

"Then," muttered the prince, "is the banyan greater than I!"

All this, however, did not prevent the conqueror of the Kowlis from entering his capital, borne, on a superb palanquin of tatta, by the first lords of his court; and yet even the clang of the trumpets, the beat of the drums, the shouts of the soldiers, and the songs of the bards, did not prevent his hearing voices murmur through them all—

"May Brama bless the good Garai!"

Being alone with his brahmin,—"Tell me," said he, "father, whence is this? How chances it that the wretched member of a caste almost despised—who has neither army nor treasures—who drags on a joyless existence in alternate poverty and exile—can thus contrive to come into ceaseless competition with me, a rajah of rajahs—a king, the son of kings?"

"My son, it is because your object has been glory only—that of the banyan, virtue: the one benefits all—the other gratifies but one. Would you be truly great, and leave to posterity a durable and respected name, never forget the precept of the Sama-Vedam: 'Glory is but the shadow of virtue: where the one is not, the other cannot be.'"

Certain confused ancient traditions would encourage a conjecture that the Indian monarch, of whose reign I have sketched the earlier years, died at a very advanced age. It is even probable that, at the time of his death, vast conquests had rendered him sovereign of all the region from between Chitor and Golconda to the Orixia mountains. At the close of the last century, however, I travelled through the ancient kingdom of Guzzerat, now a province of the Mahrattas. I sought to obtain some certain information of the hero of my narrative. Not a trace exists there of all his great achievements! His very name is utterly unknown—while that of Tam Garai is repeated with veneration throughout the whole oriental peninsula. Even the fine verses composed in honour of the rajah have met the fate of the hero whom they celebrated; but, from the mountains of Bollodo to the coast of Malabar, you may still hear the homely ballad of—The Good Banyan!

THE FRENCH ANNUALS.

THE French Annuals are not, in any respect, to be compared with ours, as far as paper, typography, and embellishments are concerned. Perhaps they are also inferior in writing; but that is a question into which we do not think it necessary to enter;—nor is it very material; for, we suppose, that the writing of these pretty books is the last thing looked to. One of the least ornamented among them, the “*Annales Romantiques*,” contains occasionally a passable copy of verses, or a readable prose article; and as, we believe, it is not much seen in this country, we venture on a translation of a couple of its pieces.

A SCENE OF 1815, IN THE TOWN OF ———.

“Listen! listen!” cried a little man in black to the crowd which was pressing round a cask placed at the door of the Brown Bear, “I—a royalist——”

“Yes, yes!” repeated a thousand confused voices, “as great a royalist as a Chouan!”

All the efforts of the little man in black were in vain; he could not make himself be heard from the top of his barrel; his windpipe had got out of order from crying at the pitch of his voice; he had bawled himself hoarse, and from his tormented throat no sounds issued but such as resembled those of a muffled bell. He was red with rage—his eyes sparkled—and he shook, with a sort of convulsive motion, a long sheet of stamped paper, which he thrust in the face of the spectators who came too near his barrel. Observing in the group a lad of fifteen or sixteen years old, he made signs to him to approach: the youth hastened to climb the *tribune*; and the little man in black put into his hand the sheet of stamped paper, raised on his forehead his rusty iron spectacles, arranged the pen which adorned his left ear, and assumed the attitude of a listener.

The lad understood him, and a deep silence ensued among the multitude.

“Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Confederation of Switzerland——”

The boy stopped, and turning to the little man in black, “Monsieur le Greffier,” said he, “must I read the *et cæteras*?”

“Yes, yes!” hastily answered the little man in black, taking the sheet of stamped paper out of the boy’s hand—“*et cætera, et cætera, et cætera!*—Well! was not that courage? *Et cætera, et cætera!* People wear the cross of the Legion of Honour who have not done half so much. *Et cætera, et cætera!* Draw up a judgment of the tribunal of commerce in the name of Napoleon, with all the *et cæteras*, when the white flag was still waving over our church, on the 10th of March! I would not have wished that you, who laugh so much now, had been in my place then. I should have been a fine fellow, with my *et cæteras*, if the three old lancers, who were mustered with so much difficulty at beat of drum, had driven off the emperor! Hanged—hanged!”

So far the harangue of the little man in black had been listened to in silence; but the conclusion was received with a general roar of laughter. Even the very boy himself, looking the orator in the face, shared in the general hilarity; but, as for the little man, he, calm and imperturbable, contented himself in dwelling, with a most serious gravity, upon his *et cæteras*.

“Get off the barrel, then, Mr. Etcætera,” said all at once one of the spectators, who, with naked arm, seized the leg of the poor *greffier*, which he shook like the trunk of a tree. The little man in black tumbled a couple of paces off from the barrel.

It was the landlord of the Brown Bear, who, losing patience with listening to the greffier, had upset him. Mine host wore a white apron which reached to his shoes, and a cotton nightcap, adorned on one side by a brown bear, and, on the other, by an enormous white cockade, which, fastened by a pin, moved with every breath of wind.

"Old wretch of a greffier!" he cried; "rascally dauber of stamped paper! you shall have none of it. It is I, the landlord of the Brown Bear, who assures you of that. Every body shall have some, except you."

"Bravo! bravo, Master Laurent!" cried the multitude.

"And I, Mr. Laurent," said an old woman, who endeavoured to raise her withered hand and shrivelled fingers above the heads of the crowd; "and I—sha'n't I get any?"

"You! you, indeed!—the fruit-woman of the square!—you, too, want it? I suppose it is for having put between two flower-pots the busts of Louis XVIII.—the Count de Lille, I mean, as the emperor calls him?"

"You lie!" said the old lady; "look from your barrel, and see the busts of the emperor; and of his dear son, the king of Rome; and of his chaste spouse, Maria Louisa! Don't you see this pretty cradle? I have bought all the bushes of the neighbouring forest to make it."

"And I—won't you give me some, honest landlord of the Brown Bear?"

"Oh! as for you, it is another affair; you at least have done something. Was it not you who tore down the white flag?"

"Yes, and all the flags which have been for thirty years planted on our steeple. The birds of the cathedral know me; I have frightened them twenty times."

"You shall have two;—are you satisfied?"

"And me; I want some to complete my collection of national curiosities. I have already Marshal Saxe's pipe, one of the glasses of a pair of spectacles that belonged to Robespierre, Coligny's toothpick, and a rag of the king of Rome's frock."

"I'll not forget you, Mr. Antiquary; but it is on condition that you will not sell them to every Englishman who passes this way, as you did with the nail on which the First Consul used to hang his hat; you remember, faith! in this same hall, when he returned from Lyons?"

"I, too—should not I get as much, for having broken the windows of the *Procureur du Roi*?"

"And I, for having given a black eye to a royalist?"

Every one began to recapitulate his titles, vaunt his exploits, and extol his prowess. The only question was, who should arrive the soonest at the barrel, from the top of which the landlord was distributing some grains of a whitish powder.

"Don't be pushing—don't be pushing!" cried the landlord; "every body shall have some."

These words, however, only irritated the impatience of the more distant groups, who, not being able to get any thing, drove so furiously against the foremost line of the spectators as to upset them. Mine host struggled like a sailor in the midst of a tempest; but the waves had reached his frail bark, and broke it into a thousand pieces.

At this moment, the guard, drawn to the spot by the tumult, arrived, preceded by the greffier, and lost no time in driving aside the spectators by blows with the butt-ends of their muskets, going straight to the innkeeper, seizing him in the name of the emperor and king, and carrying him before the mayor.

The crowd was so great, that it was impossible to prevent them from pushing into the hall of justice. The innkeeper did not give the mayor time to ask him any questions.

"Monsieur le Maire," said he, "you shall soon see if I was wrong——"

"He was very wrong, Monsieur le Maire," interrupted the greffier; "he called me a Chouan."

"Silence, Mr. Greffier!" said the mayor; "silence! you shall speak in your turn."

"You know, M. le Maire," continued the innkeeper, "that the little corporal,* passing through our town, lodged in the hôtel of your humble servant."

* *Le petit caporal*—the pet nickname in the French army for Buonaparte.

"The hôtel!" growled the little man in black—"the hôtel, indeed!"

"Silence, I say again, greffier!" said the mayor.

"Yes, hôtel it is!" retorted the innkeeper; "an hôtel any time these two centuries."

"Stopped at the hôtel of the Brown Bear!" added the little man in black, shaking his head, "when Monsieur le Maire would have given his majesty so splendid an apartment!"

"That's true," said the functionary, in a mollified tone.

"'Tis possible," said the innkeeper; "but Monsieur le Maire could not have given him a finer pullet. Well, then! Napoleon did not eat the whole of it: he left some of the bones upon his plate. Now these bones are my property, and I can do with them what I like. I did not wish to give any to this greffier, who, out of revenge, has called the guard. I give bones of a chicken eaten by the emperor to a Chouan! As for you, Monsieur le Maire, it is quite another thing. Here are two wings, scarcely half picked, which I have kept for you—à tout seigneur, tout honneur!"

"Very well, very well, Master Laurent; I accept your present.—Let the landlord of the Brown Bear be discharged."

Thus ended the scene, in which the whole of the population of a town disputed for the bones of a chicken which Napoleon had left upon his plate!

* * If any body doubt this historical fact, we can refer to the *Journal de Lyon* for April, 1815, in which the names of the actors are given.

Let it not be thought, from this sneering at the zeal of certain provincial Buonapartists, that the emperor is not duly remembered with appropriate honours. On the contrary, his praises are often the theme both in prose and verse. For example, Comte G. de Pons addresses some very agreeable and harmonious verses to M. Horace Vernet, on the subject of that gentleman's picture of Napoleon meditating on a military map, in 1815, just before the battle of Waterloo. We shall quote a few lines of the exordium:—

"Sous tes pinceaux féconds, peintre de notre gloire,
Un chef triste et pensif médite la victoire;
Puis-je le meconnoître, et faut-il le nommer?
C'est l'homme que le monde eut peine à renfermer,
Qui nous semble long-temps le seul Dieu des armées,
Et qui reste toujours, en dépit des pygmées,
Après tant de revers vengeurs de nos succès,
Le premier des soldats, et des soldats Français.
Aux yeux des étrangers son ombre menaçante
Remplit encor nos camps de sa grandeur absente."
&c. &c. &c.

He sums up the glories of his hero, but winds up with—

"Dans son ivresse impie, et ses joyeux festins,
Balthazar, égarant ses regards incertains,
Vit en mots inconnus sur le mur de porphyre
Un doigt vengeur tracer le fin de son empire.
Il semble que ce doigt dans le fond du tableau,
En traits ensanglantes, ait gravé WATERLO!"

There are many very pretty verses in this little poem; but the concluding distich is sad bathos:—

"Malgré ta chute immense, et l'envie en fureur"—

What then?—

"Tu naquis général, et mourus empereur."

This, as far as poetry goes—we admit the rank is higher—is not better than

“Thou, Dalhousie! thou great god of war!
Lieutenant-general of the Earl of Mar!”

There are many other Buonapartean compositions in the *Annales*; but as the *Annales* are *romantiques*, and conducted in the most ultra principles, and by the most renowned writers, of the anti-classical school—Victor Hugo, Ch. Nodier, &c. &c.—it is only fair to give a specimen of their romanticism upon a favourite subject—the secret societies of the middle ages. We select a dramatic sketch, by M. Loève-Weimars, who, we may remark, in passing, has translated—but, alas! into prose—Monk Lewis’s ballad of the Water King, in this Annual:—

A SCENE OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL. 1362.

[HANS, GEORGE, and several Squires round a fire in a wood. Night.]

Hans. It is your turn, George, to tell a story.

Geo. I am going to tell you how the evil spirit twisted the necks of seven monks of the convent of Kœnigslutter.—There was, once upon a time, in the monastery of Kœnigslutter, seven monks, who cared for nothing but to troll the dice and to drink, who uttered as many oaths as words, and who would, any day, have left the Kyrie Eleison to follow a petticoat and two pretty feet under it. It was in vain for the abbot to preach to them, or to impose penances, or to pray to God to convert them: he gained nothing by it. What was the consequence? One day—Don’t you hear a noise of footsteps behind this tree?

Hans. Bah! It is only a salamander coming to dance in our fire.

Geo. One day, then, as they were sitting in the refectory, chatting jovially and drinking (the wine had got into their brains), they forgot that there was an abbot in the cloister, a God in heaven, or a devil in hell; and they called upon Old Nick to come and make merry with them.—Stir the fire; this wood is very gloomy.

Hans. What are you afraid of?

Geo. Nothing.—Scarcely had they called on the devil, but the great gate, grating on its hinges, opens, and—

A Squire. Holy Virgin! it is he! Look!—look!

Hans. It is he?—who is it?

Geo. God keep us! Do you not see below there, in the trunk of the large willow, a ghost, which is only waiting for cock-crow? Don’t you see his sparkling eyes, which glow like burning coals?

Hans. Are not you ashamed, George? It is only a Will-o’-the-wisp!

Geo. No, I say, it is a human face. How torn he is, and covered with rags! It can’t be the devil; for Brother Hildebrand told me that he is always dressed out in silk and velvet when he wishes to buy a poor soul.

A Squire. He approaches.—Who goes there?

Geo. Make the sign of the cross, I say, all of you, to keep us from harm.

Hans. Who are you, wretched creature? what are you doing in the forest this freezing night?—See, George, how his sides are hollow and meagre! how he lifts over his head his shrivelled hands!—Speak, ill-omened bird! or my spear will untie your tongue. What do you want?

Carl. To warm myself.

Hans. His voice is as hollow as that of famine itself.—Approach! Why do you wander alone in the night?

Carl. The nights are my days; owls and bats are the nightingales which

delight me; lizards and toads are the food of poor Carl; moss and foul weed make his bed and his cloak. I am cold!

Hans (aside to George). 'Tis Carl de Wolffstein, as sure as I am a Christian—*(Aloud).* Why do you haunt the spirits of darkness, and go about thus, almost naked, covered with weeds and straw?

Carl. Carl is proscribed; the black sword seeks him.

Geo. What is your crime?

Carl. Raise your eyes, and look upon the heaven sowed with stars. My crime is written, in characters of blood, on the milky-way!—Hark! do you hear the crackling of the flame? It murmurs forth, like the north-wind, words that accuse me.—Have you nothing to eat?

Geo. Soldiers' fare—here's bread!

Carl. Put out the fire—it is so red. Who has spilled blood into it?

Hans. Don't devour so furiously; you may eat at your ease.

Carl. Carl has eaten brambles; his hunger would devour stones.

Hans. I knew you formerly.

Carl. You knew me!—The bell of the monastery calls me. Adieu!

Hans. Stop!—*(Aside to George).* Let us see if he will betray himself.—*(To Carl).* Were not you a rich prelate?

Carl. A cardinal;—see! I have the scarlet hat.

Geo. Holy Virgin! his skull is stripped of skin and hair!

Hans. Poor outcast! Put your head upon my knees; I'll apply a refreshing balsam on your wounds.

Carl. Dost thou wish to assist me, and art thou a man? Alas! the fire of hell burns within me. I drag myself across the fords on lizards and cold snakes; I lay me down on the rock where the waters of the torrent flow: nothing, nothing can cool me! Have you, in your castle, any dark and damp corner in which poor Carl can hide from his enemies? Let me follow you; I shall serve you as a horse-block, when you wish to mount your charger.—Hush! I hear steps. Save me—save me! They come!

Hans. Be calm; no one will come to do you harm.

Geo. Who goes there?

[Two masked Pilgrims appear.]

First Pil. Travellers, who have lost their way in the wood, and have been drawn hither by the gleam of your fire. Permit us to await the arrival of day in company with you.

Hans. Willingly. From what country do you come?

Second Pil. From Augsburg. We have made a vow to Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Refuge.—Whose banner do you follow?

Hans. That of the Connt of Buhna.

Carl. I must go read mass before midnight. Let me depart.

Hans. Stay where you are, poor idiot! The wolves would eat you if you stirred.

Carl. I'd rather the wolves than the crows.

Geo. What news, Pilgrims, have you brought from your town?

Second Pil. None. Pride, the old hack, with gilt trappings, still leads the world. Her daughters, Treason, Lying, and Licentiousness, carry as usual the fur and the ermine. Every body respectfully kisses their imperious hands. The devil makes a fine crop of it.

Geo. Have you then oaks no longer in your forests, and free judges to assemble under their foliage?

Carl. I must depart, brother. I'll go look for glow-worms for you in the grass; ye shall put them in your morion as a crown of sparkles.

Hans. Stay!

First Pil. Old man, the Holy Vehme still watches. We have found in our way a terrible example of its justice. Two of its emissaries have seized a parricide within a few paces of us.

Hans & Geo. A parricide!

Carl. Shall I pick branches of the oak, master? Your limbs tremble with cold.

First Pil. For a long time they had pursued him through the forests. He had glided, like a serpent, through the thickest brambles; he had plunged, like the mud beetle, into the foulest morasses; he had climbed the rocks with the activity of the chamois;—but his footsteps had remained imprinted on the rock, the wood, the morass, the river—every where the curse of Heaven had made him known—

Carl. Hush! Do not wake the dead. I must go; my heart is freezing.

Hans. Wait for the dawn: we shall conduct you to the next monastery; the friars will cure you.

First Pil. Stones and thorns had torn his feet; his muscles were stiffened by rain and fatigue—

Carl. Oh! rub me with your balsam, brother; my flesh is falling off in fragments.

Hans. Poor madman!

First Pil. His eyes were dried up; and the hand of God had written upon his forehead—PARRICIDE!—

Carl. Oh! oh! How the tears fall into the fire from these dripping branches! They weep—they— Wipe my forehead; I burn!

First Pil. At last the emissaries of the tribunal seized him. They reminded him of what he had done; they announced to him that they were about to blot his name from the book of the living; and then advised him to recommend his soul to heaven;—but he could not pray—

Carl. Again—again! The worm eats my liver.

First Pil. They then passed over him the fatal cord—

Carl (raising his hands). Mercy! mercy!

Hans. And you remained cold and tranquil?

Second Pil. What could we do? They drew the cord round his neck—as we do to thee, Carl de Wolffstein, the Parricide!

[*The Squires draw their swords. Carl falls upon his knees.*]

First Pil. Do you not know the form of this poniard? In the name of the holy Wehmie Tribunal, we order you to return your swords into their scabbards. For the future, learn to know the free judges better.

Carl. My father! my father!

First Pil. Carl de Wolffstein, thy wife is declared a widow—thy children, orphans. Thy throat shall be delivered to the wolves—thy heart to the birds of the air—thy body to the fishes of the sea.

Carl. Save me, good brother—assist me! They are going to kill me.

First Pil. Assist thyself by prayers—save thy soul; but thy body must perish. Carl de Wolffstein, the spirit of thy father cries for vengeance!

Carl. Oh! untie this knot, that I may breathe. Help—help! Their hands burn me. Oh! grant me my life—my life!

First Pil. Thy death!—Move forward, sinner! [*They drag him off.*]

Hans. Hark! how he groans! His cries augment—they redouble! Ah! he cries no longer.

There is, of course, a tolerably large assortment of poetry in the *Annales*, and in general of the most sombre kind; for the *Romaniques*, to be as un-French as possible, are as melancholy as gibcats. There are some translations too—and rather well executed—from Lord Byron, who is, of course, a prodigious favourite. His lordship is also the theme of much laboured and most flattering criticism. They have published an original poem of his to Lady Blesington, which perhaps is not printed in his works—Lady Blesington's answer certainly is not; and, therefore, we give them, correcting the French cacography. It is a point of pride in France to mis-spell English; and a very wise point it is—

LINES ADDRESSED TO LADY BLESSINGTON BY LORD BYRON.

You have asked for a verse—the request
In a rhymers' twere strange to deny;
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,¹
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung²
What Lawrence³ had pencilled⁴ so well;
But the strain would expire on my tongue,
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard in my bosom is dead;
What I loved I now⁵ merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years;
There are moments which act⁶ as a plough,
And there is not a furrow appears
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire
To sing while I gaze⁷ on in vain;
For sorrow has torn from my lyre
The string which was worthy the strain.

ANSWER BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

When I asked for a verse, pray believe,
'Twas⁸ not vanity urged the desire;
For no more can my mirror deceive,⁹
And no more can I poets inspire.¹⁰

Time¹¹ has touched with rude fingers my brow,
And the roses have fled from my cheek;
Then it surely were folly, if now
I the praise due to beauty should seek.

But as pilgrims who visit the shrine
Of some saint, bear a relic away,
I sought a memorial of thine,
As a treasure when distant I stray.

Oh! say not that lyre is unstrung,
Whose cords can such rapture bestow,
Or that mute is that magical tongue
From whence¹² music and poetry flow.

And though sorrow, ere¹³ yet youth has fled,
May have altered the¹⁴ locks' jetty hue,
The bays that encircle the¹⁴ head
Hide¹⁵ the ravager's marks from our view.

These verses are communicated by a gentleman who shrouds himself under the initials of "E. B. d'O."

¹ In the *Annales*, *heart*.—² *Mug*, Ann.—³ In the French version, *Lawrence*; but they put a note to say that he is a "célèbre peintre Anglois." It is only fair to add that the translation is, in general, elegant and faithful, though in prose.—⁴ *Penciled*, Ann.—⁵ *Non*, Ann.—⁶ *Acta plough*.—⁷ *Gap*.—⁸ *I was*.—⁹ *Deceit*.—¹⁰ On this, the French translator adds this gallant note: "Lady Blessington est une des plus jeunes, et des plus jolies femmes de l'Angleterre."—¹¹ *Since*, Ann.—¹² *Essence*, Ann.—¹³ *Are*, Ann.—¹⁴ So in the *Annales*; but perhaps, *legendum*, *thy*.—¹⁵ *Stide*, Ann.—This is pretty printing

DICK DEWLAP.

TAKING a stroll, the other morning, in the Regent's Park, with the intention of visiting the grounds of the Zoological Society, whom should I espy, sitting disconsolately on a bench not far from the entrance to that interesting emporium, but my old friend Dick Dewlap, whom I had not been able to meet, either at home or abroad, for the previous six weeks. Dick's taste for solitude arises from a circumstance serious enough to himself, but also sufficiently comic to every body else. Poor Dewlap, in short, though no glutton, is troubled with an unlucky tendency to corpulence, which he finds exceedingly difficult to be kept within tolerable bounds, as he is simultaneously plagued with an excellent appetite, which punctually reminds him of meal times, and, like the hungry demon of Poor Tom, often "croaks in his belly for the white herring," or for some other digestible plaything at least equally substantial.

Dewlap is thus placed in a pitiable predicament. He has a lurking notion that there is a natural dignity in fat (which indeed seems to be an instinctive feeling in all men); moreover, he does not at all relish the attempt, either to starve out the oily devil, or to eject him by persevering and violent exercise; but at the same time, he no less deprecates the "thousand natural shocks that *flesh* is heir to," particularly the aptitude of obesity to make its victim look older than he actually is—no trifling annoyance to a bachelor of five and thirty, who would still fain pass in the world for a young and interesting sentimentalist.

Beyond all other calamities, however, Dick execrates his office of *butt* to every witling and joker, friend or foe, wherever and whenever he becomes visible to human ken: so large a mark the most stupid archer cannot miss, and Dick thinks that even his acquaintance sometimes shoot with poisoned arrows; but he generally suffers in patient acquiescence, and sometimes (probably with the view of deprecating hostility) even volunteers a watery joke on the subject himself; albeit, by no means inclined to triumph, like Falstaff, in the consciousness that "men of all sorts take a delight to gird at him," and that, on this theme, "he is not only witty in himself, but the cause of wit in others." Indeed, he has a sort of settled spleen towards his male acquaintance generally on this particular account, and luxuriates in the gentler society of females, under whose soothing influence he has gradually become as plump and tender as a pet rabbit, and usually takes his walk solus, unless triumphantly caracolling as the escort of some genteely-shaped damsel; for he does not care to have a Venus of the Hottentot school, as a memento at his elbow. When thus honoured, Dick always, with great gallantry, gets to windward in cold weather, and effectually protects his charmer from the ruder breezes of Boreas; he is, however, exceedingly tenacious of allowing the like privilege to male applicants; and confessed to me that he was never so shocked at his own enormity as once (going over Blackfriar's Bridge in a storm of wind and rain) when a little shrivelled dwarf of a fellow got under his lee, and whatever pace Dick went, would follow him up, and use his overshadowing figure as a penthouse.

But although my fat friend is too indolent to make any regular or scientific effort to shake off the enemy who sticks so perseveringly to every part of his person, he yet confesses to making a modest attempt to

run away from it, now and then, when there is nobody within view. I never could catch him at this benevolent amusement, "larding the lean earth as he ran along;" but I suspect he had been thus employed on the present occasion, for his face was flushed, and he looked a little splenetic, which it struck me might arise from the cruel feeling that such diabolical practices—so contrary to his usual musing and sauntering habits—were necessary to prevent his hard-hearted tailor from enlarging the measurement, when next the fatal parchment of that inexorable artist encompassed his "nether bulk." I happened to be once present when Dick was placed in this trying predicament. After the measure had, with my assistance, been passed round his rebellious waist (which he made a painful effort to draw in as much as possible for the occasion), "Upon my word, Mr. Dewlap," said the tailor, "you get on; I see by my book you have increased an inch and a half in the last three months!" The barbarous communication was heard with as rueful an aspect as we might expect to see in the captain of a crazy ship, who should receive the intelligence that, in spite of every effort, the leak evidently gained upon the vessel. Dewlap's only resource was stoutly to deny the fact; he vehemently protested that he had fallen away at least the fourth of an inch; that his clothes absolutely hung about him (by the by, the buttons were starting in every direction); and that if Mr. Hopkins could not contrive to make a more accurate entry, he should be reluctantly obliged to carry his custom elsewhere.

Dick did not appear to notice my approach; so when I had arrived at the seat where he was planted, I was constrained to solicit his attention. "What, Dewlap, my dear fellow," said I, "how do you do? I was fearful I should never get sight of you again; not that it would be easy to ——" "Good morning," said he of the twenty stone; "pray do you happen to know whether there's a ship about to start for China?" I was of course startled at this abrupt interrogatory, and answered it, as is usual in such cases, by asking "why he wished to know at that particular moment?" "Why," replied Dick, "I saw your next sentence was to be redolent of something about my size; I only wonder how it escaped the first six syllables; so I chose to indulge in the luxury of starting the one-loved subject myself. In China, then (where I mean to go), as well as in other countries that we presumptuously call barbarous, you know that the lean and working commonalty pay proper deference to us victims of enjoying temperaments. A man of my dimensions might there stand a chance of being made a mandarin, as one born with nature's stamp of nobility; while here, the countless generation of whipper-snappers tease us perpetually, as though we were sent into the world merely to serve as cushions for their ricketty wits to repose on." "Well," said I, "I am sorry to see you so warm, Richard; but we'll discuss this matter as we walk; perhaps you'll take a turn with me into the grounds; I have to meet some friends there at twelve." "What," replied Dick, "some half dozen dapper little masters, I suppose, who are indulgently allowed to call themselves *men*, and would proceed to dissect me, *sans cérémonie*, with as much glee as so many young surgeons would cut up the mammoth or the mastodon, if they could get him in their scientific clutches? No, no; no new male acquaintances for me; I find it quite enough to be the standing, sitting, or walking joke of some five and twenty sympathetic friends, who have so judiciously dispersed themselves throughout the bills of mortality, that I cannot move

a furlong towards any point of the compass, without having my mental swallow choked with my own substance. Confound them! I wish they were obliged to swallow their own jokes, and found them as hard of digestion as I do. Not that I care a button about it (making at the moment a desperate but fruitless effort to fasten the two lower ligatures of his surtout); the women don't object to me as I am, and men are too envious to express their real sentiments. Don't you observe," added he, "that women as seldom think a man too fat, as men do a woman? The most intolerant critics on this point are sure to be of the sex of the corpulent beauty, male or female, though such critics have no right to a vote in the matter; while the opposite gender (whom alone it concerns) will no more object to an extra stone or two of loveliness, than they would to the liberality of the goldsmith, who should sell them plate at avoirdupois weight, instead of paltry troy. However, let men say what they will, I've this solid consolation, that three of the cleverest fellows of our time, have also been three of the plumpest—Charles Fox, Byron, and Napoleon—there was a podgy triumvirate! I fancy they'll go floating down the stream of time, with their heads buoyant, as long as it is natural for a fat man to swim better than a lean one! Besides, what does Hamlet's mother say of him?—'My son is *fat*, and scant of breath.' Shakspeare, who knew every thing, knew perfectly well that a fine tender-hearted philosopher, like Hamlet, could not be otherwise. I have often thought of playing Hamlet myself: depend upon it, that character can never be done to perfection by any man under fifteen stone—a performer of at least that weight, who had also the other requisites, would make the indolence, philosophy, good nature, and irritability of Ophelia's 'glass of fashion and mould of form' (an interesting creature that Ophelia!) all appear quite natural separately, and perfectly harmonious in combination."

Finding that Dick had talked himself into good humour, I took the opportunity of telling him they were ladies whom I was going to meet—the two Misses Lightfoot and their mamma—whose amiable manners, I flattered myself, he would find nicely conformable to his ideas of female taste and politeness. Dick brightened up at this intelligence, and immediately inquired, with an air of interest (having, I believe, for some time cherished the notion of getting himself well off his hands), "whether the mother was a widow, and what might be her age?" I informed him she was the relict of the late Commissioner Lightfoot, well dowered, and extremely genteel. "The young ladies," added I, "are respectively seventeen and nineteen" (Dick shrugged his shoulders); "they have learned—at least professors have been paid for teaching them—as many languages, arts, and sciences, as, to have known thoroughly, would have made a man illustrious half a century ago; but such is the fashion of the day; and my aunt Lightfoot does not choose that her daughters should be left behind in this forced march of intellect, whatever valuable time they may have thrown away in order to make a show of keeping up with it."

"A short time since (continued I) the damsels seemed likely to be sighing, like female Alexanders, for fresh realms of knowledge to subdue; but the introduction of calisthenics has, I should think, happily furnished them with employment for the rest of their lives, if they actually mean to make themselves mistresses of all the postures prescribed in the book from which they study. You are a humane man,

Mr. Dewlap; think, then, of the perplexity of a young lady, who is directed, as one of a hundred tasks equally easy, to 'place her two hands on her hips, raise the right leg and left arm as high as possible; the arm a little bent, and the hand above the shoulder; lower quickly the leg and the arm, placing the hand on the hip, and raising at the same time the left leg and the right arm.' I protest, for my own part, after reading this singular jumble of legs, arms, hips, and shoulders, I hardly know whether I stand on my head or my heels; what then must be the predicament of a girl of sensibility, after she has taken her tutor's advice, and 'repeated the exercise several times with celerity?' Surely she can never survive to go through the fatigues of 'crossing and jumping,' and numberless *et ceteras*. However, it is certain my poor cousins cannot do too much to strengthen digestions which have never been disturbed, and to keep down superfluous flesh, of which they have not the slightest symptom."

Dick heard all this with profound attention, observing, that perhaps the young ladies, at my intercession, would impart to him some of the inestimable calistheric knowledge, for which it seemed they had so little use themselves; and this, he said, would be the more compassionate, as he would die sooner than go through a course of gymnastics, in the presence of a set of male monsters, who would probably scoff at his efforts of agility, as we may suppose so many monkeys would, if they could catch an elephant essaying a hornpipe.

Dewlap now cordially gave me his arm; and as we walked towards the gardens, I primed him for his interview with the widow, by the information that she was not merely a *femme savante* in the general sense, but a particular connoisseur in painting; and that, in this character she could not fail to be struck with that predominance of the curve (allowed by all artists to be the line of beauty) which was visible in every part of his comely outline; his plump cheeks, double chin, and the gentle protuberance he carried in front. Dick looked ruefully at the semicircle I had last described. "Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "you'd hardly think what a perpetual torment I find this line of beauty, as you call it; the line of Jack Ketch would be scarcely less welcome; and, indeed, I did dream, the other night, that it had been the means of introducing me to an acquaintance with that worthy."

I could not help laughing at this nocturnal extravaganza, and asked him the particulars. "I believe," said Dick, "my dream had a commencement rather tragical than uncommon; for few people can acquit their consciences of having dreamed they were going to be hung, though I never could get any one to own that he also knew he had done enough to deserve the punishment. Unluckily for me, however, I had not even this consolation; I thought I was to be hung for being too fat; and so far was I from feeling shocked at the circumstance, that I was only surprised how I had escaped so long. Though in Newgate, I was perfectly tranquil; and received with resignation the intelligence that I was to be hung the following morning, the cause being, simply and solely, because two credible witnesses had sworn that, in their judgment, I was too fat to be allowed to live any longer."

"Still more at his ease, however, if possible," continued Dewlap, "was Daniel Lambert, who was, I thought, my fellow prisoner, and to suffer in the same way, for a far weightier offence of the same unpardonable description. As the kitchen (for, with a dreamer's privilege, I imagined

all this took place in a Newgate kitchen) as the kitchen, I say, was not over large—and my partner and I *were*—we could not move about without jostling each other; so I helped Daniel to perch himself on the top of an empty hogshead, that stood near the dresser; and there he sat, drumming with his mill-posts against the side of his pinnacle, his hands placed quiescently under his knees, and his pouting lips suitably employed in half-whistling ‘See the conquering Hero comes.’ I supposed that poor Daniel, being at least three times my weight (I found that circumstance no small consolation), had long considered his crime too enormous to pardon; and as hiding or running away was out of the question, had made up his mind that the affair would terminate fatally, from the moment he was seized and shoved into a waggon. I cannot help remarking, though, that Mr. L., had he seen the matter in a proper light, must have considered me a martyr in comparison with himself; the victim of a law, equally just and necessary as it regarded him, but, in my case, carried to a most cruel extreme.

“Affairs were in this interesting position,” continued Dick, “when Mr. Ketch made his appearance, bringing in his hand some twenty yards of cordage, about as thick as a brig’s hawser, and asked us, on our honour as gentlemen, whether we thought that would be strong enough to answer a certain purpose? I replied, that I could not speak from experience, but I flattered myself the line was strong enough, and that for me he need not be at the trouble of getting a chain cable. As for Mr. Lambert, I left him to speak for himself, as he had not favoured me with any remarks on things, either in general or particular. Daniel, I suppose, heard this remark; but he still kept whistling and drumming, with undisturbed calmness, and did not answer a syllable.

“When Mr. Ketch had withdrawn, it occurred to me, that, however merited my sentence (and I could not deny that I had enjoyed a long career of excessive stoutness), yet still the humane community, tempering justice with mercy, could only require that I should be despatched, no matter how; and that I might, therefore, as well make my exit in private as public, at ease as in pain. No sooner thought than done. A bottle of laudanum stood at my elbow. I poured a large quantity into a breakfast cup, and instantly drank it off, with the serenity of a Socrates. My friend Daniel witnessed the heroic performance with equal apathy, and still continued drumming and whistling ‘See the conquering Hero comes.’

“As a convicted fat man, anxious for the honour of the chief of his caste, I could not help feeling somewhat piqued at Mr. Lambert’s indifference to his impending disgrace. ‘Why, Daniel,’ said I, ‘will you be fool enough to be led out to-morrow morning, at eight precisely, to dance in the air for the amusement of the skin and bone scoundrels who have sworn away our lives, and will gloat over our fatal fall, as they would over the prize beef that they devour, as well as kill? Why don’t you behave like a man, and do as I have done?’ His reply petrified me. ‘I don’t know,’ answered the monster, coolly, ‘I think its hardly worth while. The fact is, that the Secretary of State (on condition of our eating no more rump steaks) has sent down our pardons, and I’ve got them both at this moment in my pocket.’

“Here was an answer to give a man whom he had just seen swallow laudanum enough to kill a cart horse! After staring at him for half a minute, with ‘thought too deep for tears’—indeed I was studying which

way to sacrifice him—my indignation at length found utterance—‘Why, you envious, overgrown villain,’ said I, ‘why did not you tell me this before?’ ‘Why did not I,’ replied he (as if confident I could not possibly object to his most exquisite reason), ‘why, because you did not ask me!’ What signified arguing with such a dolt? I determined to make short work of it. ‘Now, you fat fool,’ cried I (going up to him with my clenched fist), ‘now I must go and have the laudanum taken out of me with the stomach pump, through your stupidity—take that!’ (knocking him off his perch into the empty hogshead, the top of which suddenly gave way behind him); and I think I awoke with the noise he made in bawling out—‘What’s that for?’ From this specimen,” concluded Dick, “you may judge whether I am not as much to be pitied for my nightly visions as any opium eater in England. I’ll dream against the best of them for a veal cutlet any night he likes.”

This chat had brought us to the place which we intended visiting; we entered, and found the ladies had arrived before us. I introduced Dick, who blushed as he bowed, and was received very graciously, but with a kind of conscious reserve on the part of the genteel widow, which I thought augured not ill for him. Dewlap, though evidently gratified with his reception by the ladies, was not quite pleased to find they had brought with them our old acquaintance Toby Aircastle, a mere mathematical line of a man, whose lath-like apparition contrasts so provokingly with Dick’s circular tendencies, that few can resist hazarding a hit now and then on the subject. Toby, who is a married man, as well as a professed joker, rather relishes than dislikes this state of *juxta-position* with Dewlap, and often provokes him to an encounter; in which, however, Dick is sure to suffer most, though he may seem to come off victorious; for he evidently envies Toby his leanness, and would give the world if the sarcasms which, acting on the defensive, he is obliged to let fly at Toby, could be fairly levelled at himself. Dewlap now, therefore (ladies being present), treated Mr. Aircastle (as he studiously called him) with the gravest respect, and seemed as fearful of making a false step in conversation, as a young legacy hunter would be of treading on the gouty toe of his rich and irritable uncle. Having, while the females were a little in advance, inquired, with the most considerate politeness, after the health of Mrs. A., and why she did not favour us with her company, “Oh,” replied Toby, “I’ve lodged a detainer against her; ‘she is as ladies wish to be who love their lords.’ By the by, Dick, I’ll hold two to one that she recovers her gentility of outline before you do.” Dewlap, though evidently nettled, merely bowed, and gravely observing that he never laid wagers, heartily wished Mrs. Aircastle a happy deliverance of twins.

In perambulating the grounds, I was much amused with the way in which the tenderness of feminine nature displayed itself towards the fiercer animals, whom our ladies spoke of as though they had been parrots or lap-dogs. “Oh, what a sweet tiger-cat!” exclaimed Sophy. “Yes, my dear,” said her mamma, “but look at this lovely leopard!” “What a darling tiger,” cried Matilda; “and look at this love of a lion, just like one of the judges!” “That may be,” replied her sister; “but I think this dear playful bear far more interesting, don’t you, Mr. Dewlap?” Dick had all along eagerly catered to their curiosity; and frisked about (being, as a subscriber, no stranger to the place), in giving them explanations, as though he had deposited some three stone of

fleshly frailty, together with his umbrella, at the entrance-lodge. He now thought this question of Sophy's afforded him a fair opportunity of getting remunerated with a little lady-like sympathy, and perhaps commendation, to counterbalance the jests of his male acquaintance.—“Why, Miss,” he replied, “I must confess *ursa-major* is to me the most interesting animal in the place; not merely because you say so, but because they tell us he retires, when grown ‘more fat than *bear* beseems,’ into dignified solitude; and after living six months simply by sucking his paws, issues forth a perfect specimen of ursine gentility. This is a practice from which I have often thought it would be wise in me to take a hint; and I only wish I had fortitude enough to set about it.” Dick’s stratagem took effect. “Dear me!” said the widow, “what can have put that odd notion in your head, Mr. Dewlap? I’m sure you are not at all too stout.” “Oh, not the least in the world,” echoed the two young ladies, in the same breath (the sweetest, I dare say, in Dick’s estimation, that ever issued from rosy lips). His gratitude rushed into his cheeks, and he made a bow of profound deference to their superior judgments. Aircastle winked at me, with the eye that was turned from the rest of the company, but with laudable forbearance held his tongue. Shortly afterwards, Richard, with an air of triumphant courtesy, that would have done honour to his lion-hearted namesake, offered his puissant arm to Mrs. Lightfoot, and we left the gardens, much pleased with our visit and ourselves.

As we walked towards the residence of the ladies, which skirts the park, the subject of calisthenics was started; and, at my suggestion, the obliging damsels proffered, if Mr. Dewlap really thought himself rather too stout (which, however, was by no means apparent to them), to give him, from their book of knowledge, some instructions, which they had no doubt would quickly invest him with a waist like that described by the poet (exemplified in each of their own, by the by), “fine by degrees, and beautifully less.” The offer was of course accepted with gratitude; and, when we arrived at the house, Dick allowed me, as a special favour (resolutely excluding poor Toby) to be present at his inaugural lesson.

Mr. Dewlap was first directed to take the dumb-bells, and open his chest, as the best preparative for other amusements that awaited him; with these practised for some minutes, when, with panting pathos, he requested a truce, and begged that his exercise, though he found it exceedingly pleasant, might be varied as often as possible. In order to accommodate him, a skipping rope was now put into his hands, and his grotesque performances with it, made me think the days of Orpheus and jumping towers had returned; the skipping-rope, however, was soon withdrawn, at it is well known our houses now-a-days are not built with any view of resisting the shock of an earthquake; moreover, the cook came up to complain that all the plates and dishes in the kitchen were tumbling about her ears.

It were useless to describe, even if it were possible to remember, the numberless contortions (all doubtless equally useful and ornamental) which poor Dick had to exhibit in this his initiatory service at the altar of the Graces. At its conclusion, however, his fair instructors allowed that he had acquitted himself with astonishing fortitude and cleverness, and, moreover, favoured us with an invitation to dinner.

We walked home to dress, and on our way Dick told me, in confi-

dence, that he felt wonderfully exhilarated by the occurrences of the morning; that he had had no previous notion of his great powers of activity and endurance, which he had now no doubt would soon enable him to cast away all superfluous flesh, and with it all superfluous sorrow. "I must own," added he, "it will be rather unkind to deprive Aircastle and the rest of my facetious friends of their moveable Joe Miller; but since I find the enemy is to be got rid of, I don't see why I should continue to drag about a fat folio jest book, merely for their accommodation. As to how much of my outward man I ought to throw off, I shall take an early opportunity of requesting the private opinion of the widow, and make a compromise between her taste and my own; for, between ourselves, her bright eyes, amiable manners, and solid turn of thinking, have made an impression on me, which can be removed only by death—or marriage!"

LIFE.

WHAT art thou, Life? Pale Vanity!
Dim Shadow of the things to be!
Weak as the wind, and sightless as the grave!
Thy gold but yellow dross; thy fame,
Thy pomp and pride, an idiot's game—
The rattling of the chains that load the slave.

Thou, and the scenes that round thee rise,
What are ye? Loose uncertainties:
Yet still we hug ourselves with rash presage
Of future days serene and long—
Of pleasures fresh, and ripe, and strong—
And active youth, and slow-declining age.

Like a fair prospect, still we make
The future shapes of beauty take:
First verdant gardens rise and pansied fields,
Then lofty groves and bowers appear,
Then rills and winding rivers clear,
While change of landscape still new pleasure yields.

Farther bold castles we espy,
Where lordly wealth and honours lie;
Beyond a gorgeous picture fills the stage,
Till the remoter distance shrouds
The plains with hills, the hills with clouds;
There we place Death behind old shivering Age.

When Death, alas! perhaps too nigh,
In the next hedge does skulking lie,
There plants his engines, there lets fly his dart,
Which, while we ramble without fear,
Will meet us in our full career,
And drive the world's wild follies from our heart.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS: NO. IV.

"London Bridge is broken down."—*Old Song.*

WHILE the spirit of improvement is advancing with such rapid strides under the auspices of the Board of Works, and the Committee of Taste, at the west end of the town, the Aldermen and Common Council of the City of London, have not been idle in the east. For more than half a century the state, the decay, and the inconveniences of London Bridge, have been the subject of discussion at city meetings; and, from time to time, engineers have been employed in surveys, and reports, and on estimates for repairs and rebuilding. At length the corporation screwed up their courage to the sticking point, and came to the resolution of building a new London Bridge, a little to the westward of the old one, which, in spite of the interesting chronicles attached to its history, and of all the old associations connected with it in the mind of every good citizen of London, from Sir Richard Whittington, down to the entertaining wine and walnut collector of its chronicles, was doomed to destruction.

Plans and estimates were advertised for; those of the Messrs. Rennie approved—the work is now rapidly advancing towards completion, and promises, by the solidity of its construction, and the stateliness of its appearance, to save the good citizens of London the like trouble for many centuries to come.

It seems, however, to be the fate of the improvements at the east end of the town, as well as those at the west end, that difficulties should arise in their progress, and unanticipated inconveniences attend their completion. For, as at the Treasury, Mr. Soane has given the public the half of a building that can never be finished, so have the Messrs. Rennie given the good citizens and Southwarkians a noble bridge, without any approaches; and now that the structure is nearly completed, all the members of the Bridge Committee, with the engineers, are laying their heads together, to find a way to get at it. In addition to these legitimately appointed planners, several volunteers have likewise started with ideas, some of which we believe have been laid before, and are actually engaging the attention of the Common Council.

How such an undertaking as that of building a bridge between two such populous neighbourhoods, as the city and Southwark, could have been carried on, even to the commencement of the building, without having ascertained and determined the approaches, we are at a loss to guess—and to whom so great a fault is attributable we know not; all we do know is that such is the fact, and that, at this moment, there are seven or eight plans, to obviate the difficulty, under consideration, without any one having yet been determined on.

In an age of science, like the present, and what is, perhaps, more surprising, in an age of so much common sense, we cannot help wondering that there could be found any body of men to commence an undertaking, in which so much property is concerned, and in the completion of which a million must be expended, without having taken every circumstance connected with the undertaking into consideration—but that such a palpable part of the plan as the approaches on both sides of the bridge should not have been accurately ascertained, and completely determined before the commencement of the building, would induce the supposition that "all the wise men had indeed come from the east" before the new London Bridge was thought of. This deficiency is still more surprising, when we reflect that the rebuilding of the bridge has been the conversa-

tion of succeeding corporations for full half a century. We are anxious to do full justice to the design and the construction of the bridge itself; to the science which has been displayed in almost every department of its building, as well as to the ingenuity with which the piers of the old bridge have been removed, and the arches supported, at the north and south ends of the old bridge, to facilitate the navigation during the progress of the works of the new bridge; but we cannot pass over a neglect which threatens to impede the utility of the new construction, and to destroy so much of that property, which is now rendered so valuable, by forming the lines of approach to the present bridge. Such a neglect will give proprietors excuses for enhancing the value of their loss, and give many of those who do not come directly within the line of approaches just cause of complaint, and, perhaps, reasonable ground of action for the damage which their premises and their property must naturally sustain. At this moment a number of persons are actively employed in obtaining data, on which to found claims of this nature, by counting the carriages and passengers which pass up and down Thames Street, and such other means as their ingenuity can invent to sustain their complaint of a deterioration in the value of their premises.

In all undertakings of this kind, it is but fair that every one living within reach of the effect of the projected alteration should previously be made fully acquainted with the extent of the intended improvement. This would have two good effects; it would apprise every one of the nature of the loss or improvement their property might sustain, and produce, previously to the undertaking, such notices of claims as would prevent the woeful inaccuracies of estimated losses, which have generally attended the execution of London plans of improvement. It would likewise diminish the actual loss, and many of the inconveniences sustained by those whose property and business are affected, by giving them more time to provide against contingencies, and to take such steps as would lessen the injury which their business might sustain.

Finding that no accurate account or plan had been given of the intended approaches, one or two of the inhabitants of the different districts affected by the bridge, have published their ideas of the most beneficial plans for accomplishing the object in question; and among these an ingenious plan of Mr. George Gwilt has been submitted, and, likewise, that of a local architect, Mr. George Allen, has also been submitted to the consideration of the city, and subsequently published, with his observations, in the form of a pamphlet.

In this pamphlet is described a system of vacillation, not at all creditable either to the New Bridge Committee, or their engineers, who it is stated have actually laid six plans for these approaches before their employers, without either of them having yet been approved, or at least adopted.

Mr. Allen, from living on the spot, may be well supposed, from his locality, to have obtained accurate notions of the value of the property necessarily affected by the alteration; and it has been his employment, in the valuation of some of the contiguous wharfs, and Thames frontages, that led him to a more elaborate consideration of the best plan for the approaches to the new bridge. With this view, in 1826, Mr. Allen prepared a plan of a new street, commencing at the Watch House, near Bridge-yard, and proceeding towards the bridge, to the south of the existing properties, in Tooley Street, till it entered the Borough, High

Street, at White Horse Court. Finding, however, that a professional friend had prepared a plan nearly similar, and which was on the point of publication, he gave up all idea of publishing his own, and the plan alluded to was accordingly published in May 1827.

It appears that, up to this period, Messrs. Rennie had no idea of departing from the old line of Tooley Street, upon which, according to the contract plan, the ascent to the new bridge was to be formed; but after the publication in May, of the plan above-mentioned, they prepared and submitted to the New Bridge Committee an entirely new series of plans, in which three different modes of attaining the New Bridge, from the city side, were suggested; but for the approaches from Southwark, though the engravings were also three in number, yet the designs were one; the plans not only being all alike, but so far as related to the new approach from Tooley Street, were precisely the counterpart of the plan before alluded to, as being published in the May preceding.

"This coincidence," Mr. Allen says, "is too remarkable to be considered accidental, as it comprises another very important feature of the plan published in May; namely, the suggestion of a new street, to extend from London Bridge to the Bricklayer's Arms; yet, without even a hint being given in the Report which accompanies it, of the idea having originated with another party."

If the new plans of the Messrs. Rennie were actually the result of the publication of this plan, it was certainly an ungenerous omission not to allude to it—and with this omission the above paragraph certainly charges these gentlemen. It is, however, no unusual thing in these days of *liberality*, to see the heads of a profession obtain wealth and fame, by carrying the suggestions and plans of uninfluential and obscure artists into execution, as their own. It may one day be our task to trace many of the late plans up to their original sources, and give the wreath of the fame, if we cannot give the wealth which has been their produce, to the original projectors.

The new plans for the approaches designed by Messrs. Rennie, were published in the Repertory of Arts, in December 1827, six months subsequent to the previous publication—and they bear too evident marks of having been at least very materially grounded on the others, to permit a supposition that the coincidence is merely accidental. The three great considerations in such plans, are, of course, economy, convenience to proprietors, and the easiest accomplishment of the object proposed; yet, in defiance to nearly all these considerations, in their proposed new street to the Bricklayer's Arms, these gentlemen have intended passing through the centre of St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals; thus entailing either the destruction or the removal of two of the most valuable public institutions of which the Metropolis and its environs can boast.

Finding that the new approach to the bridge, from Tooley Street, was coldly spoken of in Messrs. Rennie's Report, as "productive of considerable expense and inconvenience," although admitted to be an "immense improvement," Mr. Allen determined to give publicity to his ideas on the subject, as, from his local knowledge, he was convinced that the result would be directly the reverse of that represented in the Report, and that it would effect, "upon the lowest calculation, a saving to the city of a hundred thousand pounds."

With much difficulty and delay, Mr. Allen, at length, finding that there were objections in the Bridge Committee to receiving them, obtained leave to lay his plans before the Common Council; and these are,

therefore, at this moment, in addition to the plans of Mr. Allen, one of Mr. Gwilt's, and a sixth plan of the Messrs. Rennie's, under the consideration of the city, it being still undetermined which shall be adopted. As there appears incontestable evidence that none of these latter plans were copies of the others, their similarity is extraordinary; and, as the same idea, with regard to the Southwark approach seems to have struck three ingenious and scientific men, it may well be imagined that the outline of the plan is the best that can be devised. In this their sixth design, the employed engineers at last concur in recommending that the approach to the new bridge, from Tooley Street, be made to open in front of St. Saviour's Church; we may, therefore, guess that this plan will, at last, meet the approbation of the New Bridge Committee.

The most probable approaches, on the Southwark side, therefore, will be, by widening the High Street in the Borough, from the present Town Hall, and by a proposed new street, to lead from Bridge-yard, in Tooley Street, till it intersects the High Street, opposite to St. Saviour's Church. From this intersection a wide street, adorned on either side with handsome buildings, will lead immediately to the bridge. In this plan, sites are marked out for a new Town Hall, and other public buildings—St. Thomas's and Guy's Hospitals are left unmolested—and the line will be the least expensive that can be planned. The great object, however, and certainly the grand desideratum of this plan, is to lay open St. Saviour's Church. It has long been the regret of every man of taste, that so many of the finest buildings which the Metropolis can boast, should be concealed from view by the mass of rubbishing houses which surround them—and none of them has occasioned more regret from this circumstance, or would excite more public admiration, if more exposed to view, than this structure of St. Saviour's—now scarcely perceptible in the dirty neighbourhood by which its beauties are hidden. To display the long hidden architecture of such venerable structures as this, is one of those objects to which some considerable expense of property may be legitimately sacrificed.

For this purpose it is proposed to lay open a circular site, and thus form a circus round the church, which is to be approached by steps, leading to a platform from the High Street, towards which the whole front of the church will remain open; by this means the whole of this beautiful church, with its venerable architecture, will be in full view, and form a striking object at this entrance to the metropolis. In front of the church will be a large open space, from which the road will gradually ascend, to meet the slope of the bridge.

Such is the general outline of the plan which will, most probably, be adopted on the Southwark side of the bridge; and as there is no possibility of obtaining a direct line of street from the Bricklayer's Arms, without such a destruction of property, including the two hospitals above-named, as would render the accomplishment of such a plan nearly impossible, it is, perhaps, the best that could be adopted.

By this design, the present Tooley Street will pass under a dry arch, similar to that of the Commercial Road, at Waterloo Bridge, and lead into a new street, proposed to form a more direct line of communication with Blackfriar's Road, along the banks of the river, than is afforded by the tortuous path that at present forms the only connection between the two bridges. Upon the whole, this appears to us, both as it respects convenience and economy, and as affecting the property in the neighbour-

hood, the most feasible plan that the Committee, under the circumstances, could adopt; while the venerable church of St. Saviour's, surrounded by a series of modern handsome buildings, will gratify the curious in architecture, and greatly add, by its beauty, to the improvement.

As pounds, shillings, and pence are, however, in the opinion of John Bull, paramount arguments in all questions of improvement, we may, perhaps, cite the economy of this plan as the most likely argument in favour of its adoption. Stairs, in the dry arch, to lead up to the High Street, in addition to the street to lead under it, would greatly diminish the claims of the occupiers of premises in Tooley Street, for loss of business in consequence of the elevated level of the new bridge; and the formation of a new road leading thereto, would most likely produce the means of acquiring an increase of business, arising out of their being situated directly in the channel of a water-side street, leading to the west end of the town.

On the city side of the bridge, the approaches seem to be quite as undecided as on the other; the height of the new structure, its not coming opposite to any opening wide enough to give a chance for a competent approach, have added to the difficulties of the decision; while the clamours of the inhabitants of Upper Thames and Gracechurch Streets, and Fish Street Hill, distract and alarm the Committee, by the expression of their fears, and the threatened amount of their claims for compensation. For our own part, while there is still the possibility of accomplishing it, we think that expense ought to be the secondary, and the greatest improvement, the first object, in the minds of the Committee.

Nearly two centuries of regret at having, from false motives of economy, rejected Sir Christopher Wren's plan for re-building the city, after the fire of London, ought to be a lesson to the citizens, not to throw away the present opportunity of a great improvement in the very heart of their city. We confess, we think, that all private benefit should give way to public good, and that a great object ought not to be prevented by such principles of economy as will render the improvement abortive. We would, with one fell sweep, get rid of as many of those tortuous and winding alleys, misnamed streets, as are in the present neighbourhood of Thames Street, and which stand in the way of some grand and direct communication with the new bridge; and as it appears but natural that this communication should lead to the greatest and most considerable marts of commercial intercourse, we hope that plan will be adopted, which will give us one grand street, leading from the foot of the bridge immediately to the Bank and Royal Exchange. A street of this kind, leading from the present London Bridge to the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, was suggested and laid before the public, as long ago as 1796; and was further brought into notice, as connected with the new bridge, in a letter from Dr. Price of Cannon Street, which appeared in the *Eclipse* newspaper in 1824. By this plan, a neighbourhood would be destroyed, which, for the tortuous and narrow streets it contains, is literally a nuisance; and a cross street communicating with Fish Street Hill, would greatly obviate any injury that the inhabitants of that Hill and of Gracechurch Street might sustain, and thus diminish their claims for compensation, at the same time that it lessened the inconveniences of that great thoroughfare. This cross street might open opposite to the Monument, which would then stand in a more exposed state than at present; and

being one of the finest monuments of this kind in the world, it is well worth while to open it as much as possible to the public view. A dry arch might be carried over Thames Street, so as to prevent any interruption in that great thoroughfare to the water-side wharfs, and Sir Christopher Wren's Church of St. Magnus, might become the principal ornament of a large space to be appropriated as a quay for the accommodation of the passengers and luggage of the numerous steam packets, which has been a desideratum long since wished by every body. For the further accommodation of these vessels, a dock might be formed, and by such means this site would be rendered an ornamental appendage to the bridge, as well as a great commercial convenience. Such appear to be the outlines of the best plan yet submitted for the consideration of the city, as they are detailed in Mr. Allen's pamphlet, and we heartily hope the Committee will be induced to adopt it.

By devoting the site contiguous to St. Magnus Church to the above purposes, two very important objects will be attained; "First, that a new description of trade and traffic will be supplied to the inhabitants of Fish Street Hill and the parts of Thames Street adjacent; and, secondly, that the city would derive from the vessels resorting thereto, a very considerable source of revenue in the way of pier and quay duties."

These are two great objects attainable: and the ornamental is so blended with the useful, that the very decoration will tend to fill, instead of empty, the coffers of the good City of London.

"The resort of steam vessels to this quay," continues Mr. Allen, "would likewise form an interesting and animated object, which would not only much enhance the effect of the New Bridge, but would convey an idea of the beauty and commercial importance of the British metropolis, both in embarking from, and landing on the British shore." Such a quay and dock too, would also obviate the danger and serious inconvenience which has been found of late years to arise from the difficulty of obtaining access to the numerous steam vessels which now lay off the Tower, and which at present form such frequent subjects of dispute and complaint, and not unfrequently endanger the lives of boatmen and passengers. Under all these circumstances, and deeply anxious for the advancement of the commercial interests of the City of London, so far as they may depend on the improvement of the public avenues, and solicitous to promote its architectural magnificence, and economize its funds, Mr. Allen has submitted to the board, models, plans and illustrations of a design embracing the above objects; and we heartily hope that those who have any influence in the affairs of the bridge, will neither be blind to the advantages or deaf to the arguments which such a plan presents, as a claim to their favourable consideration.

Having entailed upon themselves the difficulties which must naturally arise from their having commenced their undertaking without having contemplated its end, these seem to be the best plans for obviating them, since it is now impossible for them to obtain, what ought to have been their first object—namely, magnificent streets on each side the river in a direct line with the new bridge.

Such a want of foresight is a little extraordinary, but it is still more extraordinary, that the same neglect has characterized the proceedings of those concerned in the construction of Waterloo and Southwark bridges; both of which, on the north side of the river, are still without any direct line of communication to those parts of the town, to which it was originally intended they should lead.

S. S.

TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE.*

THAT must be a curious moment, and, to the person whom it most concerns, at least, an interesting one, in which it occurs to him that the adventures of his past life deserve to be recorded, and that what he has seen and done are worth being told for the amusement or information of the public. To a man little in the habit of writing at all, and wholly unacquainted with the craft of authorship, the notion must come with overwhelming force; and one may imagine the embarrassment with which he sets about his new task—the doubts that assail him, whether any body will read what he is laboriously committing to paper—and the still more serious hazard he runs of being censured or ridiculed for intruding himself upon public notice. And yet nothing is more true than that which has been so often said—that there is hardly any man who has led an active life who could not make an interesting narrative, if he would tell all that he has witnessed or enacted, and the remembrance of which is worth preserving. The qualities necessary to make such a narrative are neither so rare, nor so exclusive, but that they fall within the reach of almost every one who can write or tell a story. The first requisite is veracity, and the next simplicity. If a man will write without embarrassment or affectation—if he will content himself with telling his tale plainly, and relating events as they really happened, confining himself to what he personally underwent or saw, and giving up the attempt to create a more forcible impression on his readers than was made upon himself—there is hardly a possibility of his failing to gain the first object of his labours, and of engaging the attention and exciting the interest of the persons he addresses. There can be no proof more striking and satisfactory of this than in a narrative which has just been published by an officer, detailing the military adventures which occupied twelve years of his life. A man less likely to have produced a book, judging from so much of his character as is developed in the work before us, can hardly be imagined, and yet with no other qualification than a certain gaiety of temper, and a frank unconstrained manner of telling his story;—relying upon his memory chiefly, and upon his imagination not at all, he has put together a pair of very readable volumes. There is nothing very new in them; but yet they are very agreeable, because they relate to affairs of which every one knows something, and in which every one has an interest, more or less remote. They are told, too, in so unpretending and familiar a manner, as places the author at once upon the footing of an old acquaintance. There is one particular in which he is tiresome. He is fond, like all soldiers and sailors, of sentiment, and he handles the weapon “as a bear would a musket.” When he means to be very pathetic, he is only maudlin; and at the moment he thinks he has raised the tenderest sympathy, the reader bursts into a loud laugh. To do him justice, however, he does not sin in this respect so frequently as to make it offensive. In the main, he tells his tale plainly and unaffectedly; and, without much skill in description, or any elegance of style, his sketches of a soldier’s life, rapid and concise as they often are, keep the attention of the reader very pleasantly excited.

* *Twelve Years' Military Adventure in Three-Quarters of the Globe; or, Memoirs of an Officer who served in the Armies of His Majesty and of the East-India Company, between the Years 1802 and 1814; 2 vols. London. Colburn.*

Our author had the good fortune to be born when that delectable system prevailed in the army of giving commissions to boys at school—the remnant of a worse system under which old ladies were captains of horse, maids of honour received pay as ensigns of grenadiers, and which enabled *Serjeant Kite* to enlist *l'enfant du régiment* of a week old, whom he benevolently fathered, and to enter him on the roll as “absent on furlough.” Being one of six sons, and having been endowed by nature with “shoulders of requisite breadth, and a head of suitable thickness,” he was devoted to the military profession, and, at nine years old, a commission was obtained for him. Soon afterwards, the Duke of York's regulations, which abolished that absurd practice, were passed, and the young soldier retired on half-pay. The mischief, however, he says, was done; and he throws all the blame of having been an incorrigible dunce at school upon the fatal circumstance of having borne his Majesty's commission at too early an age. As he would learn nothing at Winchester, he was transplanted to Woolwich, where he made some better progress, and, in the ripeness of time, was sent as a cadet to India. The incidents which occur upon a voyage to India are neither so many, nor so varied, that they are very well worth describing; and our author, determined that the irksomeness of the reality shall not infect his narration, passes them over very lightly. His account of the company usually found on board such vessels is amusing and characteristic:—

“The generality of our society on board was respectable, and some of its members were men of education and talent. Excepting that there was no lady of the party, it was composed of the usual materials to be found at the cuddy-table of an outward bound Indiaman. First, there was a puisne judge, intrenched in all the dignity of a dispenser of law to his majesty's loving subjects beyond the Cape, with a *Don't tell me* kind of face, a magisterial air, and dictatorial manner, ever more ready to lay down the law, than to lay down the lawyer. Then, there was a general officer appointed to the staff in India, in consideration of his services on Wimbledon Common and at the Horse Guards, proceeding to teach the art military to the Indian army—a man of gentlemanly but rather pompous manners; who, considering his simple nod equivalent to the bows of half a dozen subordinates, could never swallow a glass of wine at dinner without lumping at least that number of officers or civilians in the invitation to join him, while his aid-de-camp practised the same airs among the cadets. Then, there was a proportion of civilians and Indian officers returning from furlough or sick certificate, with patched-up livers, and lank countenances, from which two winters of their native climate had extracted only just sufficient sun-beams to leave them of a dirty lemon colour. Next, there were a few officers belonging to detachments of king's troops proceeding to join their regiments in India, looking, of course, with some degree of contempt on their brethren in arms, whose rank was bounded by the longitude of the Cape; but condescending to patronize some of the most gentlemanly of the cadets. These, with a free mariner, and no inconsiderable sprinkling of writers, cadets, and assistant-surgeons, together with the officers of the ship, who dined at the captain's table, formed a party of about twenty-five.”

The author is one of those practical philosophers who, being convinced that to enjoy life is the true end of living, determine on being as comfortable as they can in whatever situation they find themselves. He looks always on the bright side of events; when any thing disagreeable happens, he leaps over it—passes it as a thing to be endured, but not talked about—and hurries to something more pleasant. He is no grumbling traveller—wonders that any body else can grumble—says the

complaints of officers at not getting readily into society in India are wholly groundless, for he never met with any difficulty—"Such fellows," as Cowslip says, "would find room anywhere."—thought the ladies of India very charming, because they were the *only* ladies there, and says Mrs. Grahame ought to be ashamed of herself, for insinuating that they are given to tipple. We have all possible respect for our *adventurer*, and admire his gallantry of all things; but we suspect that Mrs. Grahame is a better witness than he on this point, and, what is more to the purpose, she is not the only one.

The author was attached as a subaltern of engineers to the army encamped near Vellore, and commanded by General Stewart. His description of an Anglo-Indian camp is curious and striking. A much greater space is occupied than in European camps, and the number of persons belonging to it, and the quantities of draught cattle accompanying the army, give it a novel and picturesque appearance.

"Supposing the force encamped to consist of 10,000 fighting men, the front would be about two miles, and the depth about half a mile; the greater part of this parallelogram, not taken up by the regular tents of the army, being covered with the booths of the bazaar and the small tents of the camp-followers. Imagine that over this space are scattered bipeds of all shades, from the fair European down to the pariah, whose skin rivals the polish of Warren's blacking, intermingled with quadrupeds of all sizes, from the elephant down to the dog, and you will have a tolerable idea of an Anglo-Indian camp.

"The breaking up of such a camp is perhaps a more curious sight than the camp itself. Soon after the general has sounded the preparation to march, the tents disappear, and, in their place, an innumerable swarm of living creatures are seen busily moving about like a disturbed ant's nest; or, to a person taking a bird's-eye view of the scene, it would seem as if an immense hatch of oviparous animals had just broken from their shells."

The adventurer beguiles the tediousness of the march, by telling some mess-room stories, which, to those who have not heard them before, may be amusing enough. The following is not bad:—

"An officer, whose stock of table-linen had been completely exhausted during the campaign—whether by wear and tear or accident I cannot say—had a few friends to dine with him. The dinner being announced to the party, seated in the *al fresco* drawing-room of a camp, the table appeared spread with eatables, but without the usual covering of a cloth. The master who perhaps gave himself but little trouble about these matters, or who probably relied upon his servant's capacity in the art of borrowing, or, at all events, on his ingenuity in framing an excuse, inquired, with an angry voice, why there was no table-cloth? The answer was, 'Master not got;' with which reply, after apologizing to his guests, he was compelled, for the present, to put up. The next morning he called his servant, and rated him soundly, and perhaps beat him, (for I lament to say that this was too much the practice with European masters in India,) for exposing his poverty to the company; desiring him, another time, if similarly circumstanced, to say that all the table-cloths were gone to the wash. Another day, although the table appeared clothed in the proper manner, the spoons, which had probably found their way to the bazaar, perhaps to provide the very articles of which the feast was composed, were absent, whether with or without leave is immaterial.

"'Where are all the spoons?' cried the apparently enraged master. 'Gone washerman, Sar!' was the answer. Roars of laughter succeeded, and a tea-cup did duty for the soup-ladle."

This is followed by another story, of a man who used to beat his maty-boy, and who, in order to indulge himself at his leisure in this very noble recreation, called him into a bungalow at the bottom of his garden, when, having locked the door, he told the boy that nobody was within hearing, and that he was determined to rub off a long score of punishment which his disobedience had contracted. "Master, sure nobody near?" asked the Indian. "Yes, yes, I've taken good care of that." "Then I give master one good beating," replied the boy; and, being the stronger of the two, he was as good as his word, after which he ran away for ever. The story is a good one; and though neither new, nor Indian, it may be said of it—*se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

Poor Captain Grose, son of the antiquary, and who was killed at Seringapatam, had left a reputation for wit and love of fun, which was still fresh when our author was in India. The airs which the staff-officers of the army then were in the habit of giving themselves, and which are said to have been equally offensive and ridiculous, provoked a whimsical retort from him.

"Having had occasion to make some communication to head-quarters, he was received much in the usual manner by one of the under-strappers, who told him that no verbal communications could be received, but that what he had to say must be sent through the medium of an official letter. He happened, some days afterwards, to have a party dining with him, and among others were a few members of the staff. In the midst of dinner a jack-ass came running among the tent-ropes, exerting his vocal organs in a manner by no means pleasing to the company. Grose immediately rose, and thus addressed the intruder:

"I presume, Sir, you come from head-quarters. I receive no verbal communications whatever, Sir. If you have any thing to say to me, Sir, I beg you will commit it to paper.' The will which Captain Grose made the night before the storming of Seringapatam, under a presentiment of his fate, was quite in character. It began with the apostrophe of "O my nose!" and among other bequests contained the present of a wooden sword to an officer of rank to whom he bore no good will, and who was supposed not to be endowed with any superfluous quantity of personal valour."

At Hurryhur, that detachment of the army which the author accompanied was joined by that under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Major-General Wellesley. This occurred soon after an event which has been frequently alluded to by the enemies of that distinguished personage, and which, as it has been almost always misrepresented, ought to be set in its true light. The author had the details of the circumstance from Colonel M'Kenzie, who accompanied the duke on that occasion; and his explanation is, in every respect, satisfactory. That it was felt, at the time, that no imputation could rest upon Colonel Wellesley, is quite clear; because, if there had been the slightest foundation for such a charge as has been brought against him respecting this affair, his military reputation must have been (and not undeservedly) destroyed. His subsequent career is a sufficient reply to the malignant whisperers who have ventured to attack him; but, as that reputation has become, in some degree, a matter of national interest, we are not sorry to see the particulars made public, on such authority as Colonel M'Kenzie's:—

"Shortly after the investment of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley, who commanded what was called the Nizam's detachment, was ordered to dislodge the enemy from the ground intended as the scene of our operations

during the siege. The night appointed for this duty was particularly dark. Pushing on rather too eagerly with the light company of the 33d regiment, which had, by those means, got separated from the main body, he came suddenly on a work of the enemy's, who opened a heavy fire. The light company, finding themselves unsupported, retreated rather precipitately, leaving Colonel Wellesley and Captain M'Kenzie by themselves. In this predicament they endeavoured to regain their division; but in the attempt, owing to the darkness of the night, they quite lost their way, and it was not till after groping about for some hours that they succeeded in regaining the British camp, but without their division. Having proceeded to head-quarters, to report the state of affairs, Colonel Wellesley, hearing that General Harris was asleep, threw himself on the table of the dining tent, and, being much fatigued with the night's labour, fell fast asleep. The next in command had, in the interim, after the repulse of the head of the column, and the loss of the commander, thought it prudent to proceed no further, and made the best of his way back to the camp with the division. Arriving at the tent of the commander-in-chief to make his report, he was surprised to find his missing superior, fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, in the situation above described. This affair, of course, made considerable noise, and things were whispered about not at all to the advantage of Colonel Wellesley; and it is to be supposed that the commander-in-chief must have partaken of this feeling towards the Colonel, otherwise he would not have ordered General Baird to undertake the attack which had failed the preceding night. General Baird most handsomely requested that Colonel Wellesley might again be appointed to the duty, as he was convinced that the circumstances which had caused his failure were purely accidental. Colonel Wellesley was accordingly directed to make another attempt the night following, and succeeded: yet, so poisonous is the breath of slander, and so rapidly is it wafted, if not by the loud trumpet of fame, at least by the low but quick vibrations of malice, that it required years of victory entirely to wipe away the impressions then received from the minds of those who are more ready to listen to evil than to good report."

The district which is traversed by the Toombudra is infested by Bheels, who are thieves by birth and education; for, in India, the divisions of society are so strongly marked, that even the robbers form a distinct and, for some purposes, a recognized class. The stories that one has heard of the ingenuity of these thieves almost pass belief. The author contributes to the stock the following:—

"A bet was laid by a gentleman that he would procure a Bheel who should steal the sheet from under a person without waking him. The thing was effected in the following manner: the Bheel approaching the person, who lay on his side, from behind, carefully folded up the sheet in small compact plaits till it reached his back; then, taking a feather, he tickled the nose of the sleeper, who immediately scratched his face and rolled over on the other side when with a slight effort he completely released the sheet, and bore it off in triumph."

You can scarcely ever talk with a person who knows this part of India, or any part in which the Bheels are to be found, who cannot furnish similar instances of their ingenuity and dexterity. As no disgrace attaches to them for the exercise of that which is their profession, and their only means of living, they make no scruple of practising it openly; their sole object, next to making good their booty, being to escape detection. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary, and they will suffer any pain or privation in the pursuit of their design. An old officer of our acquaintance, was marching a small detachment up the country, when owing to the damps which the monsoon had produced, he was attacked by a rheumatic fever, which confined him to his bed. He

was lying in his tent at night, when he heard a noise resembling that of an animal moving about his room. He thought it was a dog or some such thing, and called up his orderly serjeant, who slept in an adjoining tent. The man got a light, looked all round the tent, but could discover nothing; and the officer having bade him leave a long dirk unsheathed by his bedside, again tried to sleep. When all was still he heard the same sound, and was convinced that something was approaching his bed. He could not move his lower limbs, but reaching for his dirk, and aiming a blow at the spot whence the noise proceeded, which was close beside his bed, he felt that he struck some firm body: he repeated his blow—a low grunt followed—after which all was still, and the night passed away without further disturbance. In the morning his man found marks of blood in the tent, which he traced through an opening that had been made by removing one of the pegs, and some paces further he found the body of a Bheel pierced with two wounds, the effusion of blood from which had caused his death.

Another story, which displays the ingenuity of the Bheels in a stronger light, was told by the same officer. The pay-serjeant of the company, a native, and a fellow of uncommon sharpness, heard that there were Bheels at hand, and knew that, by reason of his office, he should be the object of their particular attention. He always carried his money concealed about his person by day, and at night, thought he had contrived most effectually to disappoint the thieves. He dug a small hole in his tent, in which he deposited his money-bag, and spreading his mat over it, he lay down to sleep, with his feet towards the opening of the tent, so that nobody, as he thought, could enter without awakening him. In the middle of the night, a Bheel introduced himself into the farther part of the tent, by loosening one of the pegs; at the same moment another, crawling on all fours, put his head into the tent at the opening, and seizing one of the pay-sergeant's great toes, he bit it to the bone. The serjeant jumped up in agony to seize his assailant, but caught only a shaven head which was well oiled for the purpose, and slipped through his hands almost as soon as he touched it. As he left his mat, the other Bheel, of whose presence he was unconscious, darted upon it, scrambled the bag out of the hole, and got out of the tent as he had entered; the whole affair occupying much less time to act, than it takes to tell it.

The author was at the battles of Assaye and Argaum, which have been so often described that it is hardly worth while to go over the ground again, and so, indeed, the author seems to think, for he does little more than state the result of each, accompanying them with a few anecdotes of his companions. Withstanding the temptation which these events hold out to him to talk about himself, he gives a very simple account, and for his own part confesses that he was soundly frightened, and that he forgot his sword; by which moderation, for our own part, we have a much higher opinion of his courage, than if he had told us he enacted more wonders than Bobadil.

The most agreeable parts of his book are those in which he gives sketches of local customs and manners, or of events connected with them. There is something very stirring and spirited in his description of the transport of the troops across the Kistnah, which the south-west monsoon had filled from bank to bank, and which being, therefore, not fordable, it became necessary to procure boats to cross:—

"But, as only two wooden ones, and a very few basket-boats could be procured, we were obliged to set to and make a good number of the latter class ourselves. Though their construction is rude and simple, consisting merely of a round wicker-work basket, about ten feet in diameter, shaped just like a saucer, and covered with hides, they are capable of transporting artillery; but no attempt is ever made to put horses or cattle into them. In fact it is not necessary; for, with a little management, the horses are made not only to swim with the boat, but to drag it after them. For this purpose two horses are generally taken with each boat, having a watering bridle in their mouth, and a rope attached to the mane close to the withers. Their heads being turned the right way, which is the only difficult part of the job, they make for the opposite bank without hesitation, dragging by the rope, which is tied to their mane, and held by some person in the boat. It is altogether a gallant sight. Their eager look, their inflated nostrils, and the occasional dashing of their forelegs above the water, produce an effect which might not unaptly be compared to the foaming team which fabulists have yoked to the car of Neptune.

"Indeed, if it had not been for the cavalry horses, I know not how we should have crossed the river; for, besides being nearly half a mile in width, full from bank to bank, and running at a most rapid rate, the wind blew so strong against us, that not a single boat which attempted to cross without a horse succeeded; and, as it was, the stream generally carried them half a mile down the river before they could gain the opposite bank. There were very few instances of the horses attempting to turn back when once their heads were fairly turned in the proper direction, notwithstanding the great distance they had to swim, and the load they had to draw; so that very few of these noble animals were lost. The elephants in general took the water well, though one or two of them could not be persuaded to go in of their own accord; two or three of the strongest of their own species were therefore sent to compel them. These, after having given the refractory gentlemen a sound drubbing with sticks, which they held in their trunks, fairly shoved them into the water, and did not quit them till they were landed on the opposite bank. It was a curious sight to witness, and perhaps the strongest instance of the power of man over the brute creation that can well be imagined. Their manner of swimming is curious. The whole of the body is immersed in the water, sometimes to the depth of two or three feet, and occasionally they send their trunk up to the surface for a fresh supply of air. Thus their keeper has no very pleasant birth of it, being sometimes soused over head and ears. Camels cannot be persuaded to go into the water at all: and it is consequently necessary to lash them to the side of the boat. Bullocks will swim well, but cannot be used like horses for dragging the boats."

It was the author's misfortune to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Vellore, when the mutiny, which occasioned so much bloodshed, took place there. Two battalions, one of the 1st and the other of the 23d regiment of the Madras army, had conspired to gain possession of the garrison, which they meant to keep in the name of Futtch Hyder, one of Tippoo's sons. The plot had been so well arranged, that at first it succeeded entirely:—

"About four o'clock, the battalion of the 23d regiment having fallen in on their parade by order of their native officers, as if preparatory to the drill, and ball-cartridge having been served out to them, as if for practice at the target, a body of the sworn mutineers belonging to the 1st regiment, who had been told off for that purpose, marched silently down to the main-guard, which was composed partly of Europeans, the massacre of whom was to be the signal for the general movement. As soon as this party had approached sufficiently near to give assistance if necessary, the sepoy of the main-guard,

who had previously loaded their pieces privately, presented them at the breast of their sleeping or unheeding comrades, and soon dispatched them. At the report of the firing some of the principal mutineers came running to the sepoy barracks, calling out that the European soldiers had risen and were murdering all the natives they could lay their hands on; and that it was necessary that they should immediately march to the European barracks, to put a stop to the business. Upon this the battalion on parade, the greater part of whom were Hindoos and ignorant of the plot, allowed themselves to be marched off, and drawn up round the 69th barracks, into the windows of which they poured a volley over the heads of the scarcely awaked soldiers, on whom they continued to keep up an incessant fire. Meanwhile parties of the 1st regiment, among whom were the principal conspirators, proceeded to secure all the posts of importance, and a select band commenced the bloody work of massacring the European officers, in which, unfortunately, they were but too successful. Having obtained possession of the powder magazine and arsenal, the mutineers were enabled to supply the sepoys, engaged in firing into the European barracks, with ammunition; and, having also found two field-pieces ready mounted, they brought them down into an unoccupied barrack immediately fronting that of the 69th, and thence opened a fire on the latter building. In the mean time the Europeans, taken by surprise in this extraordinary manner, while naked and unarmed, and having no officers with them, became quite paralyzed, and lay crouching under their beds, or behind pillars, to screen themselves from the fire, without making any effort for their defence, except in the instance of a serjeant or two, who, rallying a few of the stoutest hearts, kept possession of the gate, from which they made some successful sallies."

Some of the officers who had escaped the first attack of the mutineers, managed to keep them in check for a short time, and being joined by about a hundred men of the 69th, who were headed by two young assistant-surgeons, kept up a fire upon them. Soon afterwards, Colonel Gillespie, who had been at Arcot, arrived, with the author and a squadron of the 19th dragoons, and the rest of that regiment soon followed. They effected an entrance into the town, the sepoys were soon silenced, and the ringleaders suffered a summary punishment, which, severe as it was, had been deserved by them, and was absolutely necessary to maintain the discipline of the army. This tragic affair cost the lives of 200 Europeans, a large proportion of whom were officers, in addition to a much larger number of natives who fell in the conflict, and were put to death after it was over. But the most melancholy reflection arising from it is, that it was occasioned by the mischievous meddling of some persons whose piety was of that exclusive kind that they would not let the Hindoos and Mussulmen of the native army go to heaven in their own way. The sepoys had been threatened with alterations in their costume, and had been assailed by missionaries and the distribution of religious tracts in a manner extremely injudicious on the part of the authorities by whom it was sanctioned, and most offensive to Indian prejudices. Of the value of missionary labours, a pretty general and just estimate seems now to be entertained in this country. The author says that their converts consist only of persons who become Christians because their worthlessness has driven them out of the pale of their own religion; but, when the quackery of the missionary system extends so far as it did in this instance, it ceases to become merely ridiculous, and assumes a shape so dangerous, that those who are interested in preserving the British dominion in India, would do well to curb the misguided zeal of men whose hobby-horsical piety may produce extensive destruction, if not general ruin.—Among the anecdotes which are told of the events con-

nected with this affair, there is one which is strongly characteristic of that habitual indifference to danger which is so common among English soldiers. A private of the 69th had been placed sentry over the magazine:—

"In the midst of the work of slaughter, an officer, who was running for his life, passed him at his post, and, seeing him walking up and down with the utmost composure, hastily asked if he knew that the sepoys were murdering all the Europeans. 'I thought as much,' he replied. 'Why don't you fly for your life then?' exclaimed the officer. 'I was posted here,' he said, 'and it is my duty to remain. I've six rounds in my pouch, and I'll sell my life dearly.' The noble fellow was afterwards found dead on his post."

The captain is fond of a joke, and does not like it the less for being a practical one, as the following story will testify:—

"Among my mathematical instruments, I had an inverting telescope, which I used sometimes to let my servants look through, that I might enjoy their surprise at seeing the world turned upside down, and, in particular, the astonishment they expressed, when they saw men and women walking on their heads, without their clothes falling down. It got about in the cantonment that the engineer *Sahib* had a telescope which could turn people upside down, without the latter part of the phenomenon being generally known. So I used sometimes to amuse myself by pointing my glass at the women as they passed my window; upon which they would run as fast as they could, holding their clothes down with both their hands."

He accompanies the expedition to the Isle of Bourbon, and on his return is made *aid de camp* to Sir Samuel Auchmuty. The importance which this accession of dignity gives him in the eyes of some of his Madras acquaintances, and the respect they commonly pay to rank, is ridiculed humorously enough:—

"Although I had generally been well received in society at Madras, yet, when I came to mount the aid-de-camp's coat, I observed many persons eye me with a degree of consideration which I never could obtain from them when in the garb of a simple subaltern of engineers. Many a cordial greeting did I now receive, where once a simple nod was thought sufficient; and many a whole handful of fingers would now be thrust into my palm, where formerly a couple of digits at most were brought forth to balance my five. This respect and attention paid to my new coat was not confined to the male sex; so that, however I might have benefited, in many respects, by the change, my *amour-propre* was not much flattered, nor my estimation of mankind much raised, by the little peep into the human heart which I had thus obtained. In every society there will always be a certain number of low-minded persons, who pay no respect but to rank or riches. One family I recollect in particular at the Presidency, which was so notorious in this respect, that a trick which was played them by a captain of the navy whom they had offended, afforded considerable amusement, if not gratification, to the greater part of the Settlement. Expecting to meet this family at the assembly-rooms, he brought a young midshipman ashore with him, and introduced him as the *Honourable* Mr. so and so. As he anticipated, the bait took, and a set was immediately made at this sprig of nobility by the party in question. The daughters monopolized him as a partner during the evening. His dancing was admired, his face pronounced truly patrician, his manners considered superior, and even his *gaucheries* set down as the *véritable ton*. They begged as a favour that the captain would allow him to stay ashore with them for a short time—they would take such care of him. To which the captain, after some demur, for 'he was given into his special charge,' consented. The next day Middy is taken round to see the lions, and to be introduced to their most fashionable acquaintance. His cocked hat is rather the worse for a sea voyage, and his

dirk is grown shabby: they stop at the Europe shops, and new ones are presented to him by the hands of the young ladies. A ball is given on purpose for him. In short, every possible attention is paid to the little *honourable*, whose noble parents will doubtless seek out the family on its return to England, to repay the obligation; and already had they begun to anticipate the pleasure which they should enjoy at the Countess's fashionable parties, and the advantages they should derive from being introduced into the *beau monde* through the means of her ladyship. In fact, Middy was in clover. To be obliged to part with their young friend at last was painful. It cost the fair members of the family some tears, and gained Middy some caresses, and, what was of more value, some substantial tokens of friendship; and fame went so far as to say that he carried away a lock of hair belonging to one of the young ladies. Nor did they part without mutual promises to renew the acquaintance in England. The next day, as the ship was about to sail, the master, a gruff, tobacco-chewing tar, waited upon the family, to thank them for their kindness—to his son!

For some period after this, his life in India was a very active one. He was in the expedition to Java, at the taking of Batavia, Cornelis, and Samarang, and on his way back visited Seringapatam. His observations upon the natives and the government of India, are in general concise, but very shrewd and sensible; and are always made in a spirit of candour and fairness. *En passant*, he has a word to say about Dr. Leyden:—

“Before we left Java we heard accounts of the death of Dr. Leyden, a man well known in the literary world, but more as the friend of Sir Walter Scott, who has dedicated to him one of his poems. He was a wonderful linguist, and an incessant talker; so that while Nature supplied him with the talent of acquiring languages, she also amply furnished him with the disposition to give utterance to them. In him great learning and volubility of tongue were associated. The reverse we generally find to be the case—those who have most to communicate being commonly the most reserved, not liking, I suppose, to cast their pearls before swine. Dr. Leyden was besides a great antiquary and botanist. He died from exposure to the climate of one of the islands to the eastward; but whether in search of heathen images or botanical specimens, I could never learn. He was on the medical establishment of the Madras army; but Lord Minto, who knew how to estimate and to patronize genius, had lately attached him to his person. I once heard him call Sir William Jones, in his strong North country accent, “an elegant humbug.”

This is in the true taste and tone of a modern Athenian, who could not forgive one of the most accomplished scholars and amiable men that the nation has produced, for being born south of the Tweed. Without meaning to detract from the real merit of Dr. Leyden, who, notwithstanding that he has been egregiously puffed and overrated, was really a clever man, we may be permitted to say, that whatever there was of *humbug* in his character was much more apparent than his *elegance*.

The author gets tired of India, and hearing of Lord Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula, then in its progress, he feels a strong desire to join him, quits the East, sails for England, pays a short visit to his mother, has his liver repaired at Cheltenham, procures a commission, and embarks for Lisbon.

Notwithstanding the stirring nature of the events in which he now became an actor, the latter part of his narrative is much less agreeable than the former. The ground has been so beaten, that little new is to be said about it, and this he seems to have felt. His description of the battle of Vittoria, of the attack on Salamanca, and of the march in

pursuit of the French army, are vivid and forcible, but they lack that spirit of fun and good humour which is the very salt of his earlier relations. A story which he tells of the way in which a German soldier excused himself for stealing fowls, is odd enough:—

“ One day that I was quartered in a farm-house, along with some of our German dragoons, the owner came to complain to me that the soldiers had been killing his fowls, and pointed out one man in particular as the principal offender. The fact being brought home to the dragoon, he excused himself by saying, ‘ One shiken come frighten my horse, and I give him one kick, and he die.’ ‘ Oh, but,’ said I, ‘ the *patron* contends that you killed more than one fowl.’ ‘ Oh yes; that shiken moder see me kick that shiken, so she come fly in my face, and I give her one kick, and she die.’ Of course I reported the culprit to his officer, by whom he was punished as a notorious offender.”

On the termination of the war, the author quitted the army, and now reposes under his laurels. One is very sorry to part with him, for a more agreeable good tempered companion, during twelve years, one is not likely to meet with; and although the book is the simplest and most unpretending possible, it is infinitely more amusing, as well as intrinsically better, than some modern publications, the authors of which claim for themselves, with great complacency, the praise due to works of genius and imagination.

THE THEATRES.

THAT superb affair the KING'S THEATRE, having fallen into the hands of a Frenchman, the “ abstract and brief chroniclers of the time,” will have it that preparations for unrivalled success are made for the season. But we have seen the same thing said of the monarch of the Muscovites; and we have become sceptical as to bulletins of all kinds, imperial and theatrical. Monsieur Laporte, like his royal prototype, is said to have a little insurrection at home. If Nicholas is in awe of the Poles, M. Laporte is at war with the fiddle-sticks. The orchestra is in a state of discord; and those veteran leaders Lindley, Dragonetti, the head of the *élite* of clarionets, trumpets, and bassoons, declare that they will neither *bow* nor blow, for his Gallic majesty. Spagnoletti, is said to have left the camp, and, like a true Italian, come over to the paying side. But he was of no use to either side. The sterner spirit of the true born English fiddlers is still unsubdued, and M. Laporte must bring reinforcements from his native territory, or be forced to make, like Nicholas, a frost-bitten retreat of it, and comfort himself by swearing at the climate and the malevolence of fortune.

In the meantime he is entrenching himself in the pit, where to the astonishment and chagrin of all those sons of freedom and Fop's Alley, who used to range over its mighty level, free as a Cossack over the plains of the Ukraine, a series of barricades have been constructed, impassable by all who have not the managerial pass of a regular annual subscription. Why this has been ever suffered, we are at a loss to understand. Things that are charming to the Parisian, have sometimes a different aspect to the English. The Parisian may like to be escorted every three steps by a *gensdarme*, to take his seat only by direction of a fixed bayonet, and to keep it with his eye perpetually fixed on the movements of a horse-guard blue. He may like to be told off with his playgoing brethren into little sections and fragments of audiences, fixed in the basket-work of an open gallery, or the back benches of a play-house paterre, with the satisfaction of seeing that the gentleman on the bench

three inches before him, is separated by a barrier, which distinguishes the gentleman from the *no* gentleman, and that the whole house can discover at a glance, that he has come in for sixpence less than his fellow before him. But these tastes are not popular in our stubborn and old-fashioned country. We love to see men take their fair chance of being mistaken for gentlemen, and the principle of equality left to thrive without the restriction of ten rows of high-backed chairs with locks to them.

Let the nobility have their private boxes, since this has been the custom; but let the gentry have their rights, since this has been the custom too. If no places can be kept in an English theatre after the first act, why should they be kept in the Opera pit? We hope the question will be tried in the plainest way, on the very first night of the season.

But we turn to a more congenial subject; those works of genius, in which we defy competition; those brilliant compounds of wit, scenery, magic, and jumping, which enchant all ages alike, which give the nursery the first taste of the raptures of life, the mature the full fruition, and the ancient the bright retrospect of the days when they were young, when the prospect of Christmas holidays brightened half the year; when the spirit of man was not flattened between the pressure of the times, and the march of intellect; when Jack the Giant-killer was an original hero, and Mother Goose a greater wonder-worker than Pope Joan with her seventy cardinals at her back, and her sceptre in her hand.

The pantomime at DRURY LANE, is entitled "The Queen Bee, or Harlequin and the Fairy Hive." The Honeycomb Palace is discovered with its swarms of Lady Bees, whose dances are interrupted by a complaint against a Drone for idleness and disorderly conduct. The Drone is summoned before her stinging majesty and sentenced to be "*transported* to roam the flowers of *Botany*." No sooner is he drummed out in form, than "a golden radiance in the sky," proclaims some celestial visitor; and Fortune, in her splendid temple, appears. She tells the queen she comes to complain of Harlequin, who has grown so fat from "drinking double X, to double excess," that he is utterly incapable of his regular Christmas duty. The Queen says she knows the disgraceful cause; it is owing to his having been idle nearly a year; and she sends Rose Rifle, one of her attendants, to "lie ambush'd in some rose's cup," till summoned to execute her commands on the delinquent. The country house of old Harlequin is now displayed. He out-Falstaff's Falstaff in obesity. He has a valet as monstrous as himself; and a son whom he discountenances from a double jealousy of his agility, and of the interest taken in him by a young female, the village schoolmistress, to whose hand the old gentleman, being a widower, aspires. She refuses the lover, who is about to vent his rage on her, when the fairy, Rose Rifle, interposes. She bids her be of good cheer; directs her to aid young Harlequin in getting possession of the charmed sword, which his father, out of malice and avarice detains from him, locked useless in a box. The youthful couple get into the chamber of the "ton of flesh," and obtain the box; but the house is alarmed: when Fortune and the Queen Bee come in together, delegate the power to the son—to whom, of course, Margery is Columbine—and the pursuit begins.

The rival wonder at COVENT GARDEN, is "Little Red Riding Hood, or The Wizard and the Wolf." The story passes on the banks of the Seine, near Rouen. It begins with a tremendous Freischutz sort of scene, in which the Wizard of the Dell appears, awaiting the manufacture of a charmed girdle, which is managed after the manner of the charmed balls of Caspar. Strange birds and reptiles caper about, and at length a gigantic spirit rises with the girdle completed, and gives it to the Wizard of the Dell, telling him three shall possess it, but it shall afterwards revert to him. The Wizard is in great glee at this, and splutters about the Fairy of the Rosy Bower, and intimates that he now means to "feed the ancient grudge he bears her." The Wizard of the Dell has a son, who, by the power of the fairy, was deformed at his

birth. Humpo, this son, appears: and to do the fairy justice, she certainly succeeded in producing a sufficiently hideous gentleman. Humpo now discloses a greater calamity under which he has fallen, than even his distortion: he is in love! There is a little rural beauty, who has bewitched all the neighbourhood; lawyer, curate, and miller, are all enamoured of her, and Humpo has fallen under the general fascination, and shares in the general despair. Rose d'Amour, for such is the name her loveliness has brought upon her, has chosen secretly for herself, and cares for none of them. The miller's son, young Colin, is the man—and, of course, Colin is not in the most enviable position. But the Wizard of the Dell encourages his boy to look for a triumph. By the magic girdle, he changes Humpo into a Wolf, and bids him watch Rose d'Amour. The Wolf seizes her, and she screams. Colin and the Miller, and all the parties interested, rush on to her rescue. A struggle follows; the Wizard comes to the aid of his son. The Fairy changes Colin and Rose, to Harlequin and Columbine; and the Miller and Grandmother, to Pantaloon and Clown. The Wizard charges his son to bring Harlequin's sword to the "ivy tower;" the Fairy bids Harlequin bring the magic girdle to her "rosy bower." Rose d'Amour is to be the reward of whoever succeeds. The pursuit then begins, and, of course, ends in the loss of the girdle, and Harlequin's triumph.

The pantomime at the SURREY THEATRE, is "The Golden Goose, or Harlequin and the Goblin of the Mine;" "founded on the popular legend *Die Goldene Gans*, in the *Kinder und Haus Marchen* of M. M. Grimm." Carl Von Brandencoken, a charcoal burner, has three sons; the youngest, Dolph, is a sort of male Cinderella, loaded with all the work of the family. The retreat of the charcoal burners is in the Crimson Mountains, at Alterbourg, which is also the scite of the Lake of the Silver Swans, where Sunbeam, the Genius of Light, has her domicile. The piece opens with a view of this romantic region of firelight and moonlight, where Dolph has been set to tend a pile of burning charcoal. His father, and his two brothers, Rip and Klaus, are comfortably asleep on a bed of leaves and skins. Dolph, weary of long watching, falls asleep, also, at his post. Sunbeam appears on the bosom of the lake, and the silver swans lift their heads and exult. He is the guardian genius of the Princess Una, the daughter of Maximilian the Sixth, Emperor of Oriana, the kingdom of the Gold Mines. Maximilian had incensed Swartz, the malignant Goblin of the Gold Mines, by drawing, with too unceremonious a liberality, upon his treasures; and Swartz, in revenge, has cast a spell upon the Princess Una—has plunged her into a melancholy, which there is but one hope of overcoming—and that is, by getting possession of "a wonderful talisman, a golden goose," which is "deep buried in Swartz's dwelling;" an achievement to be accomplished only by a tender, virtuous, and courageous, youth! "Here are three young men," adds Sunbeam, "let me try what I can make of them." A mantle descends upon Sunbeam, and gives him the appearance of a decrepit old man. Carl and his two favourite sons awake, and discover Dolph sleeping. He is ungently roused up and ordered to get breakfast, which the others eat, giving him the fragments. Carl and Klaus begin to replenish the charcoal piles with logs, Sunbeam steals forward and implores charity of Rip, is spurned away, and goes out threatening vengeance, which is speedily executed, for when Rip casts a log upon the pile, a flash darts out from it and burns his face. Sunbeam, asking arms of Klaus, is alike repelled, which is required by the same punishment, and Klaus is also taken out by his father, greatly astonished at this double accident, to the doctor. Sunbeam now tries the sensibility of Dolph, the youngest son. Dolph tells the old man his store is scanty, but such as it is, he is welcome to it. Sunbeam replies that he has long sought a heart like his, and having found it, will give it the reward it merits. Sunbeam discloses himself in all his glory, and tells Dolph he is destined "to win a throne and wife." He bids him seek the Golden Goose in the

haunted Gold Mine, and to haste with it to Maximilian's court, there to disenchant the Princess Una, and gain her hand. To provide him with a guide and aid, Sunbeam strikes a pile of charcoal, out of which tumbles Nip, who is instructed by Sunbeam in his duty, and presented with "a fam'd almagest of wond'rous power." Dolph receives the miniature of Una, with whose beauty he is enraptured. We at last see the outer cavern of the haunted Gold Mine, its guardian demon is fighting with a serpent, when Nip leads in Dolph, who, stimulated by a look at the miniature, proceeds. All sorts of shadows and "chimeras dire," vanish at the almagest of Nip. Presently Swartz, the "Goblin of the Gold Mines and Incubus of the Golden Goose," is seen in "the magic cavern of the Golden Goose." He calls his goblin spies, Firedamp, Mouldwarp, Dross and Zink, and the Blue Devils, and tells them, "by the pricking of his thumbs," he knows there's something wicked in the wind. They all peep about, but, by the magic of Nip's almagest, are eluded and depart. Dolph and Nip, after many skirmishes with the imps, succeed in finding the goose. They go to a tavern to rest themselves. The fame of their achievement, and the value of their acquisition, has got abroad. Dolph falls asleep at the table with the goose under his arm, and the landlord and his family steal thither in the dark to get possession of it: but ignorant of its quality of making people adhere together on touching it, each is bound to the other; they shriek and alarm Dolph, who recovers the talisman and departs, leaving the party vainly endeavouring to disentangle themselves. The court of the Empero Maximilian is next discovered. Every dress and every article of furniture has been contrived with the view of exciting merriment. A proclamation is exhibited, promising that he who shall first succeed in making the princess laugh, shall have her hand and her father's crown. The princess appears, wrapped in the most immoveable gloom. Various officers of state cut antics before her, but it will not do. A baron of the court presents himself, in full confidence of obtaining the prize. He, with the rest, makes himself ridiculous to no purpose, and is greatly annoyed at the failure. Intelligence is brought of the arrival of a person unquestionably possessing power to revolutionize the lady's muscles. Officers of the court are dispatched in quest of him. Dolph enters, followed by the messengers, all sticking together. Stumbling, in their attempts to get apart, against the king and his ministers, the whole court is suddenly entangled so absurdly, that the princess can resist no longer, and bursts into an immoderate fit of laughter. The charm having wrought its effect, Dolph releases the groupes, and demands his recompence. The disappointed baron asks the king if he can disgrace himself by receiving a poulterer's boy as his son-in-law, and bids Dolph begone, as the proclamation was a jest. The king sides with the baron, and orders his guards to seize Dolph. Una pleads for him, and the youth keeps them at bay with the goose, till Swartz rising out of the earth, tells the king that falsehood has renewed the spell upon his daughter, and restored the goose, which Swartz now seizes. Nip waves his talismanic wand, and Sunbeam appears, and defies Swartz, and to show that mirth shall not forsake either the princess or the youth, they are transformed into Harlequin and Columbine, and attended by the faithful Nip as Pierrot; while to punish the king and baron for their folly, she turns them into Clown and Pantaloon. Swartz then flies off, declaring that, do their best, Harlequin shall never be united with Columbine, till, from the "depths of night," he regains the Golden Goose; and here the Harlequinade commences; at the close of which, Swartz appears with the Golden Goose in the realms of fog. Signs and omens have warned him that his prize is in peril, and he invokes the mists to hide him from pursuit. The wand of Harlequin, and the talisman of Pierrot, combined, enable them to intercept Swartz and seize the Goose. This done, Sunbeam dispels the clouds, Swartz owns himself vanquished, and the loving couple are happy.

The fourth of these Christmas novelties, that at the COBURG, is "invented

and produced" by Mr. T. Dibdin. It is entitled, "Harlequin and Jack the Giant-killer, or the Golden Castle." Gaffer and Gammer Goodenough, the father and mother of Jack, are discovered in their cottage, counting the chimes of the village clock. It is getting late. They are in great distress about the absence of their boy; but a voice bids them be of good cheer; and when they ask, why? a cuckoo from the top of a clock, in the corner, sings, "Because a fairy will return him safe and well before midnight." But at this moment, thunder increases their alarm. They talk of three giants that are abroad, and more to be dreaded than even the storm. One of these giants, Galligantus, has an establishment in the neighbourhood, "The Golden Castle," and is a monster of peculiar terror. In a facetious song, perfectly *à la Dibdin*, which is given in the course of the piece, he is said to be so tall, that, when at church, he hangs his hat upon the steeple: that he makes the Monument his walking-stick; and once stepped over Waterloo Bridge, to save the toll: that his face is so broad, that when one eye is at Drury Lane the other is at Vauxhall: that, being locked out one night, he put his hand down the chimney and opened the street door: that, although he looks like a *Hy-man*, yet he was once unfortunate in a hymeneal attempt; and, on that melancholy occasion, with a couple of his gentlest sighs, "he drove two vessels out to sea, and sent one plump ashore!"

Of the more rational novelties, Drury Lane has produced a tragedy, since Christmas, and Covent Garden an opera. Both have been successful,

The tragedy at Drury Lane appeared on Monday, January 12. It turns on the subjugation of Wales by our first Edward.

There is considerable intricacy and interest in this plot; but the excess of intricacy is its fault. The language is smooth; but the style does not vary with the speakers. Mr. Walker, however, may be satisfied. Nothing could have been more warmly applauded; and for the applause of the million it seems to have been written. Still, mere plot seldom carries a play over a season. Even those who are most strongly wrought upon by striking adventures, care little for them after they once knew their end. Who reads a circulating library novel twice? It is only when blended with striking and obvious character, that interest has a sterling and enduring value. Young performed Caswallon. He was powerful, and always full of meaning. May we venture to suggest, that the enunciation of Miss Phillips would be much the better, if she would get rid of an awkward habit of dwelling on the letter *s*, especially at the end of sentences? Her Eva was often picturesque, sometimes touching, and never unattractive.

The opera at Covent Garden was produced on Thursday, January 16, "The Nymph of the Grotto, or, The Daughter's Vow." It was much applauded. Madame Vestris, Fawcett, Miss Jarman, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Chatterly, Mr. Wood, Mr. Bartley, and Miss Cawse, were all in it, and all did their best, with such opportunities as were given them. A Mr. Stansbury made his first appearance in it at this theatre. He was encouragingly received. If his powers were as high as his shoulders, he would make Braham tremble. Madame Vestris sang delightfully. Two songs by Wood, are the best—one, on "Time," is likely to become popular. The music of the piece is the joint work of Liverati and Lee,—this song, of "Time," belongs to Lee's share. The dialogue is generally ostentatious; and even Fawcett is made to talk in long and lofty sentences.

Mr. Dimond takes to himself the praise of exclusive originality in his story. "It is," says he, "neither a translation, nor an adaptation from the stock of any foreign stage." But he is mistaken in fancying this confusion of the sexes entirely his own. With the recent story of the female husband, whose wife, a new wonder of "woman's love," puts patient Grizzle out of countenance, the possibility of long concealments of this sort ceases to be questionable. But such an incident has been used more than once upon the stage; ay, and in the "stock" of more than one "foreign stage," too, in the same way in

which Mr. Dimond has employed it. The papers have pointed out the story in an old collection of French *nouvelles*, as well known to the French, as patient Grizzle is to us: the name of the heroine, while she appears as a man, being Agenor D'Agen,—afterwards, Leonor. But did Mr. Dimond never read Moliere? There is a play of Moliere's, from which many English writers, of the days gone by, have pilfered. Dryden, for instance, in his "Mock Astrologer;" Ravenscroft, in his "Wrangling Lovers;" and Vanbrugh, in his "Mistake;"—we allude to the "*Dépit Amoureux*." To this play we think we can show that Mr. Dimond's *unborrowed* plot is to be traced. Our stock farce of "Like Master like Man," is the underplot of Vanbrugh's modification of the same original. Moliere, it is said, took it in his turn from a Spanish romance, called "Deceptio Vissus," or "Seeing and Believing are Two Things;" which some romance afforded Corneille the ground-work of his "*Engagemens du Hasard*;" but it is more probable that he owed it to the ancient Italian piece "*La Creduta Maschia*," or "The Daughter believed to be a Son," which contains all the leading events of Moliere's fable. A French enthusiast for Moliere, Monsieur Cailhava, was so particularly struck with the beauty of this very play, that, finding it mutilated by the players till it had entirely lost its first form, he took infinite pains to re-establish it in five acts. Discovering a copy of the Italian piece, he concocted a five act arrangement of the story from that and from Moliere.

The *personal* theatrical history of the month is brief. Young Kean re-appeared rather creditably at Drury Lane, and old Kean *dis*-appeared rather discreditably from Covent Garden. He was to have acted Richard II., but in his dressing-room was taken *ill*, and was thence taken home. No manager being in the house, Mr. Warde called a council of safety, and told the audience the calamity, and begged for time to collect performers for the Beggar's Opera, which did not begin till after eight, when Fawcett took advantage of the first disapprobation to come forward in *déshabille*, profess his devotedness, explain his absence, and state that he "*supposed* Mr. Kean was ill," in a way which, an epigrammatist says, plainly "meant that no one else should suppose it." The papers have taken up the matter, and nettles have been thrown about, which may sting Mr. Kean when he comes again to Covent Garden. At the Surrey, old Elliston has shewn himself again; and, though he looks wrinkled, plays as well as ever. Young Elliston has appeared there, but with nothing of the father but the name. Stansbury's *entrée* at Covent Garden we have already noticed. Jack Johnstone's exit from the world occurred on the 26th of December. To the great surprise of many, who had venerated him as a man worth fifty thousand pounds, he has left but twelve thousand: about one thousand in legacies, and the rest closely tied up for the children of his daughter.

DANCING.

I NEVER to a ball will go,
 That poor pretence for prancing,
 Where Jenkins dislocates a toe,
 And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing :
 And most I execrate that ball,
 Of balls the most atrocious,
 Held yearly in old Magog's hall,
 The feasting and ferocious.

I execrate the mob, the squeeze,
 The rough refreshment-scramble ;
 The dancers, keeping time with knees
 That knock as down they amble ;
 Between two lines of bankers' clerks,
 Stared at by two of loobies—
 All mighty fine for city sparks,
 But all and each one boobies :—

Boobies with heads like poodle dogs,
 With curls like clew-lines dangling ;
 With limbs like galvanizing frogs,
 And necks stiff-starched and strangling ;
 With pigeon-breasts and pigeon-wings,
 And waists like wasps and spiders ;
 With whiskers like Macready's kings',
 Mustachios like El Hyder's.

Miss Jones, the Moorfields milliner,
 With Toilinet, the draper,
 May waltz—for none are *willinger*
 To cut cloth or a caper :—
 Miss Moses of the Minorities,
 With Mr. Wicks of Wapping,
 May love such light tracasseries,
 Such shuffle-shoe and hopping :—

Miss Hicks, the belle of Holywell,
 And pride of Norton Falgate,
 In waltzing may the world excel,
 Except Miss Hicks of Aldgate.
 Well, let them—'tis their nature—twirl,
 And Smiths adore their twirlings,
 Which kill with envy every girl
 That fingers lace at Urling's.

I laugh while I lament to see
 A fellow, made to measure
 'Gainst grenadiers of six feet three,
 "Die down the dance" with pleasure.
 I laugh to see a man with thews
 His way through Misses picking,
 Like pig with tender pettitoes,
 Or chicken-hearted chicken ;

A tom-cat shod with walnut-shells,
 A pony race in pattens,
 A waggon-horse tricked out with bells,
 A sow in silks and satins,
 A butcher's hair *en papillote*,
 And lounging Piccadilly,
 A clown in an embroidered coat,
 Are not more *gauche* and silly.

Let atoms take their dusty dance,
 But men are not corpuscles ;
 An Englishman's not made in France,
 Nor wire and buckram muscles.
 The manly leap, the breathing race,
 The wrestle, or old cricket,
 Give to the limbs a native grace—
 So, here's for double-wicket.

Leave dancing to the women, Men—
 In them it is becoming :—
 I never tire to see them, when
 Joe Hart his fiddle's strumming,
 Or Colinet and mild Musard
 Have set their hearts quadrilling ;—
 Then be each nymph a gay Brocard,
 And every woman killing.

I love to see the pretty dears
 Go lightly caracolling,
 And drinking love at eyes and ears,
 With every look their soul in !
 I like to watch the swan-like grace
 They shew in minuetting ;
 It hits one's bosom's tenderest place,
 To see them pirouetting :

But when a measurer of tape
 Turns butterfly and dandy,
 Assumes their grace, their air, their shape,
 I wish a pump were handy !—
 I never to such balls will go,
 Those poor pretexts for prancing ;
 Where Jenkins dislocates his toe,
 And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing.

ILUSCENOR.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Marquis of Anglesey has at length, to the general gratification of the empire, been exported from Ireland. How much better and more congenially would this gallant hussar have been employed in smoothing his own mustachios, or docking his horse-tails, for the last six months. He had begun to make the discovery in the course of the first week, and but for the visits to his stud, and an occasional frolic at the neighbouring fairs, would have perished of ennui, like any of his brother hussars exiled from the perpetual paradise of St. James's. His chagrins rapidly thickened on him; for the gentlemen of Ireland quietly shrank from his levees, while the mob orators thronged his halls. He gave claret and quadrilles to a set of bog-trotters, who swallowed his hospitality by the hundred, and did him, in grateful return, the honour of begging every thing, from a gaugership up to a peerage. As to the Irish ladies, his Excellency took a sure way of ascertaining their sentiments. He brought over his wife; and the Irish ladies, for what reason that wife may best know, whether vanity, hurt by her superior attractions, physical and moral, or some of those odd prejudices which mothers inculcate in their children, took wing, and left the Marchioness to the solitary exercise of her virtues. Here we drop the subject, with no attempt to explain. Female caprices are problems with which we have no idea of meddling. But the Marquis began, for the whole, to discover that Ireland was as unfit for his wisdom, as unlucky for his popularity. A pair of his best beloved magistrates and liberators were kicked out, green ribbons, medals, and all. His tenderness for their little error in abusing the constituted authorities, and soldiery, became the subject of an opinion from headquarters, which was enough to have ruffled the sensibilities of any hussar that ever wore ringlets. His Excellency was not a man to take a buffet of this kind tranquilly; and, in a moment of indignant heroism, he entered into a correspondence with that very notorious printer and publisher of MSS., Dr. Curtis. It was once said by Socrates, that the sword and the pen were equally dangerous; the sword in the hands of a brave man, and the pen in those of a fool. He might have added, that if the sword of the former generally cuts up his enemy, the pen of the latter universally performs the same office on himself. The Marquis wrote his wrath in the strain of the following extract, which we give from a popular paper:—

"I tell you, in defiance of the Duke of Wellington, that you ought not even to appear to bury your grievances; for if you did, a base advantage would be taken of it by your persecutors, who would represent it as the consequence of a *panic with which they by their threats and violence had inspired you*—and by proclaiming that *if the government at once had peremptorily decided against concession, the Catholics would cease to agitate, all the miseries of Ireland will be to be re-acted!*"—*Times*.

A version not quite so vividly expressed has been since suggested; but the meaning is not diluted by a single drop of water to its gall.

We now give a fragment of the Marquis's mind, delivered but a little more than twelve months before this manifesto—being an extract from his speech on the popish question, May 17, 1825.

"Emancipation is not the object of the Catholics. They now evidently look forward to *Catholic ascendancy*. Every concession that has been made to the Catholics has been followed by *increased restlessness and irritation*.

"The conduct of that body, and the language which they adopt, are such as to shew that emancipation alone will *not satisfy them*; and that they will be content with *nothing short of Catholic ascendancy*."

"Now if it must be a trial of strength between the Catholic and the Protestant interest—and something like this is implied in the intemperate language of the Association, when they talk of six millions of men that can be repressed only by force—if it must be a struggle, I think that the present time, and the present position, *are the best that can be chosen to bring the matter to issue*."

Thus, on the 17th of May, 1825, his Lordship's opinion was, that war should be made upon the papists, with horse and foot, sword and gun; and that the six millions should have the matter brought to issue in the fair field. If his words do not mean this, we cannot, under Heaven, conceive that they have any meaning whatever. In the month of December, 1829, his Lordship writes his dispatch to the six millions to the foregoing effect. Has his Lordship changed his mind? We do not believe a syllable of it. The six millions are just as much alive, their claims are more exorbitant, and their orators more open-mouthed than ever. Has the simple act of eating his *cotelette* at the Irish side of the Channel given him new knowledge of Ireland? Let those suppose it who will. But Ireland is as well known in the club-houses of St. James's, as in the Castle of Dublin. We leave his Lordship to reconcile his opinions; and think whether Philip drunk, or Philip sober, was the better hussar, to ask pardon at the next horse-guards levee.

Those who wish to fathom the depths of this miserable intrigue, we refer to that masterly detector of pro-popery knavery and folly, the *Standard*; a journal which almost redeems the character of the newspaper press, by the spirit of its style, and the accuracy of its information; and still more, by the steady honour and soundness of its principles.

Stephenson the banker's flight, after having given the idlers something to talk of in the icy interval before the meeting of Parliament—after buoying up the spirits of the Bow-street officers with the hope of the 1,000*l.* reward—and after erecting even Sir Richard Birnie into something of public importance—has given birth to the curious metaphysical question: "Whether a banker ought to live like a gentleman?"

One of our clever contemporaries goes through the problem, as he would go through a speech of Lord John Russel's, or any other Whig lauding popular election and returned for a close borough, the *élite* of Opposition, the proud and independent representative of my lord's bailiff and barber. He dashes the difficulty to the right and left, and pronounces boldly that there is no earthly reason why bankers should not live like gentlemen. To this we fully agree, with only the proviso—if they honestly can. And this proviso includes the whole question. If a money-dealer is rich enough to live showily, there is no law to make him live otherwise; and, if there were, it would have no more effect than a law against poaching. However, this notion of bankers living like gentlemen, seems to be urged a little too far, when it means that bankers should live like peers—nay, like princes. The first operation of a banker of the present day is what was the last of a banker of the past day. A magnificent establishment—a couple of town houses, acknowledged—probably as many more to which he does not allow the

honour of his name, but which are not the less costly—a succession of dinners in town, a couple of routs a week for his wife's visitors, and a couple of months' round of "particular friends" at his villa in the shooting season, with a subscription to the nearest hounds, if he does not keep a pack of his own—are the earliest furnishing of a modern banker. To this there are, of course, exceptions. But the race of the Fauntleroy is not yet extinct; and those gentlemen of Grecian villas, and various establishments, are still a tolerably numerous body. In all this it is to be recollected, that they are figuring on the property of others, and that, in nine instances out of ten, they are figuring beyond it, and rich in a capital in the clouds.

This fact is so well known, that the principle has actually been stated, and not by Mr. MacCulloch, but by persons supposed to be men of sense, that a banker cannot be expected to confine his speculations to his *bonâ fide* means. The consequence is, that, on the first attempt at the resumption of the property deposited with him, the showy personage breaks down—takes the first skiff for France or America—or heroically comes forward to stand the brunt of the Commission Court, and offer his creditors, in return for their confidence, sixpence in the pound. How widely this ruin must extend—what pittances of widows and children, old persons and struggling families, are swallowed up in this wreck—every man can conjecture; and it is the villas and the hounds, the palace at the west end, and the twelve horses in the stable, that have done this. For the trade of banking is a good one; its expenditure is the slightest, and its profit the most secure, ready, and undiminished in the return, of any trade. It is the rage for living like nobles, the emulation of the shew of high life, the presumed necessity of keeping up to the established rank of "bankers," that precipitates the ruin.

Another result of these fine conceptions, is negligence in their shops. The villa-keeping gentleman, loaded with the delightful employments of his west-end and rural existence, visits his bank merely as a novelty—a pleasant half-hour's *délassement*—and thus come the clerks into play. These gentlemen also see too much of the glory of the banking life, not to feel their fingers a little excited towards the means in their possession. They have their villas too, their cabriolets, and perhaps their curricles; they falsify their accounts, and when they have got all that they can conveniently carry away, they carry it away. The senior partner has been at his villa, entertaining a duke during the pheasant season; the second has been canvassing a knot of Scotch burghs; the junior partner, who had been left to wield the sceptre, and who knows no more of business than his worthy seniors care for it, finding his time heavy on his hands in the compting-house, has gone for a week to Brighton, or has kept an appointment at Bath, or has a bet on the St. Leger, and likes to see how matters are going on at the course. As no man can be in two places at once, his presence is not likely to disarrange his clerk's plans, who, finding the coast clear, puts fifty thousand pounds in his pocket, puts on his hat, and drives to Dover in a chaise and four, leaving the partners the pleasure of being very much surprised, of returning to town by express, and of discovering, to their infinite astonishment, that their fugitive clerk had been cheating them to their teeth for the last ten years.

Now a vast deal of this foolery would be avoided, if the banker-generation did not think it incumbent on them to figure as first-rate person-

ages. Rowland Stephenson would probably have never found the necessity of robbing his creditors, if he had not found that an Opera-box, a country-seat, and a dozen *dilettanti* dinners a year, were a regular part of the accomplishments of a banker. Fauntleroy would not have felt the necessity of being hanged, but for the discovery of similar necessities; and three-fourths of the bankruptcies, that make half a million of pounds not worth half a million of farthings, and wrap thousands of the industrious and honest in the ruin of a single shewy firm, would never startle commerce "from its propriety."

As to the general point—why they should be considered so peculiarly gentlemen—we should first be told what there is so peculiarly constituting the character, in the mere act of trafficking paper against gold, of keeping other men's accounts, or of dealing professionally in the sale of stock. The fact is, that the mere trade of banking has no more to do with gentlemanhood than the mere trade of scrivening, or book-keeping, or any other vulgar and mechanical occupation of the pen. If the bankers are men of education and good-breeding, their claims must be acknowledged, but not on the strength of their firms. Let scholarship, personal accomplishment, high-bred manners, or active ability, give a title to general consideration in society; but let us disdain to accept the supremacy of the purse as the title to respect. It is the glory of England that there is no aristocracy of talent, and that every man of mental attainment may establish his right to public attention. But the mere fact of making money by the most common-place and mindless method of accumulation, should establish no title to any rank beyond that of a money-dealer.

But, if they are to figure at all, let them figure in the way of their trade. Let the English banker be like the foreign one, and he may become as public a character as his strongest passion for publicity can desire, without leaving his credit to the fingering of underlings. Every traveller on the Continent has felt the advantage of the hospitality, protection, and valuable introductions of which the great bankers are the direct instruments. The foreign banker opens his house, at intervals, for the general meeting of his correspondents with the principal persons of importance in the place; and thus not merely serves them in the general purposes of his trade, but greatly adds to the personal gratification and convenience which induce the resort of strangers. The Lafittes and Torlonias of the Continent do more in a year for the promotion of good society, by their occasional *soirées*, than the whole race of the London bankers for a century. What foreign tourist, coming to this country, ever knows more than his banker's counter? The stranger finds no place where he may reckon on a reception, as abroad. While the superb English banker is aping the habits of the superb English lord, and exceeding the expenditure of the superb English prince, his correspondent knows no more of his house than that it is the largest in some patrician square—or of his hospitality, than that the newspapers mention his having had half the Cabinet to dinner. Let our bankers attend to their ledgers, if they will not be cheated and ruin their customers; and, if they will solicit public importance, let them do it in the way of their business, by exercising fair English hospitality to their correspondents at home and abroad, and being as little like dukes, and as much like honest tradesmen, as their fathers were.

The Duke of Wellington.—WE had all along relied upon the manly views of the Minister, and laughed to scorn the attempts of the popish journalists to intimidate the public by hints, promises, and oaths, that the Duke was a friend of the faction. His letter to Dr. Curtis has, we presume, settled the doubt tolerably. But let those who offered such an insult to his common-sense and constitutional knowledge, refresh their memories by reading the subjoined authentic record of his opinions, extracted from a revised report (revised, we have reason to know, by the Duke of Wellington himself) of the speech delivered by his Grace on the debate of the Catholic Question in the House of Lords.—[It differs materially from the report which appeared in the newspapers at the time]—

“The question is one merely of expediency; and I ground my opposition not on any doctrinal points, but on the *church government* of the Roman Catholics. My Lords, I do not intend, on the present occasion, entering into any detail, because I do not wish to say anything invidious, or which might hurt the feelings of any man; but I must nevertheless observe, that nobody can have looked at the transactions in Ireland for the last 150 years, without at the same time seeing that the Roman Catholic Church has acted on the *principle of combination*; that this *combination* has been the instrument by which all the evil that has been done, has been effected; and that to this cause the state of things in Ireland is to be attributed. My Lords, the Noble Marquess has talked of the aristocracy being powerless, and of the people being powerful, but under the influence of their priests and demagogues; and he has attributed this state of things to the state of the law, rather than to the combination to which I have referred. I do not think that the state of the law can account for this state of things; the *combination* to which I have referred *certainly will*. We are then told—be the cause of the evil what it may—that Catholic Emancipation is the remedy. My Lords, I am afraid that if, in addition to Catholic Emancipation, we were to give up to the Roman Catholics in Ireland, the Church Establishments in Ireland, we should *not have found a remedy for the evil produced by this combination*, unless we could find the means of connecting the Roman Catholic Church with the Government of the country. But, my Lords, we are told, that there are securities. I am willing to admit, my Lords, that from the moment this question was first launched in this country—from the time of the Union to the present day—those who agitated it in Parliament have always stated, that *securities ought to be required*. It is also perfectly true, that the Right Honourable Gentleman under whose auspices the Union was brought about (Mr. Pitt), and who supported this question, stated, in the very letter alluded to by the Noble and Learned Lord (Lord Plunket), and I believe also in Parliament, that provision must be made to secure the State, including, of course, the Church of England, as established by law, its rights, privileges, and churches; its union with the state; the King's supremacy, and the denial of the claim of any other person whatever to any power or authority within this realm. But I likewise know that that Right Honourable Gentleman never stated in the cabinet, or elsewhere, what in his opinion, ought to be *the nature of those securities*. I have talked with those who were very intimately acquainted with that Right Honourable Gentleman, and who have held frequent conversations with him on that subject, and I have never yet been able to hear *what securities* they were that he had in contemplation.

“I beg leave to remind the Noble Marquess, and the Noble and Learned Lord on the cross-bench (Lord Plunket), of a fact which they *cannot deny*, that the Catholics themselves have *all along objected to all securities*. But the Noble and Learned Lord tells us that we ought not to attend to what we hear in Ireland on this subject. Now, though he may know that this is the case, I do not see how we, in this country, and in this house, are to get at this knowledge; or, indeed, how the people of England are to become acquainted with it. These

things may be known to the Noble and Learned Lord, but I do not see what we can do but *believe what we hear*; and he cannot, therefore, be surprised that we, who *feel strongly* on this subject, should wish to *feel secure as to the safety of the Church and State* before we venture to proceed on such an *experiment as this*. My Lords, I am very much afraid that the Roman Catholic religion, in its natural state, *is not very favourable to civil government* in any part of Europe; and I must beg your Lordships to observe, that in all the countries of Europe, the Sovereigns have, at different periods, found it necessary, as has been stated by my Noble and Learned Friend (Lord Colchester) on the cross bench to-night, to *CALL UPON THE POPE TO ASSIST THEM IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THEIR PEOPLE.*"

The first art in the art of writing is to know how to choose a subject. There are men, and clever ones too, who, with the tide of pence and publication before them, have suffered their voyage to run into flats and shallows, till they were stranded in that Godwin Sands of genius, the King's Bench, through the simple want of knowing how to catch a taking topic. Memoirs on the longitude; histories of the Royal Society; treatises on moral philosophy; annals of the Revolution of 1688, and of all other revolutions; mathematical memoranda; lives of philosophers, patriots, and heroes; voyages round the world; and discoveries from pole to pole—are fatal. They die of the yearly distemper that loads the Paternoster Row cemetery with such mortality of quarto. No man reads their epitaph; and their authors, growling at the degeneracy of the age, sink into the tomb with their own labours, calling all the surviving world, to their last breath, Goths and Vandals.

Yet, from time to time, the misery of an injudicious *choice* may be palliated by the address of the chooser. We have known a mathematical folio come to some favour, notwithstanding its horrid perversion of the arts of printing and engraving, by containing a "demonstration of squaring the circle," by giving, in perches, the height of a mountain in the moon, or by the infallible proof that the sun was only a gazometer on a considerable scale. Memoirs of great men may be made popular by memoirs of the great men's wives, and of the little men that licked the dust off the great men's shoes; voyages to the pole may find a charm in the loves of those bear-skin and blubber beauties, the Esquimaux; and histories of the French war, or even of that most horribly hackneyed portion of it, the peninsular campaigns, may be made swallowable by a little radicalism, and a sly hit now and then, tending to prove that the Duke, on certain occasions, did not know his right hand from his left, and, at the best of times, saw no farther than his own Roman nose. The only unequivocally and irrecoverably destined to extinction are all treatises on modern divinity, proceeding from either of the universities, and there, *κατ' ἐξοχην*, if proceeding from the divinity professors. The letters S. T. P. are never failing on the occasion of oblivion; they are the brand on the offender's forehead, which saves all the trouble of the judge on any future appearance in the dock. A man would as soon buy a gown and cassock from Gibraltar as clothe his literary loins in this article stamped, with death in every plait. Such is the inevitable law of lecturing on a port and pudding regimen, with "prodigious prospects" in reversion! We say no more—the tale is melancholy, moving, and true; and let the race of "compilers," however buzz-wigged and bulky—the gatherers of other men's stuff, with the addition of all the stuff that they can fabricate of their own—look to the solution of the problem.

But let us turn from the church-yard to the mart—the crowded, gay, and living promenade of the saleable.

Novels are well received in this shewy receptacle of all animated things; but there are distinctions. The historic novel is at a formidable discount. Like an old belle of ton, it has walked the world so long that no one cares how soon it walks out of it. Like the Duchess of ———, it has rank, but not fashion; its figure has a touch of the grandmother more than borrowed from its costume; and we unanimously wish it out of the troubles of this life as soon as possible.

The novel of Character is likely enough to follow this venerable maiden—but not in decrepitude, but in disdain. It finds dandyism the rage, and it leaves the ladies to find out what charm their happy fancies can, in honey-water wigs, kid gloves, Caoutchouc slippers, a cheek tipped with carmine, and a tongue lisping alternately the language of the *boudoir* and the Newgate Calendar.

Medical books are good.—“*Cum grano*,” that is, “good for the writer, bad for the reader.” We have known a peer and foot-ball player of the first rank of calcitration, read himself into an irresistible belief that every toe in his machinery was only an elongation of a foot of pure chalk; and a country squire, of the usual squiralty faculties—a *helluo* of beef and mutton—a feeder before whom a turkey and chine vanished, as if they had suddenly resumed their original legs and wings—a three course and three bottle man—demonstrably convinced, by a week’s study of the “Art of prolonging Life,” that he had not another week to live—that he had no more digestion than a dormouse—that his lungs were cobwebs, the coats of his stomach isinglass, and his liver and spleen nonentities. Medical books are good for the faculty, who thus play the double card of making pages and patients together. But of these the very best are the treatises on the “digestive functions.” These are the things that come home to the heart and bosom after all. What are the West Indian Question, or the Greek Loan, to a man who cannot eat a three hours’ dinner without being called to account for it by a nightmare? What is it to the martyr in the cause of taste whether the Russians pull off the Turks’ caps, or the Turks pull off the Russians’ beards, if every moment of table-delight is to be darkened into an age of suffering in bed—if every slice of venison is to rise up in vengeance in the shape of a fiery scymitar in the hand of a bottle of champagne, transformed into a giant breathing red-hot coals—if his three gentle bottles of Carbonel’s best are to pursue him over hill and heath, like another Orestes, in full chace before the three Furies—or a perigord-pie open, at its delicate incision, a perpetually-expanding bird’s-eye view of the bottomless pit?

The world has often heard the inquiries for a new pleasure, and for the philosopher’s-stone. They would be both revealed in the book that could teach an additional faculty of reception to the stomach, without the penalty of dying of our supper. But for the fear of apoplexy, the life of an alderman would be as happy as the life of a hog. The writer who could give us the indulgence of eating two dinners where we now dare eat but one, would cheer innumerable bosoms distended with more than sighs, might raise for himself a statue of diamond on a pyramid of gold, and, when he died, leave the residue of his professional profits to pay the national debt, build a bridge from Calais to Dover, cut through the Isthmus of Darien, and even satisfy the Scotch peerage.

On the strength of a mere approximation to this sublime discovery, Dr. Paris sells an edition of ten thousand in as many months; Dr. Uwins pours out octavos unnumbered; Dr. Philip shines a star of the first magnitude in the catalogues; and a hundred other aspirants for the honour of contributing to the ease of the human stomach, roll in their own cabriolets.

But John Bull is a straitforward animal, and cookery-books have a still higher claim on his love. The power to know of what his medicine may be composed, is prohibited by the physician, for, probably, very sufficient reasons; but the power to ascertain the ingredients of his own dinner, is an indulgence which no man, born in a free country, can be fairly expected to relinquish. On this principle, cookery-books have exhibited the finest instances of popularity since the invention of printing. Amatory tales, political libels, and Moore's Almanack, may boast of a handsome circulation; but what are their exploits to the half-million annual copies of Mrs. Rundell's modes of dressing fish, flesh, and fowl—to the late ever-lamented Kitchiner's receipts for sorrel-sauce and salmagundi—to the ancient glories of Madame Glasse, or the rising fame of "Every Man his own Cook-Maid?" Yet, if these fine applications of human genius to human utility take the highest rank, next, and not far below, are those works which look to the well-being of the human outside. Such works are hitherto few among us; and we have not more than half-a-dozen that teach a yellow skin to rival the snow, or a snowy skin to assume the tincture of the rose. The ladies generally manage these matters for themselves, without the aid of books; but there are cases in which neither a Parisian *marchande*, nor Messrs. Bayley and Blew, can help them; and the case to which Mr. Wadd turns his charitable pen is one.

We must let his title tell his story; nothing can be more expressive:—

COMMENTS ON CORPULENCY;

LINEAMENTS OF LEANNESS;

MEMS. OF

DIET AND DIETETICS.

BY WM. WADD.

Every particle in this *epigraph* is full of intelligence. Even the author's name is one of those happy instances of fortune, which, like that of Kitchiner to a cookery-book, is equivalent to excellence. "Fast-ing made Easy, by Wadd," will, we undertake to say, be considered a stock-book until the art of distention is no more.

The book begins in the mysterious manner suited to its lofty subject:—"The celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, alluding to the Pyramids, says, 'The mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of the axiom—that in Vastness, whatever be its nature, dwells sublimity.'" From this the conclusion is rapid and irresistible:—"Why may not the mountains of fat—the human Olympi and Caucasi—excite our attention? They fill a large space in society, are great objects of interest, and ought to afford us *no small matter* of instruction."

On the matter of cookery, he quotes that unquestionable maxim which has given immortality to Monsieur Ude:—"Music, dancing, fencing, painting, poetry, generalship, politics, and mechanics in general,

possess professors under twenty years of age ; whereas, in the first line of cookery, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty !”

Having thus thrown open the vestibule of this Temple of Taste, we leave it to the reader to enter, assured that, if he come out a more corpulent man, he will not have studied for *nothing*. The book is handsomely furnished with *plates*, of different human proportions, *dressed* according to the most approved receipts of the Board of Aldermen.

We leave our popish rebels to digest the following :

Letter of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

“ To the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, Deputy Grand Master of the Royal Orange Institution of Ireland.

“ My dear Lord :

“ *Berlin, Nov. 1, 1828.*

“ Having had the gratification of accepting the office of Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Institution of Great Britain, as successor to my much-lamented brother, the Duke of York, and having presided at its anniversary in the month of June last, it cannot but afford me great gratification to accept the proposal made to me, through you, to fill a similar office in Ireland, where that loyal society originated, for the defence of the constitution in a time of peril, and where, still more even than in Great Britain, every energy is needed to defend the sacred causes of Protestantism.

“ My attachment to that cause, which I imbibed from the instructions and example of my late revered father, George III., has been increased and strengthened by experience and reflection ; convinced as I am that the British constitution, the most invaluable that ever existed, from its religious and free character, cannot continue, should Protestant ascendancy be destroyed. I shall ever be found to abide by those principles which guided the conduct of my honoured father and Sovereign, and of my beloved brother, the present King, and the late Duke of York ; and which I cannot but consider to be those for the defence of which the House of Brunswick was called to the throne.

“ I rejoice that the time is arrived when the laws no longer forbid the revival of the society in Ireland, and that I have the pleasure of confiding its interests to you, my dear lord, as Deputy Grand Master.—Believe, my dear lord, your's very sincerely,

“ ERNEST.”

The *United Service Magazine*, projected by one of the most active and ingenious publishers of the day, does credit to his invention. All the reading world have been long anxious to see something of the kind ; while our soldiers continued to remember the curious variety of adventure, and the powerfully interesting scenes of the late war. For the narratives that such reminiscencies might supply, a magazine is the true receptacle. Brief memoranda may be best treasured there ; striking traits of intelligence, bravery, and presence of mind ; facts which, apparently slight, may yet be of the highest use to history ; memoirs of gallant men, whose example may be yet a guide and a stimulant to British intrepidity ;—those, and a hundred similar features, find their natural place in a well-conducted Naval and Military Magazine.

The writers who will sit down to the labour of a volume, cannot be numerous in the active profession of arms. But there are few who have not fragments and anecdotes, of the most peculiar interest, within their recollections ; and to those a periodical work is the true *dépôt*. The

officers of the United Service, too, have of late years, much to their honour, shewn that they can manage the pen with effect; and it certainly becomes a matter of importance with them that they should not suffer the record of their exertions to be mutilated by the hands of individuals who, from their book-shelves, venture to fight battles and decide upon reputations. Let our military and naval officers once take this method of doing justice to themselves, and we shall see an end of the whole generation of pen and ink tacticians—those Cæsars and Turennes of the closet and the circulating-library—military historians, who have formed their notion of battles from a volunteer field-day, and who imagine a campaign to be something very like a cricket-match or a village scuffle.

The murder-trade of Burke and his accomplices is not among the subjects that we would willingly approach even with an observation. But it stands among the prominent features of the day; and it is perhaps fortunate, for the interests of humanity, that this hideous trade has forced itself upon the public eye.

There can be no doubt of the value of occasional dissections to the operator, in some of the nicer cases of surgery; but there can be as little doubt that this use of the dead has degenerated into an abuse—that private lecturers have laboured to attract pupils, by the frequency of those mutilations of the dead—and that the pupils have been indulged in the grossest and most unnecessary violations of the respect that human nature itself suggests as due to the remains of man.

As to the wretched villains by whom the grave is habitually robbed for this purpose, they are described, by those who know them best, to be capable of every crime; and the occupation, which thus tempts and hardens man to villainy, is so far obnoxious to moral abhorrence and public justice. But, what answer can be made by the surgeons, and other professional persons who have trafficked with Burke, is beyond our competence to conceive. We cannot understand how men of science could have believed that the bodies which he brought to them, fresh from murder, had ever been in the grave. The appearances are so distinct to the common eye, that nothing but the most singular blindness could have concealed the truth from the anatomists. In one instance, a body was said to have been sold with their hair in *papillotes*. The conclusion must have been irresistible; yet it was undrawn. How are we to account for this? We repeat, that the whole transaction must undergo the strictest inquiry—that no Scottish favouritism must be suffered to screen the abomination, to whatever quarter it may be traced—and that Mr. Peel is bound, by as sacred a duty as he ever took upon himself, to see justice done to the character of England, of science, and the feelings of human nature.

But how are the anatomical halls to be supplied? In the first place, undoubtedly, the necessity for this repulsive supply is greatly exaggerated. In all the earlier stages of anatomy, *models* are decidedly the best mode of giving a knowledge of the human frame. They have been already brought to an extraordinary degree of accuracy; and the leisure which they allow for study is so infinitely superior to the hurried and, at the best, sickening examination of the actual subject, that a student of the model will know as much of the human construction, peculiarly

in its finer texture, in a month, as a student of the actual subject will in a year.

For the practice of operations, the body is required; but even this in by no means a frequent degree, and only in the highest grade of the art. The simple inspection of an ably-performed operation in an hospital, will give more real knowledge than a dozen dissections. But even where these are required, there is the most complete facility of obtaining the subjects from France. The Custom-house has hitherto objected to this, on the ground that it might be turned into a means of smuggling, and that the officers could not be expected to undertake so unpleasant a duty as the search. But the objection might be instantly obviated, either by the offer of some additional salary from the College of Surgeons or others, to the examining officers, or by the appointment of half-a-dozen surgical pupils to the work of examination. To this, in some shape or other, the matter must finally come; and the sooner the better.

The last hours of such a wretch as Burke can be looked on only with horror; yet is is a striking trait at this time to see the working of the popish superstition. His priest attends him, hears his detail of crime, gives him absolution, and the murderer is sent to death with the absolute conviction, as far as Rome can give it, that he is "as innocent as the babe unborn!"

Such is the fatal practice of popery, which suffers men to go on in the most horrid atrocities, with the feeling, that, when they can go on no farther, the priest washes them from guilt at the moment, and sends them pure to the future world! The belief in this monstrous doctrine has been one of the chief treasures of Rome. For every crime there is a price; and the revenue of dispensations and absolutions thus acquired has flowed into the papal coffers for a thousand years. In Italy, in Ireland, in all the earth where popery is suffered to bewilder the minds and pervert the moral feelings of mankind, this atrocious practice is still the same. The Irish murderer walks, with the blood of his landlord red on his hands, to the priest—makes his confession, which the priest is never to disclose—and, on the strength of his having thus easily cleared his conscience, receives full absolution, and is ready to commit the murder of any body else's landlord on the night after.—Who can wonder at the murders of Ireland?

The Italian bravo, the regular trader in assassination, whose profession is to stab for hire, is generally one of the most regular at the confessional; if he has any more hazardous butchery than usual to do, he takes the sacrament, and purifies his soul beforehand; but always, if he escapes with life, returns to the altar, and there makes himself sinless for a sixpence.—Can we wonder that Italy is a seat of midnight murder—that its roads are infested by gangs of desperadoes—and that the common passage, in open day, from Rome to Naples, one of the most frequented highways in Italy, is a constant peril?

The whole fabric of continental society is rotted by this guilty system. The habitual adulteress goes as regularly to confession as the maiden—comes away from it, with as full a consciousness that her impurity has been wiped away—and instantly embarks in her old career, with the same assurance of perpetual absolution.—Can we wonder at the general pollution of character throughout the papal world?

The priest, educated in the midst of this pollution, shares it in instances unnumbered. It is on record that, in the single province of Murcia,

three thousand ecclesiastics were lately charged, in the course of a few years, with the attempted seduction of women at the confessional!—Can we wonder at the general degradation of the female character in Spain, at the gross habits of popular life, or the horrid abominations that, from time to time, transpire in the monkish annals? Or can our surprise be any longer excited at the feebleness of those once mighty nations—at their failure in all attempts at rational freedom—at their intestine wars, and bloody and fruitless revolutions—at the whole long train of national evils, which, rooted in domestic impurity, irreligion, and blind confidence in the dark and vitiating doctrines of popery, overrun and strangle every bud and branch of national prosperity?

The Irish papists treat their English great-folks in a very pleasant style of radicalism. The poor old, and very imbecile, Duke of Norfolk, lately having ventured to exhibit at a papist meeting here, unluckily for himself uttered the sentiment that he and his compatriots might, by possibility, condescend to give protestantism some pledge, that the first act of popish admission into parliament would not be an attempt to break down the constitution. Upon this, Mr. O'Connel, naturally indignant at such a humiliation of the glorious cause of papal supremacy, and scorning any terms with a nation of heretics like the English, attacked the unlucky old man with his best language, and covered him, from head to foot, with oratorical mire. That the poor old duke deserved this recompence, nobody will deny but himself. The act of mixing his name with the cause of that rabble, who, in the presence of such men as Lord Anglesey, fearlessly laugh at all common sense, discretion, and subordination, is an offence that deserves a deeper punishment than can be inflicted by the tongue of any brawler of them all. Let his pride digest what his folly has brought upon its stomach; and let this weak old man learn to be satisfied with the discovery in time, that if the faction once came into power, they would trample upon him, and that stick of office, which he holds with such burlesque dignity in the Lords.

The next subject of castigation is the unfortunate Lord Shrewsbury, a simpleton who, by the decease of the late lord without issue, succeeded to the title a year or two since. In England, money does much; and the Shrewsbury money lifted this innocent and easy-souled young man into a little importance. In an evil moment for his quiet, he tried the career of a popish champion. But he was not made for such things. He was too much of a gentleman, and too little of a knave. The ruffians of patriotism did not like him, and he did not like them. He had lived a good deal abroad, where, even to the poor, society is accessible; and, in his poor days, he had been suffered to ramble through such society as is to be found cheap on the Continent. But his first contact with papistry at home disgusted him. He shrank from suffering every dirty fellow who called himself a "Catholic" to rub against the skirts of his good breeding—declined the readily thrust-out hand of the descendant of Irish kings, as if it had been thrust out by a Highlander—and closed his ears and his pocket alike to the rough requisitions of the rent. Day by day he began, more and more, to feel that the scene was not made for him. He loved to whistle and sing, play upon the guitar, and lounge about in the train of the old, supper-giving marchesas, that make life sweet at Rome. He loved to pore over prints, and prose on sculptures, and spend his day, rambling and gossiping, from one artist's studio to

another, and slip through life as quietly and uselessly as any casino-hunter of them all.

To a soft-souled personage like my lord, the life of popish championship was abominable; it was, at once, dulness and defilement—troublesome and base compared with his *calèche* during the morning, and his picture-fancying till dinner, and his quadrilling and private theatricals till midnight. He accordingly fled his “beloved country,” left the “glorious cause” to take its chance, and alike left her “illustrious champions” to the fate that, if there be any virtue in law, or any vigour in government, will overtake them, great and small, before his *dilettante* lordship’s return.

For this timely fugitation—the only act of his life that implies the possession of brains—he has fallen under the lash of the popish parliament; and its acting executioner, in the absence of his chief, has laid the scourge on as handsomely as a fugitive lord could wish. Yet it must be owned that Lord Shrewsbury did all that he could before he escaped. He published a book, as thick as ever was penned by peer; and, though he might be guiltless of having written a line of it (the work being probably compiled by the priests harboured under his roof), he yet had the fortitude to issue it with his name. The work, thereupon, went instantly down to the lowest depths of forgetfulness. He next made a speech: nothing could be more similar, in compound and fate, to the book. What more could man do? He accordingly, having put down ten pounds, as the worthy contribution of a man of forty thousand pounds a year, to the rent that was “to save his country and his religion!” ordered his coach for Italy, and is now serving her “glorious cause” in looking at Punchinello, and in buying bargains of old pictures.

But the Dublin radicals will not let him sigh and smoke away his soul in peace; and their flagellation has extorted from him a succession of sorrowings, in the shape of a letter nearly as long as the noble personage himself. The letter is, as might be expected, nonsense from beginning to end—finished, for sentimental perusal, with a little of that whining about “lost privileges” (the lost privileges of a dandy!), and the asseveration of an eternal passion for his long-suffering and hard-drinking country, which will last till—he gets to Calais, and be remembered as honestly at Rome as every other duty that this generous *absentee* has thought proper to have forgotten.

At Rome let him stay. The society of shuffling picture-dealers, dangles about decayed belles, yawning Opera-loungers, and the whole nameless and contemptible mixture of vicious and unmarked life that makes Rome the sink of Europe, may be the fittest for his capacities, as it is evidently the most congenial to his tastes. We must lament that chance should have thrown the means of doing good, that his income implies, into hands that can make no better use of them than by a wretched spirit of shrinking from all the honourable and humane offices of an English landholder. But there let him go; we are better without men like him. Let him, a thousand miles off, talk of wishing well to the country that he has deserted; let him propitiate, by paltry flattery, Shiel, who lashed him, and who must scorn this attempt to qualify his deserved correction; let him kiss the Pope’s toe, who must despise a man hiding his head in perpetual exile; let him linger out his life in cabarets and casinos, spend his rents and his years abroad, and, with his last breath, play *Scrub* to the old Lady of Babylon!

KING'S COLLEGE has been as much on the "look out" for a local habitation, as any "gentlemen that had left his lodgings." The discussions, inquiries, and solicitations for some place of rest to this pilgrim of literature, have been innumerable, and still no rest is found for the "sole of its unblest foot."

It first was to alight on Highgate-hill, for the benefit of the air, and then on Hampstead, for the benefit of the scenery. Whitechapel then wooed its presence for the good of the circumcised population, who were, on the earliest opening of its doors, to forswear the sale of old clothes, shave their Rabbinical chins, and turn converts to the sermons of Mr. Mathias. Then Northumberland House was thought convenient, as the Admiralty and Foreign Clerks might step in, between office hours, and learn to spell. Then the Regent's park combined all voices, from the salubrity of the atmosphere, and the exercise of the pupils in walking from six to ten miles every morning from the city to school; but the tigers were there already. Then the King's *mews*, on the strength of a pun of that very lively nobleman, Lord Goderich, as the native soil of the metropolitan Apollo. Then the site of St. Margaret's, Westminster, with the double advantage of removing a notorious eye-sore, and studying the memories of great men in the Abbey. Then Vauxhall, from its proximity to the more profligate quarters of London, and the advantage of planting such a seminary of purification under the eye of Lambeth. Then the site of Billingsgate market, with a similarly double purpose of extinguishing a commercial nuisance, and of rectifying the proverbial piscatory dialect of that eminent vicinage. Then Somerset House, the taxes having fallen off, the clerks having been put on half-pay, and the Strand and Fleet-street affording a clear and decorous promenade for the students. Then the Artillery Ground, on the strength of teaching the young idea how to shoot. All these plans have been duly considered and rejected. We understand that the favourite conception, at present, is that of establishing this great institution in the Castle of Dublin, the Castle being vacated by the sinecure government: the students to be carried over in classes, by steam-boats regularly in waiting at Tower-stairs for the purpose: and the lecturers, for greater dignity and expedition, to be conveyed in balloons, to start every half hour with the newest regulations of principle and costume, from the Golden Cross, Charing Cross.

We give the outline of the establishment, already drawn up by the Committee:—

VISITOR.—The visitor will be invested with all the powers usually belonging to his office.

GOVERNORS.—All fundamental regulations concerning the course of studies, and the internal discipline of the college, which the council may frame from time to time, as well as the appointment and removal of all the officers of the college, will be subject to the approval of the governors.

COUNCIL.—The council will direct the financial concerns of the college. They will regulate the payment for attendance at the several lectures, but will not interfere with the discipline of the college, except by promoting such regulations as they might think expedient for the approbation of the governors. They will also appoint the principal and professors, subject to the confirmation of the governors.

PRINCIPAL.—The internal government of the college, and the general direction and superintendence of the course of education, will rest with the principal. He must be a clergyman, having the degree of M.A. at least, in one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin. It will be his duty to

preside over the public examinations, to preach often in the college chapel, and to report from time to time the state of the college to the council and governors.

PROFESSORS.—The professors will be appointed by the council, and must all be members of the church of England, except in the case of the teachers of Oriental literature and modern languages.

The prescribed course of lectures, to which all students regularly admitted will be required to conform, will comprise religion and morals, classical literature, the lower branches of mathematics, the elements of natural philosophy, English literature and composition, and modern history.

The professors in all these branches will have salaries secured to them out of the college funds, besides such addition as the council may think proper to make, in proportion to the number of students who attend their lectures. They will be expected not merely to lecture their classes, but to ascertain individual proficiency by frequent examination.

Lectures also will be given in law, the higher branches of mathematics, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, medicine, and surgery, anatomy, natural history, the principles of commerce, Oriental literature, modern languages, and such other branches of literature and science as may be hereafter directed. The attendance on these lectures will be optional on the part of the students. The remuneration of the professors who lecture on these subjects will be regulated by the council, and will depend wholly on the number of students in their respective classes; some part of the payments made by the students being reservable for the general purposes of the college.

TUTORS.—Tutors will be appointed by the principal, with the approbation of the council. One or more of the tutors, under the direction of the principal, will reside in each house, or in each portion of the college allotted to the reception of students; they will be responsible to the principal for preserving good order and discipline, and will be removeable by him, with the approbation of the council.

The remuneration of the tutors will be provided for, according to the number of their pupils, out of the college fund.

Every student, whether resident or not, must be entered under one of the tutors, who will direct and superintend the course of his studies, and assist him with private instruction.

STUDENTS OF THE HIGHER DEPARTMENT.—Students will not be admitted under the age of 16, except in cases of remarkable proficiency, recommended to the principal, and approved by him. An inquiry will be made by the principal, previously to the admission of every student, both into his proficiency and his former good conduct.

The principal alone will be authorised to admit or reject students, and to determine the number of pupils to be entered under each tutor.

The resident students will be subject to such regulations as the principal may from time to time announce. They will be required to attend the service of the church of England in the college chapel on Sundays.

The non-resident students will be allowed to attend church on Sundays with their families; the principal to be, in all cases, satisfied that they have so attended: but whenever required by him, they must attend the service in the college chapel.

Prayers will be read on all other mornings, at which the attendance of all students, resident and non-resident, will be required.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.—Public examinations of the students will take place at stated periods, when prizes and other honorary distinctions will be awarded.

At these examinations, the student's knowledge of the evidence of natural and revealed religion, and of the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as taught by the united church of England and Ireland, will be carefully inquired into. Every student will be expected to exhibit a certain degree of proficiency in these subjects.

OCCASIONAL ATTENDANTS AT LECTURES.—Persons, properly recommended,

will be allowed, under the sanction of the principal, to attend lectures in any particular course of study; but never to such an extent as to interfere with the education of the students, or the discipline of the college. Persons so attending will not be recognised as students, nor will they be entitled to contend for prizes or rewards; nor will certificates of attendance at lectures be granted to any persons who have not gone through the prescribed course of religious instruction.

All persons under 20 years of age, so attending, will be required also to attend such parts of the course of religious instruction as, in the opinion of the principal, may be expedient in each particular case.

LOWER DEPARTMENT.—The lower department, which, in its detail, will be totally distinct from the higher, though intended to afford an education preparatory to it, will consist of a school for the reception of day scholars.

This department will be placed under the separate management of a head-master, appointed by the council, and a competent number of under masters, appointed by him, all members of the church of England.

The system here carried on will embrace a course of religious instruction suited to the age of the pupils, classics, arithmetic, elementary mathematics, the modern languages, &c.

The salaries of the masters will depend on the number of the pupils.

One or more public examinations will take place every year, at which prizes will be distributed.

We hope, for the honour of English common sense, that the following story is not true:—

“A superb diamond necklace is said to have been ordered for the young queen of Portugal, and is understood to be actually in hand at the manufactory of Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Co., jewellers, Ludgate-hill. Report says the design is most tastefully contrived, consisting of brilliant heart's-ease, surrounded with other flowers, and leaf-work of various hues and colours. It is expected to be finished in the course of the present week, and intended to be presented to her majesty by some great personage, whose name has not transpired.”

Have we not had enough of this poor child, whose little Portuguese brains must have been long ago completely addled by presentations, addresses, gracious receptions, hand-kissing, and the other gingerbread of court ceremony, to a sovereign of nothing, a wife of nobody, a child sent rambling through the world like a gipsy, by her copper-coloured papa, rejected by uncles, aunts, godfathers, and godmothers: and now employing her regal leisure in the inquiry who is to pay the next quarter's salary of the yellow fellows about her? 'Tis true, we English have a national propensity for foreign shows. Every half-baboon monarch of every South-Sea fragment of an island, every king of Squawmania, is received here with all the honours of regular kingship; has a public table for his unbreeched aids-de-camp, an establishment for his unpetticoated harem, sits surrounded by his coffee-skinned council; and, if he does not choke himself with English beef in the first fortnight, break his neck down the tavern stairs, or go mad from overdoses of brandy, is leveed, hawked about, gives his black paw to kiss, and promises to send his three canoes to the assistance of the English navy, in their first war with the emperor of Tongutaboo.

The Pimlico Palace is beginning to be—there is no other word for it—puffed in the most approved manner. But all the puffing on earth will not make it a palace fit for George the Fourth. We, however, believe,

that as a specimen of bricklaying, plastering, and making up an architect's bill, it is unexceptionable, and there our belief ends. We give Mr. Nash's description of his work :—

“ The grand entrance in front, which is to be reserved for the especial use of his Majesty and the Royal Family, will be composed of white marble, and will be a faithful model of the arch of Constantine, at Rome, with the exception of the equestrian figure of his Majesty George IV. on the top. The workmanship of this arch is expected to rival any thing of the sort in the kingdom, and to equal the finest works of antiquity. From each side of the arch a semicircular railing will extend to the wings, executed in the most beautiful style, in cast-iron, and surmounted by tips or ornamental spears of mosaic gold. The area, within, will consist of a grass-plat, in the centre of which will be an ornamental fountain, and the whole will be bounded by a gravelled road.

“ The wing on the left will comprise his Majesty's chapel, the kitchen, and other offices ; and that on the right, his Majesty's private suite of apartments. The entrance to the former is from the back, near to where Buckingham-gate formerly stood, and it is by this door that the visitors to the palace on gala days, will be admitted. Passing through the building, they will enter a spacious colonnade, which extends along the front of the body of the palace, and in front of each wing ; above the colonnade is a magnificent balcony, supported by columns of the Doric order. At the end of each wing is a pediment, supported by Corinthian columns. The entablature of each pediment is tastefully filled up with groups of figures in white marble, exquisitely carved in *alto relievo*, illustrative of the arts and sciences. On the extreme points of the wing on the left, are fixed statues representing History, Geography, and Astronomy ; and on those of the right wing, Painting, Music, and Architecture. On the entablature of the pediment, in front of the main body of the palace, it is intended to place the Arms of England ; and on the top are placed Neptune, with Commerce on one side, and Navigation on the other. Around the entire building, and above the windows, is a delicately worked frieze, combining in a scroll the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle.

“ The entrance hall is about thirty-three feet in height. The pavement is of white marble slightly veined with blue. The entire hall is bordered with a scroll of Sienna or yellow, centred with rosettes of puce-coloured marble, inlaid in the most masterly style of workmanship. The walls are of Scagliola, and the ceiling is supported by a succession of white marble pillars. From the hall are the avenues leading to the state apartments—drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, throne-room, statue-gallery, picture-gallery,” &c.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Sailors and Saints. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is the joint production, not of a sailor and a saint, but of a sailor and no saint, *hic est*, a *templar*—the Orestes and Pylades of the Naval Sketch Book, a book which met with a warmer welcome than any thing, so technical and professional, since the days of Dr. Moore. The templar's share in the concern is not very detectable, though without doubt the scene of a Scotch reformer, soliciting signatures from the sailors against pressing and flogging, is his, for it smacks of politics; and in some courts of the Temple there is, we know, more politics than law. The title is chosen mainly, or merely, for the alliteration—the mother of the heroine is, to be sure, a saint, and, so far as she is concerned, the object is to shew how thoroughly worldly an attendant on preachings and biblical meetings can, or rather must, be—which is, we think, a little invidious, because, though profession is not a good thing, profligacy is not better; and profession may be accompanied with correct conduct, whilst profligacy has nothing to redeem or relieve it. It shews no great advance in good feeling to be impatient of others' professions, or of pursuits uncongenial with our own.

The leading purpose of the chief contributor is, plainly, not to tell a story, but to exhibit the life and profession of a sailor, and, above all, the management and conduct of a ship—to detail the constituents of good seamanship—the superiorities of the existing practice, &c., of all which we are no competent judges; but the author writes confidently, and, as far as we can see, clearly and cleverly. Insular as we are, the English language is as full of sea metaphors as the Greek; and there is as strong a leaning to bring them into popular and public use—and even our poets and novelists cannot refrain. Blunder, there can be no doubt, they do often enough, and the author has taken occasion to overhaul a few of them—sometimes in the shape of notes, and sometimes by the taunts of the commodore. “Breasting her broad bow to the billows, she dauntlessly cuts through the foaming fluid, as the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind.” “Downright nonsense,” exclaims the Commodore—“who ever heard of a ship bearing up in the wind's eye?” Among the “lubberly” phrases he detects in the “Mariner's Song”—“wet sheet, and a flowing sea,” the author of which, he supposes, must somewhere have heard of a *flowing* sheet and a following sea, and to have confounded the real reading with the metaphorical meaning. A ship is said to have a “flowing sheet” when the wind crosses the line of her course at right angles, that is to say, a ship steering south, with the wind at west, has a flowing sheet; for if she were “close hauled,” she would lie two

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 38.

points nearer to the wind, viz. S.S.W. We may add here, too, from the authority before us, that the *sheets*, which are universally mistaken by “English Bards,” and even “Scotch Reviewers,” and their readers, for the *sails* themselves, are no other than the ropes employed to extend the clues, or lower corners, of the sails to which they are attached.

Now to the story. An old captain, of the Trunnion school, laid upon the shelf, has a cottage on the shore near Dartmouth, in which every thing is kept ship-shape. His old coxswain is his factotum—dressed in blue jacket and white trowsers—another Pipes, only a little more talkative, who manages every thing within and without, and as well as his master, can talk nothing but sea slang. The family consists of a widowed sister—the saint—and her daughter, a very charming girl, of course, for she is to be the heroine. Matters commence with a brig of war anchoring in the offing, and the approach of an officer, whom the old commodore mistakes for the captain, and is induced by the young lady to go forward and meet him. Though mounting an epaulette, he proves to be nothing but the second lieutenant. In the commodore's days, this epaulette marked the post captain; but honours and insignia have always advanced, *pari passu*, with corruption. Though annoyed by this blunder, he gives the youth a hearty welcome, and an invitation to dinner. The lieutenant is a clever and active fellow, with a constant eye to promotion, and falls in love, of course, with the young lady, and contrives to get on shore every day as long as the brig remains in the neighbourhood. The intimacy proceeds, not only with the commodore, but also with the young lady. Mamma looks blue—and does all she can to repress the growing inclination of the parties to each other. The commodore delights in depreciating the new fangled ways of the navy, and deals out his criticisms very liberally. By and by a party is proposed to visit the ship; when, unluckily, a fit of the gout ties him by the leg, and the ladies are entrusted to the coxswain. An accident follows, the young lady is precipitated into the sea, and rescued by the lieutenant at the hazard of his life. This of course seals the matter of affection between them; and the mother is driven to sundry indirect manœuvres to keep them apart.

In the meanwhile the ship puts to sea, and speedily takes fire, and a scene, as the reader will imagine, is got up, in the writer's best manner—which is a very superior manner—detailed, indeed, in the most minute and painful degree. The crew are of course preserved, and brought to shore. The youth, though in a worse condition than ever, for he is now even without a ship, flies with all speed to the Dartmouth

Cottage, and, unluckily, as he naturally thinks, just as he reaches the village, he is overturned, and dislocates his shoulder. This event, however—such is the course of things—was the very means of bringing him within reach of his mistress. The commodore hears of the accident, and insists upon swinging a hammock for him in his own cottage till he recovers. The mother is as watchful as a cat, but of course, eventually, the young folks get an interview, and all is explained. The coxswain detects the lieutenant kissing the young lady's hand, and reports—and as saints seldom do any thing, it seems, *direct*, she manœuvres with the apothecary, alarms the commodore for his health, and effects a removal to Cheltenham—to get rid of the lieutenant. But just as this is brought about, a letter arrives to summon the lieutenant to his old post on board a new ship—with a promising prospect of prize money from *American* captures.

The commodore and the ladies, nevertheless, proceed to Cheltenham, where the widow presently flirts with the preacher; and a military officer, just returned from India, rich as the mines of Golconda, smiles upon Emily. The commodore, finding himself neglected, determines on returning to the cottage with the coxswain—and soon receives a communication of the approaching marriage of both mother and daughter. But suddenly presents himself again the young lieutenant. His ship had encountered an American vessel of war; in the engagement—which is detailed with great particularity—the captain and first lieutenant were killed—the second fights the ship, and after a desperate struggle defeats the enemy, for which he is made post. With his new rank, and £3,000 prize money, he demands the commodore's consent to propose for Emily, which is promptly given, accompanied with a declaration that he is probably too late. He is, however, not too late—and Emily is rescued at the very altar; and the preacher, finding the widow not so rich as he had anticipated, holds back, and leaves her finally in the lurch—or to look out for another of the order.

Legends of the Lakes of Killarney, by T. Crofton Croker. 2 vols.; 1829.—At the very announcement, every body knows what he has to expect from Crofton Croker—vernacular exhibition of Irish extravagance—humour we scarcely venture to call it. But he is a very clever fellow, with a pencil at once light and vivacious, dextrous and effective. He shews off all his accomplishments—scribbling, sketching, and scoring. Many of the sketches are equal to Mr. Hood's, and quite in his style—and the music is, we dare say, accurately given, and conveying a meaning which words of course cannot—and for our own part we welcome any thing calculated to supersede verbal description. The legends, unluckily, in spite of all his manœuvring, pall upon the

taste, from the sameness, not so much of the tales and their incidents, as from the cast and character of the absurdity. He has not, we dare say, any thing like exhausted his wares, but another budget will be perfectly intolerable—nobody wants more than a specimen of what is radically absurd.

The book furnishes a survey and tour of these celebrated Killarney lakes—every spot has a name, and every name a legend—and Mr. Croker has no mercy. The cicerones of the place, who are as cunning as foxes, cover their roguery and inventiveness with the cloak of simplicity, and keep up the ball by playing into each other's hands—the stimulus, too, is a powerful one—the best talker is the best guide, and the best paid. Generally, the legends are sheer extravaganzas, which it soon becomes difficult to grin at. We caught ourselves, several times, when we came to a new one, turning over the pages to see how long it was—a strong symptom of weariness, we take it, and of the incompetency of these things to keep up an interest. The author has contrived to interweave his compliments to his literary acquaintances with great dexterity—nothing like this kind of "*clawing*."

The Legends, however, are not all—the volumes furnish a number of little characteristic incidents, indicative of deep-seated prejudices and impressions, which can be the result of nothing but the corrupt teaching of the country.

"That's a wonderful story—where did you get it, Daniel?" This is said in reply to a legend of St. Bridget—who made three ears of corn grow out of a griddle-cake. "Why then," said Daniel, "I read it many a long day ago in the *Scripturs*, or the lives of the Saints, or some such book; and sure, I suppose it's all one; but at any rate we ought to put our trust in God."

On coming out of Killarney Church, an immense crowd assembled to see, what in Killarney was a wonder, a Protestant Lady Kenmare coming out of church—

Mixing with the crowd, I could not avoid overhearing some of the remarks—"Why then, isn't she a fine figure of a woman?" said one.

"Oh, but isn't it a pity to see her coming out of a church, where a Lady Kenmare never went before, since the world was a world?" said another.

"Och," said a third, "she'll soon be taught the right way, and come to the true church; for didn't my lord take her to Rome to see the pope? And doesn't she go to visit the ladies at the *convint*, and hear the *childer* the right catechism? And doesn't the priest stand by, and be explaining the *maning* of it all to her ladyship?"

"That's true for you," was the reply; "and, sure, if she was at last mass to-day, she'd have *hard* a beautiful fine *sarmin*, from Bishop Egan, that would have *converted* her entirely, so it would. For didn't he tell how the Catholics was the only true church? and how there wasn't much *differ* between them and the *râle* protestants? for, sure, there is a great *differ* between the *râle* protestants and such *methodises* and

new lights as little Stephen, that preaches in Wat Agar's barn."

An old woman solicited, for the honour of God and the glory of the Virgin, a trifle towards burying her—

"Why, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "you ought to have been buried six months since."

"What, buried alive?" said I.

"No—but dead and buried," replied Mr. Lynch, "at least, all the preparations for the funeral were, to my knowledge, made last Christmas; but, perhaps," he continued, addressing the mendicant, "you have not yet determined as to whether it is to be at Mucrus or Aghadoe."

"Oh, then, long life to your good honour entirely," ejaculated the old woman, "and may every day be full of blessings, and luck, and grace be with you, and the widow's blessing be upon you wherever you go."

"Well, Molly," said Mr. Lynch, "which is it, Mucrus or Aghadoe you are to be buried at?"

"'Tis, it is the cruel hard question for a poor *cratur* like me to answer; for sure there's my husband lies in Aghadoe, God be good to him, and my father, and my six brothers, Lord rest their *souls*, at Mucrus. And sure then it would be only proper for me to spend a little time with my father and my brothers, but then 'tis a deal more natural for me to go to my poor husband."

"My good woman," said I, "it appears to me a matter of very little consequence what becomes of your body after death."

"Och, 'tis easy for quality like your honour to say so," she answered; "but 'tis I that knows well enough, if 'twas buried I was at Mucrus along with my own people, 'tis my husband would be coming looking after me every night. And indeed, a *cushla*, 'tis only last Saturday week that I saw my husband through my sleep, and his legs were all cut from the knees down, for the want of the shoes and stockings. So the little trifle I had to make a comfortable wake for myself, I couldn't find it in my heart to keep, and poor Paddy in want of the shoes and stockings, so I bought a pair for him; and I saw him since he got them, and now he's quite comfortable."

"What, buy a pair of shoes for a dead man! I never heard of such a thing."

"May be not: why, your honour, 'twas not myself, you see, bought them, for sure there would be no use in that, but 'twas the priest, long life to him, took the money."

One legend we think we must give for the honour of St. Patrick—

"By the by, Sir," said Spillane, "I believe there is a story, something about a great serpent, I think—do you know anything of it, Picket?"

"The serpent is it?" said Picket in reply.

"Sure every body has *hard* tell of the blessed Saint Patrick, and how he *druee* the *sarpints* and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland. How he 'bothered all the *varmint*,' entirely. But for all that, there was one *ould sarpint* left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till, at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine *boults* upon it.

"So 'one fine morning, he takes a walk to where the *sarpint* used to keep; and the *sarpint*, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says Saint Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work, about a gentleman like myself coming to see you. 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you, *agin* the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The *sarpint* hearing such smooth words, thought that though Saint Patrick had *druee* all the rest of the *sarpints* into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the *sarpint* walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the *sarpint* saw the nine great *boults* upon the chest, he thought he was *sould* (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house you see,' says Saint Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the *sarpint*, 'but I think it's too small it is for me'—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says Saint Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that, my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and, I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter,' says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The *sarpint* was as thirsty as could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing Saint Patrick out of the gallon of porter, so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There, now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When what does Saint Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he elaps it, with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a *sarpint* saw the lid coming down, in went his tail, like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and Saint Patrick began at once to *boult* the nine iron *boults*.

"'Oh, murder!—won't you let me out, Saint Patrick?' says the *sarpint*—'I've lost the bet fairly; and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling,' says Saint Patrick, 'to be sure I will—by all manner of means—but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow. And so he took the iron chest, with the *sarpint* in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the *sarpint* struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man," continued Picket, "besides myself, has *hard* the *sarpint* crying out, from within the chest under the water. 'Is it to-morrow yet?—Is it to-morrow yet?' which, to be sure, it never can be: and that's the way Saint Patrick settled the last of the *sarpints*, Sir."

The Hedge schoolmaster is a capital *morceau*, after Mathews's style, and which he could not do better than adopt. It is too long to quote—but as a piece of confusion, botheration, and effrontery, inimitable.

The Man with two Lives. 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is at least no every day story. The hero is from his earliest sensations impressed with the reminiscences, at first vague, but gradually defining and fixing, of a previous state of existence. Scenes, names, persons, incidents recur, particularly of Frankfort-on-the-Maine—a place at which, at least as Edward Sydenham, he had never been—till proof upon proof establish the conviction of some extraordinary destiny, and finally force him to the scene of his supposed former existence. The recollections, which relate to his personal history, are none of the most agreeable. Frederick Werner, whose representative, or successor, or continuator, he appeared to be, had abandoned a lovely wife, for the blandishments of a public singer, and ruined the peace of a relative by a groundless charge of adulterous intercourse with the wife he had deserted. Accompanied with these impressions of former offences, was the onus of atoning for the wrongs he had committed. The duty and object of the life of Edward Sydenham seemed to be to cancel the crimes of Frederick Werner.

At first, all was attributed by his friends to illusion, or fancy, or fabrication; but so correct, consistent, steady, and conscientious, was his general conduct in every relation of life—and, finally, the evidence he furnished of an antecedent acquaintance with places and persons, so conclusive, even to natives of Frankfort, that his parents, and especially a *German* friend, themselves shared the conviction, and furthered his views, and encouraged him to develop the mystery.

To Frankfort he accordingly went, where he was immediately introduced to the house and family of a wealthy banker, consisting of two very lovely daughters, and was invited to take up his residence with them. Sydenham found himself at once at home—and literally so, for it had been Werner's residence. In the dressing-room, he met with a very curious cabinet, which he instantly recognised to have been his own; recollecting a compartment with a secret spring, he touched the spring, and the drawer flew open; but he hesitated to go further, for now he recollected also he had there deposited a mass of private papers; and it now became a question of morals, whether he could honourably look at what he could not legally or *personally* claim, though by the evidence of his own conscience he knew them to be his own. Luckily, his perplexity was removed by the banker's accidentally making the discovery himself; and the papers were put into his own hands as a matter of curiosity. They consisted chiefly of reflections expressive of remorse for the writer's treatment of his wife and relative.

Circumstances soon shape themselves to enable him to proceed in the work of atonement. In the church, which he had visited

on his first arrival, he had seen his own tomb, and at the tomb a lady deeply veiled, kneeling. To this lady, an intimate friend of the banker's family, he is quickly introduced; she is forcibly struck by his appearance and by the tones of his voice; confidences follow; he reads to her Werner's papers, and in the name of Werner throws himself at her feet, and implores forgiveness. At all this no amazement is expressed.—Germans are too much familiarized with the wonderful for this. The syren that had enchanted is still living—little shorn of her charms, and not at all of her musical powers, though no longer exhibiting them on the stage. She resides some few miles from Frankfort, and Sydenham finds her no longer a coquette, but a staid philosopher; and his first introduction was at one of her conversations, where she figures among the learned, like another Lady D. With this lady, however, nothing in the shape of *eclaircissement* takes place—he had done no wrongs which demanded reparation; but she is finally induced to repeat the part of Medea, in the manner in which she had done two or three and twenty years before, in the presence of Werner's wife, when in the height of her influence over the husband, she had, by sheer strength of talent, forced even that lady's admiration. At this repetition scene, Werner's widow, though unknown to Sydenham, is herself present; the singer suddenly recognises her, and, glancing at Sydenham, seems intuitively to take in the whole singular realities; but nothing farther passes, except a request to be allowed to sing at Sydenham's marriage.

A visit is now in like manner made to the injured relative, who mysteriously grants his forgiveness; and on this final retributive event, Sydenham feels the guilt of Werner no longer a burden upon his own conscience. He has acknowledged the virtue of his wife, and the innocence of his friend—has confessed his offences, and been forgiven by both. Henceforth he lives singly for Edward Sydenham. He enters upon a new and independent course. Werner is nothing more to him, and is forgotten.

Romantic, absurd, and, in sober earnest, fit only as it is for boys and girls to maunder over, the tone of earnestness and solemnity which everywhere pervades it is very striking, even interesting. The writer must have German blood in his veins.

Trials of Life, by the Author of De Lisle, 3 vols.; 1828.—The volumes contain two distinct tales, both coming under the general title of *Trials of Life*—both gloomy, distressing, and even oppressive; but not by any means of equal interest, nor equally calculated to arrest general attention. The first is by far too fine and fastidious for common use; the last, painful as it is, and revolting, has more of ordinary life in it—has, indeed, an air of harrowing reality

about it, which comes home to the convictions, and recalls what has fallen within the experience of thousands. There is no overstraining in the tale, it is an inimitable performance, there is nothing in it, which has not happened and may not happen again—and proves how little occasion there is for going out of the way to pick up the extraordinary, and aiming at effect by extravagance. This is making a novel a lesson, without telling us it is one—a very different thing from a sermon. Nothing but a vehicle of this kind will admit of the details, which alone can effectually point a moral. We shall sketch this first, for it presses most upon us, and we cannot recal the other, till we have thrown this a little from our feelings.

Alicia is the very beautiful daughter of a naval officer, a young lady capable of deep feeling—resolution—exertion—but very little cultivated morally or intellectually. To escape a marriage proposed by her friends, she throws herself suddenly into the arms of a man more than double her own age, but of high abilities and distinction—not of fortune, but of fashion and popularity—a leading member of the opposition—an associate of the 'Prince'—a wit—a poet—Sheridan, in short, with family circumstances a little varied. By him she is brought forward into gay society, and getting fairly into the vortex, is *fêted* and courted—admired even by the prince, and honoured from him, for obvious purposes, with a present of diamonds [by the way, we cannot but think *this* mightily indecorous], which, though passionately thirsting for admiration, she rejects with horror. S. is now embarrassed beyond escape; but all along keeps up his good spirits and gaiety, and makes no secret of his resolution to cut all difficulties by suicide, and finally executes his purpose.

Recovering by degrees from the shock, after some time the widow is importuned into another marriage with an officer of slender fortunes, who soon treats her with great severity, and subjects her to sundry inconveniences, such as living in a barrack; but though suffering privations to which she has been but little accustomed to submit, she endures without complaint. By and by he is broken for some unofficer-like conduct; and after his disgrace she accompanies him to the sea-side, where her mother, now a widow, and her sister live together, very much straitened; and there, to fill up the measure of her annoyances, her husband speedily seduces her sister. The first intelligence she has of the fact is from himself, when, in a burst of repentance and misery, he solicits her protection for her sister, now on the eve of becoming a mother. This, though cut to the soul, she grants, and withdraws with her, though at the hazard of her own character, to a distance, during her confinement. Returning, she is fixed in her purpose of separating from her worthless husband, but want of

money prevents the execution; and they continue to live in the same house—he occasionally intriguing with a servant, and she suffering new annoyances. By chance she hears of pensions given to the widows of distinguished men, and especially the favourites of the prince, and she makes her application through many of her old acquaintance. These, however, all prove fair-weather friends, and her petition itself was perhaps never presented; for some reason or other, she makes no direct appeal. A friend at last is met with, to whom she is able to confide her reasons for separation, and who offers an asylum, to which, with an allowance of fifty pounds a year from her husband, she retires, and endeavours to turn her talents for drawing to advantage. Her residence here, was the last ray of sunshine—her health, long deeply shaken, at length gave way, till she lost the use of her limbs; and being suddenly summoned to see her mother before she dies, she quits her retreat, and she and her mother, nearly together, quit the scene; leaving the sister to mourn over the premature death to which she had contributed to bring her lovely relative.

The other tale, entitled *Lord Amesfort's Family*, opens with a family portrait—a lady in ill-health, with a son just rising into manhood, a daughter of sixteen or seventeen, and another two or three years younger. They are all the gate of the castle (Lord Amesfort's), when the youth takes leave of his friends. He is forthwith conducted to a splendid apartment, where a number of magnificent people are assembling before dinner. Lord Amesfort welcomes him with kindness, and coldly introduces him, as his ward, to his lady and his nephew, neither of whom scarcely take any notice of him. But Adolphus is of a cast and character not readily to be confounded. He has been well bred, and used to good society; he soon makes his way, and is quickly a great favourite with the countess, and Lord De Colmar, his guardian's nephew. Though exceedingly proud and reserved, the earl is evidently very much interested about Adolphus, and symptoms of mystery are apparent enough. Nothing, however, is elicited yet. In a few days, being presented by his guardian with a commission in the Guards, he goes to town, accompanied by De Colmar, who is also in the army. The young men are now sworn friends. Among the first events is a chance meeting, at the Opera, between his sister Emily and De Colmar, who falls, forthwith, desperately in love with her, and is only withheld from declaring his passion by the remonstrances of Adolphus, who thinks him too young. De Colmar is, however, nearly of age, and then he resolves to communicate with his guardian, and marry, in spite of all opposition.

Scarcely had he reached the castle, with this resolve, when he is ordered with his

regiment abroad, and Adolphus is summoned to pass a few days with him before he quits England. De Colmar visits Emily to take leave, but though making the state of his affections manifest enough to the young lady, says nothing. Adolphus remains at the castle, and the countess and he become exceedingly intimate; a fall, which puts the lady to some pain, elicits a sudden expression of their mutual feelings; but luckily, by the presence and prudence of a young Minerva, the lady's friend, no harm follows, and he is induced to leave the castle, and return to his duties in town.

Very soon, news arrives of De Colmar—he is wounded, and returns home. Adolphus, to his amazement, hears nothing from him. He is going, it is reported, to marry somebody's widow. Adolphus at last meets him by chance, but gets no explanation. While distressed and anxious about his sister, whose affections he has reason to fear are fixed on De Colmar, he attends a sick friend, catches a fever, and after a very serious illness, on recovering from his delirium, he finds himself, he knows not how, in the castle, and under the countess's personal care. Their fond attachments now break out, almost uncontrollably; Lord Amesfort is in the North; and just as Lady Amesfort has come to the resolution of renouncing her home, and name, and respectability, by the exertions of the young Minerva, who had before saved her, her purpose is interrupted by the presence of Lord Amesfort, who, to prevent extremities, is finally driven to avow himself the father of Adolphus. Distracted at this intelligence, he suddenly seizes Lord Amesfort's son, a child of five or six years old, and flies with him to the continent; where, without an object, except that of killing time, and smothering his humbled feelings (he is a bastard), he continues a considerable time, suffering sundry mortifications from his suspicious position in society.

In the meanwhile, by a series of judicious attentions, Lord Amesfort reconciles the countess to herself—soothes her feelings, and finally, what he had never done before, attaches her affections. Young De Colmar too, who had been withheld from prosecuting his marriage, on the ground of Emily's illegitimacy—which accounted also for his mystery with the brother—at length gets the better of his prejudices and offers his hand; but Emily has a worm within—she has been struck to the heart by the desertion of De Colmar, and especially by the cause, and the same blow also levels the poor mother; and both of them die. The final scene between De Colmar and Emily is very striking. Lord Amesfort had seduced his cousin, or rather they had seduced each other; the act of imprudence was committed; he offered reparation, which she, in a sort of Eloisa enthusiasm, refused—forgave—was happy—she was but a girl, and not very well taught, or able

to measure effects. They lived abroad, till friends interfered, and he was persuaded to abandon her—to marry legitimately, and live respectably. He did so, but the remembrance of Emily embittered every feeling. She pined and lingered, till at last her daughter's disappointment from her imprudence, added the final pang, and reduced her to a state of idiocy. The surviving parties are made very comfortable. Lady Amesfort loves her husband, Adolphus marries Minerva, and De Colmar, Emily's youngest sister.

Letters from the West, by Hon. Judge Hall, 1828.—This is neither historical nor tourical, but a gossiping book of anything and everything American, though chiefly relative to the settlements in the west. The author commences a series of letters from Pittsburgh, and continues them as he drifts and rows down the Ohio, as far as Shawnee—noticing the incidents of his passage, which are nothing at all, and the scenery and the sailors; but for the most part expatiating upon any thing that presents itself to his recollection—some things, perhaps, picked up on the spot, connected with the first settlers of those far off regions. Though not incapable of serious discussion, his pages are full of flippancy, according very little with our notions of the gravity of a 'Judge'—fitter, indeed, for a youth of eighteen or twenty—eternally talking of 'female charms,' eyes, and ankles, and of poetry, confining his notions of poetry, as thousands besides, to babbling brooks and green fields. With England he has no acquaintance but from books, and American books; and judges of the notions Englishmen entertain of Americans, by such writers as Fearon, and others of his unlicked class—busying himself with rebutting the invidious remarks of these gentry, and the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and getting often very angry, and committing flagrantly the very offences he thinks he is castigating. The taste, indeed, of the whole book is of the worst description; he is a common quoter, which is almost next to a common swearer—tells broad caricature stories, and concludes, because America has made great advances, nothing can be better.

Accounting to his correspondent for the motives of his tour to the west, he asks, "Who has not heard of the antiquities of the west?"

When we are told of the *Great Valley*, whose noble rivers, stretching in every direction from the distant mountains, poured their waters into the bosom of the *Father of Streams*; and of the rich bottoms, extensive prairies, and gigantic forests of the West, we could smile at what we believed to be simple exaggeration. But when we heard of caverns, extending horizontally for miles, and exhibiting traces of former inhabitants, of immense mausoleums filled with human bones, some of them of a dwarfish size, indicating the former existence of a pigmy race—of the skele-

tons of gigantic brutes—of metallic ornaments, warlike implements, and earthen utensils, found buried in the soil—of the vestiges of temples and fortifications—in short, of the many remains of a civilized population, we were inclined to consider them as gross impostures. Yet these curiosities actually exist, as well as others of equal interest.

Of all these wonderful matters, however, the reader will hear no more.

Pittsburgh is entirely a new creation—the chief seat of the iron factories—the magnificent scenery of which he is never weary of describing:—

But the prospect which the good people of Pittsburgh consider as most lovely “to soul and to eye,” is to be found on the northern face of Coal-hill. The yawning caverns which here display their hideous mouths, would have been celebrated among the ancients as the abodes of unpropitious deities; the less classical citizens have peopled them with spirits of sterner stuff—have made them mines of inexhaustible wealth, and drawn from them the materials of substantial comfort. Not only this hill, but the whole of the surrounding country, is full of coal of excellent quality, which is found in immense strata, lying almost invariably upon one and the same level. It contains a large proportion of sulphur, and is hard, heavy, and of a deep shining black colour; it is easily ignited, and produces an intense heat; but is very dirty, emits immense volumes of smoke, and throws up an unusual quantity of cinders and dust. These latter fill the atmosphere, and are continually falling in showers, to the great terror of strangers and sojourners, and with manifest injury to the dresses of the ladies, and the white hands of eastern gentlemen. From this cause, every thing in Pittsburgh wears a sombre hue; even the snow as it falls brings with it particles of cinder; and loses its purity by the connexion. But the people are now so used to the black and midnight appearance of the objects in their city, as scarcely to be aware of its inconvenience; so that I once heard a lady exclaim, on witnessing a snow storm out of town, “La! what white snow!”

The men, it seems, are not very ‘polished or urbane;’ but the sweetness and affability of the ladies have beauty and grace enough ‘to decorate a ball room to great advantage.’ Indeed he has seldom seen finer displays of female loveliness—in defiance of the filth too.

But Pittsburgh is, besides, the chief depository for goods destined for the western country. They come chiefly from Baltimore and Philadelphia, in waggons, carrying about forty or fifty hundred weight—four thousand in a year; but this very profitable monopoly it is soon likely to lose—indeed has already begun to lose, from the unwise economy of the Philadelphians, who have kept and left the road in a state barely passable. The river, again, is not always equally navigable up to Pittsburgh. New York and Maryland have, accordingly, detected an opening for their own advantage; the first has projected, for the purpose, a grand canal from the Hudson to the Lakes; and the Marylanders, prompted by the west-

ern states, have nearly completed the great ‘national turnpike,’ as they call it, from Cumberland Fort, on a branch of the Potomac, to Wheeling, in Virginia, on the Ohio, but many miles lower down the stream than Pittsburgh; and this road is intended, it seems, to be carried into the Ohio state, as far as Zanesville. Pittsburgh, therefore, so far as its prosperity depends on the traffic to the west, must soon succumb to Wheeling, unless the Pennsylvanians bestir themselves more than they have yet done, and the river between Pittsburgh and Wheeling be cleaned and rendered more uniformly navigable.

It is worth a voyage down the Ohio, the author says, to pass the rapids:—

They are two miles in length, with a descent of twenty-two feet and a half in that distance, and are formed by ledges of rock, which extend quite across the river. The current is said to have an average velocity of thirteen miles an hour, which of course is increased or diminished by high or low water.

As you approach the head of the rapids, the mighty stream rolls on in a smooth unbroken sheet, increasing in velocity as you advance. The business of preparation creates a sense of impending danger; the pilot, stationed on the deck, assumes command; a firm and skilful helmsman guides the boat; the oars, strongly manned, are vigorously plied to give the vessel a momentum greater than that of the current; without which the helm would be inefficient. The utmost silence prevails among the crew; but the ear is stunned with the sound of rushing waters; and the sight of waves dashing, and foaming, and whirling among the rocks and eddies below, is grand and fearful. The boat advances with inconceivable rapidity to the head of the channel—“takes the Chute”^{*}—and seems no longer manageable among the angry currents, whose foam dashes upon her deck, but in a few moments she emerges from their power, and rides again in serene waters.

“The French have left some curious names in Missouri,” he says, “and some curious corruptions have followed. *La Femme Osage*, the Osage Woman—*Misere*, Misery—*Creve Cœur*, Broken Heart—*Vuide Poche*, Empty Pocket—*Bôis Brulé*, Burnt Wood, which the Americans pronounce *Bob Ruby*—*Côte sans Dessein*, which you,” says the author, “may translate for yourself. I should call it *Accidental Hill*, which is justified by the appearance of the place. It is an eminence,” he adds, and we hope the reader will understand it—“on a hill, without a valley, and which looks as if it did not belong to the place, but had dropt there by accident.” A creek, called *Dordon Eye*, took its name from an Indian chief, noted for his vigilance, and to whom the French gave the name of *Dor d’un Œil*. A small stream in Illinois has the very strange name of *Bumpaw*, from *Bonpas*—and that from *Bonne Passe*.

^{*} The word is evidently French—the author struggles hard for a pun—the boat, he says, *shoots* like an arrow.

The judge—we hope upon good evidence—tells a story of a miraculous escape near Shawnee, occurring some ten or twelve years ago, of a man, who fell into an ambush of Indians, and was shot through the body—a ball also passing through the breast of his horse, and coming out between the shoulders. Behind the passage was completely blocked up, and before him a deep miry creek, with high precipitous banks. Giving the rein and the spur to his horse, he trusted to Providence, as he calls it; and down the horse plunged, rose from the mud, and up the banks, and bore his rider through the thick and bushy forest, till he (the rider we mean), fainted and fell and still went till he was six miles from the scene of the disaster. The course was carefully tracked—he had leaped about twenty feet to the surface of the river—had broken through the ice in the middle, and had climbed up an almost perpendicular bank on the other side; and all, as he adds, with a heavy burden on his back, and wounded in a vital part, and that, according to persons who understood gun-shot wounds, where nine out of ten would have died instantly. All which is about as probable, perhaps, as the story of the traveller, which he himself gives, quizzingly, to illustrate the state of the Ohio roads:—

A weary way-farer, who journeyed through Ohio a few years ago, illustrated his remarks upon the badness of the roads, by relating the following *curious fact*. He was floundering through the mire, as many an honest gentleman flounders through life, getting along with difficulty, but still getting along; sometimes wading to the saddle-girth in water, sometimes clambering over logs, and occasionally plunged in a quagmire. While carefully picking his way by a spot more miry than the rest, he espied a man's hat, a very creditable beaver, lying with the crown upwards in the mud, and as he approached, was not a little startled to see it *move*. This happened in a dismal swamp, where the cypress waved its melancholy branches over the dark soil and the frogs croaked as mournfully as they did of old, under the reign of King Stork, and as incessantly as if an influenza had invaded their borders; and our traveller's flesh began to creep at beholding a hat move without the agency of a head. "When the brains are out the head will die," thought he, "and when the head is out, the hat, by the same rule, should receive its *quietus*. Not being very superstitious, and determined to penetrate the mystery, the solitary rider checked his nag, and extending his long whip, fairly upset the hat—when, lo! beneath it appeared a man's head, not

"The ghastly form,
The lip pale, quivering, and the beamless eye,
No more with ardour bright;"

but a living, laughing head, by which our inquisitive traveller heard himself saluted with, "Hullo, stranger! who told you to knock my hat off?" The person thus addressed was so utterly astonished as not to be able for a moment to understand that the apparition was no other than a fellow-creature up to the neck in the mire; but

he no sooner came to this conclusion than he promptly apologized for the indecorum of which he had been guilty, and tendered his services to the gentleman in the mud puddle. "I will alight," said he, "and endeavour to draw you forth." "Oh, never mind," said the other, "I'm in rather a *bad fix*, it is true, but I have an excellent horse under me, who has carried me through many a worse place than this—we shall get along."

Here is a fair hit at *national vanity*, though nobody of common-sense depreciates the real advantages of American freedom:—

If a foreigner, in passing through our country, grasps at every occasion to make invidious comparisons, sneering at its population, manners, and institutions, and extolling those of his own native land, nothing is said of *national vanity*. When it was determined in England to tear the "striped bunting" from the mast-heads of our "fir-built frigates," and to sweep the Yankee cock-boats from the ocean, "no *national vanity* was displayed at all; when the very Review in question (Edinburgh) tell us that England is the bulwark of religion, the arbiter of the fates of kingdoms, the last refuge of freedom, there is no *national vanity* in the business—not a spice. But if a plain backwoodsman ventures to praise his own country, because he finds all his wants supplied, and his rights defended, while he is not pestered with tax-gatherers and excisemen, is not devoured by fox-hunting priests, pensioners, and paupers, sees no dragoons galloping about his cottage, and is allowed to vote for whom he pleases to represent him—all of which he has good reason to believe is ordered differently in another country—this is a "*disgusting display of national vanity*." If he ventures to exhibit a shattered limb, or a breast covered with scars, and to tell that he received these honourable scars in defence of his native land, on an occasion when the "*best troops in the world*" fled before the valour of undisciplined freemen, led by a Jackson or a Brown this is *very disgusting*.

The fact is, that English travellers, and English people in general, who come among us, forget that the rest of the world are not as credulous and gullible as themselves; and are continually attempting to impose fictions upon us, which we refuse to credit. They seem not to be aware that we are a reading people, and would convince us that they are a wise, valiant, and virtuous people, beloved and respected by all the world, while we are an ignorant idle set of boobies, for whom nobody cares a farthing. They tell us how happy and comfortable every body is in England, and what a poor, forlorn, forsaken, miserable set we are, who have had the misfortune to be born in a new country, and never saw a king, a lord, or a hangman. One of them told me that he had never heard of the battle of New Orleans, until he came to America several years after it was fought, and that the British nation had hardly ever heard of the war with America. Now, when we refuse to credit these things, and flatly deny them, as we often do, we are set down as a conceited, vain people, who presume to think for ourselves, and to believe that we know something, when a prating renegade or a venal reviewer shall pronounce us fools. John Bull forgets that his own vanity is a source of merriment with the rest of the world.

Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci, Edited by T. Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols., 8vo. ; 1829.—These are memoirs merely *pour servir*—a chaos of notes and documents relative to Leopold of Tuscany—the Jesuits—the Roman See—and Scipio de Ricci, a Tuscan bishop. To be readable, they must first be reduced to something like order. Nothing can exceed the confusion, the absolute and intolerable contempt of method, in the whole book. The narrative—even when the reader has succeeded in picking it out—is incomplete to a vexatious degree, and is suspended and broken by matters which no way concern the bishop.

A great fuss has been made about these memoirs on the continent, but a glance has convinced us they will attract very little attention here. Ricci was no reformer, in the English popular and comprehensive sense, politically or ecclesiastically—a disciplinarian merely episcopal. He was a very honest, right-minded man to the extent of his intelligence, but as superstitious and prejudiced, as a good Catholic must necessarily be. But as to questioning the doctrines of the Church of Rome, or the foundations of its authority, he never so much as dreamt of such a thing. He got into wrangles with the Court of Rome, and was stiff in maintaining his opinions, but not because he deemed the papacy usurpation, but its ministers careless and corrupt. In his diocese he found abuses, and he resolved to reform them, and, certainly in what came specifically under his jurisdiction, he was not of a character to flinch from what he considered his duty. The measures he adopted were of the thorough-going kind; but a doubt may well cross our minds, in looking over these documents, whether he was not, like many other men, who are eager to sweep clean, at once the dupe and tool of others. The abuses were, generally, relative to nuns and friars—neither nuns nor friars were without enemies—the Grand Duke had an eye to their endowments—courtiers were thirsting—the bishop was capacious of belief—every story was welcomed. He was taught to believe friars were salt as monkeys, and nuns, universally, their victims or their lemans—music, dancing, plays and farces, drunkenness and gluttony by day and by night—men and women *lassati non satiati*. Some communications from nuns of different convents are quoted, and bear on the face of them the marks of malice and mortification. They charge universal profligacy, and in the same breath speak of manoeuvres and cunning contrivances to accomplish secret purposes.

Though himself, in principle, a Jansenist, and of course opposed to the Jesuits, he had been educated at their institutions, and was even connected by family relationship with the last general of the order—though he did not, according to the heading of one of the chapters, inherit his wealth—for the

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poor general, it seems, had nothing to leave, and had even lost the two and twenty thousand masses, to which, as general of the Jesuits, he was officially entitled on his death. The property inherited by Ricci was that of a brother of the general's, a canon of Florence. Of a staid and serious cast, unambitious and withdrawing, Ricci, for a long time, refused the preferments family interest could have insured him; but, in 1780, then nearly forty years of age, he was prevailed upon to accept the Bishopric of Prato and Pistoia. At this period Leopold was zealously pushing his reforms. The views of the prince and the bishop, though in no respect ultimately the same, occasionally concurred in the measures employed to effect them. Leopold's object was, doubtless, to be his own Pope, and the destruction of convents and monasteries was a favourite point with him. The bishop, on discovering, or being assured of the existence of unbounded profligacy in these institutions, was ready to repress, or even suppress; and thus, first in this respect, and, by degrees, in others, the bishop, in appearance, became the great agent, and most effective instrument of the prince.

But to break up the foundations of the Roman authority was never in his thoughts. In spite of himself, however, and surely to his own amazement, he was involved in frequent dispute with the Court of Rome, not only by acts, of which he was the real author and adviser, but those into which he was precipitated by the rashness or cunning of others. Two powerful orders he almost immediately made his implacable foes—the Jesuits and Dominicans. The first, by resisting the new worship of the Sacred Heart—a contrivance of the Jesuits to keep them together by a common bond; and the second, by exposing the corruptions of the friars of that order, and especially by excluding them from confessing the nuns. In Leopold's plans for promoting a more general education in all classes, he was the zealous agent and seconder, without probably seeing the tendency of his labours. For general education seems something very like general unsettling. We have no notion education—such as deserves the name—can be forced. The effects, everywhere visible, produced by forcing, are such as no sane man would wish to sanction—misplaced ambition—relaxation of manners and morals—insolence—insubordination—disunion in families, &c.

The nuns were as restive as the friars—some of them avowed the principles of atheism, and justified the indulgence of their passions—while others insisted on their old confessions. The good bishop complained to the Pope, and avowed his suspicions, that the monks alone were the cause of so much obstinacy on the part of the nuns.—“Can you doubt it?” said Pius VI., giving utterance at the same time to violent invectives against the general of the

Dominicans. But the Dominicans soon bestirred themselves, and the Pope quickly surprised Ricci with a brief, in which he declared that he himself would not have dared to conceive such suspicions against the most holy order of the Dominicans. Still Leopold upheld the bishop, at least for the furtherance of his own views, till, by the death of his brother Joseph, he, in 1790, became Emperor. His departure was followed by a general outbreak against Ricci; and even when the Emperor returned in the following year to Florence, Ricci could never recover his ground—the Emperor himself had cooled—the French Revolution had alarmed him; and though he treated Ricci still with distinction, he himself begged him to resign his bishopric.

We have no space to trace his after course minutely. Before the French took possession of Tuscany, in 1800, he was persecuted almost to death by his personal enemies, who had got things in their own hands. For after the battle of Trebia, and Tuscany was again occupied by the Austrians, and the old enemies of the Tuscan reforms had again the upper hand, Ricci was quickly thrown into prison, and sustained the most intolerable treatment till the return of the French in 1800. Still persecution, though of a milder kind, followed, nor did his enemies desist till they had driven or beguiled him into concessions, and reconciled him to the Holy See by confession of error.

Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, by John Howell; 1829.—As the person, whose adventures are said to have suggested to Daniel de Foe his memorable romance of Robinson Crusoe, Selkirk is naturally an object of curiosity. The first notice found of him is in 1711, in the Englishman, one of Steel's periodicals. Steel had seen and conversed with him, and moralizes upon his story after his not very profound fashion. "This plain man's story," says he, "is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities, and he that goes further in his desires, increases his wants in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own (Selkirk's) expression, I am now worth £800; but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing." The materials of his little volume, Mr. Howell has gathered from "Voyages to the South Sea," published by Dampier, Rogers, and Cook, and partly from family tradition—a great nephew of Selkirk's being now a teacher in Cannon-mills, a village near Edinburgh, who inherits the relics of his ancestor, consisting of a chest, a flip-can, and a staff, and which he carefully preserves. By this person Mr. Howell was conducted over Selkirk's favourite spots in his native village of Largo, in Fife, and all the family papers were thrown open to his researches. Mr. Howell is known to the public as the

Editor of the *Journal of a Soldier of the 78th*, and the *Adventures of John Nichol*, mariner, but more advantageously as the author of an essay on the *War Gallies of the Ancients*, noticed by us some time ago, as by far the happiest solution of that puzzling question.

Of Selkirk, after all Mr. Howell's industry, little is known, and that little of less importance. It cannot detract an atom even from the *originality* of De Foe's inimitable conceptions. The son of a fisherman, Selkirk's inclinations naturally lent to the sea; and, being a seventh son, he was more indulged than his brothers by a fond and foolish mother, and thus neither his temper nor his actions were disciplined to the usual sobriety of the peasants around him. When he first went to sea is not ascertained; but before 1703—he was then twenty-seven years of age—he must have been in the South Seas; for in that year he was appointed sailing-master to one of two ships, fitted out for privateering, under the command of Dampier—a man not at all likely to appoint a raw sailor to so responsible a post. Though a good seaman, Dampier was headstrong and violent, and quarrelled with most of his officers. Mutinies were frequent—intemperance, desertion, and expulsion, till Selkirk came to the resolution of demanding to be left on some island; and about the end of September, 1704, he was landed on the island of Juan de Fernandez. The delight with which he stepped on shore was speedily checked by the retreating of the vessel, and the coming consciousness of his solitary position—he rushed into the water, and implored to be taken in again; but he was cursed for a mutinous rascal, and left unceremoniously to his fate.

For days and days he could not bear to quit the shore for a moment; despair seized him—he was on the point of suicide; but the lingering lessons of religious instruction withheld him, and the thoughts thus suggested, verifying and reinvigorating, brought him to feelings of resignation, and finally cheered him to endurance. He now turned his attention to the securing of accommodation; he built a hut, and caught goats, and tamed them, laming them to keep them within bounds; and being annoyed by rats, he at last succeeded in catching some wild cats, whom—when the rats were routed—he taught to dance, and divert him. Much of his time was spent in acts of devotion. The constant exercise he was compelled to take for procuring food, and the temperate and regular life he led, increased his bodily powers prodigiously—till, indeed, he could run down the strongest goat, and tossing it over his shoulder, carry it with ease to his hut. Events were of course few and far between—he had no man Friday—once he fell down a precipice in pursuing a goat, where, by the increase of the moon, he calculated he must have lain senseless three

days; and once a Spanish vessel came to the coast, and some of the crew landing, and catching a glance, shot after him; but by climbing a tree, he eluded pursuit. Had he been captured, murder, or imprisonment for life, he knew, was inevitable.

At last, in January 1709, about four years and four months from his first landing, two English vessels bore in sight, on board of one of which was Dampier, now only sailing master; and Selkirk, finding Dampier had no command, willingly went on board, and served in the expedition, till the vessels returned in 1711, by which he gained £800.

He now re-visited his native Largo, where his father and mother were still alive. There he indulged in the solitary habits contracted in the island; and spent whole days sitting on a crag, which overlooked the waters, or roaming in a boat along the shores, till finally he met with a young girl, who was tending a single cow, and seemed as lonely as himself. An acquaintance commenced between them, and in a few days, to avoid the opposition probably of his friends, or their rude mirth and coarse raillery, he persuaded her to elope with him to London. From this period nothing was known of him by his friends till his death in 1723, when a second widow appeared to claim her husband's share of some paternal property. His first wife, it appeared by the papers produced, a power of attorney and a will, died before 1720; and he himself died a lieutenant on board His Majesty's ship Weymouth.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Maritime Colonies of British America, by J. McGregor; 1829.—This will prove an acceptable volume, for, unless they have escaped us, there is a singular dearth of books relative to these regions. Of the author we know nothing; but he professes to give the results of personal observation, or the best authority: and certainly the contents, the general style and tone of the whole, is well calculated to conciliate confidence. He dedicates to Sir George Murray, and dates from Foxteth Park—Roscoe's residence, near Liverpool—and so we may conclude him to be respectable; and as to any political bias or colonial prejudice, nothing is very observable. It is, in short, a book of information, and just what the chimney-corner man desires to have at hand.

The colonies described are Prince Edward Island—Cape Breton—Nova Scotia—New Brunswick, and Newfoundland.—Prince Edward is the most minutely detailed—the author apparently being more intimately acquainted with it than with the rest. Of this he speaks in very favourable terms. The soil is generally good—scarcely an acre of it uncultivable—almost wholly flat, or only varied by such gentle swells as are almost indispensable for successful culti-

vation. Its extent is about 140 miles by 34, and divided into 67 townships, of 20,000 acres each; the whole of which is, we believe, appropriated, but very large tracts are still in the rudest state.

Though originally discovered by Cabot, under English auspices, the island was neither occupied nor claimed by the English. Within a few years it was re-discovered by the French, and by them, though not till 1663, granted to a single individual, in vassalage to a French Company; but settlements were generally discouraged in favour of Cape Breton, so much so, that, in 1758, when it surrendered to the British, not more than 10,000 persons were upon the island. Since that period it has been in our hands. The population has been augmented by considerable accessions of Scotch, Irish, and English; and, in 1778, was honoured with a representative government. By an act of the Colonial Legislature, the name was changed from St. John to Prince Edward—in compliment to the late Duke of Kent, then commander of the forces in the colonies.

What may be the amount of the existing population does not appear, nor what the number of French descendants. There are about 4,000 Acadian French from Nova Scotia, who retain, with a kind of religious feeling, the dress and habits of their ancestors; "nor have they," says Mr. G., "at all times received the kindest treatment from their neighbours." The industry of the wives and daughters is wonderful; they are at work during the spring and harvest on their farms; they cook and wash, make their husbands' as well as their own clothes; they spin, knit, and weave, and are scarcely an hour idle during their lives.

These Acadian women dress nearly in the same way as the Bavarian broom-girls. On Sundays their clothes and linen look extremely clean and neat; and they wear over their shoulders a small blue cloth cloak, reaching only half way down the body, and generally fastened at the breast with a brass brooch. On week-days they are more carelessly dressed, and usually wear sabots (wooden shoes). The men dress in round blue cloth jackets, with strait collars and metal buttons set close together; blue or scarlet waistcoats and blue trowsers. Among all the Acadians, on Prince Edward's Island, I never knew but one person who had the hardihood to dress differently from what they call *notre facon*. On one occasion he ventured to put on an English coat, and he has never since, even among his relations, been called by his proper name, Joseph Gallant, which has been supplanted by that of Joe Peacock.

Belfast is now in a state of considerable prosperity. This region, from the period of the surrender of the island, was almost wholly unoccupied, till Lord Selkirk's colonists were established upon it.

In 1803, says Mr. Macgregor, the late enterprising Earl of Selkirk arrived on the island with 800 emigrants, whom he settled along the front of the townships that now contain these flourishing

settlements. His Lordship brought his colony from the Highlands and isles of Scotland; and by the convenience of the tenures under which he gave them lands, and by persevering industry on their part, these people have arrived at more comfort and happiness than they ever experienced before. The soil in this district is excellent; the inhabitants are all in easy circumstances, and their number has increased from 800 to nearly 3,000.

CAPE BRETON contains 500,000 cultivable acres. The population does not amount to more than 17, or 18,000, chiefly depending on the fisheries. Mr. M'G. thinks the colony neglected. It is capable of supporting perhaps 300,000.—To Great Britain its possession is of the greatest importance.

The naval power of the French began to decline from the time they were driven out of the fisheries; and the Americans of the United States would consider Cape Breton a boon more valuable to them as a nation than any of our West India islands would be. Did they but once obtain it as a fishing station, their navy would in a few years, I fear, have sufficient physical strength to cope with any power in Europe, not even excepting England. Let not the British nation, therefore, lose sight of this colony.

The extent of cultivable ground in NOVA SCOTIA is at least five millions, and a large proportion is still in the hands of government. The population amounts to about 120 or 130,000. "*Slavery*," says the author, "does not exist in Nova Scotia; but there are 1,500 free negroes assembled here from the West Indies and United States, and some natives." Every facility has been afforded to these people by the government, at a settlement laid out for them a few miles from Halifax, but they are still in a state of miserable poverty—the cause perplexes the writer. Lord Dalhousie's exertions in this colony are highly extolled—he is represented as governing here to the entire satisfaction of the colony—unlucky as he has been in Canada. Halifax is a very smart place. "The state of society," says the writer, "is highly respectable, and contains more well-dressed and respectable looking persons than any town of its size in England. The officers of the army and navy mix with the merchants and gentlemen of the learned professions, and *thus* the first class of society is doubtless more refined than might otherwise be expected. The style of living, the hours of entertainment, and the fashions, are the same as in England. Dress is *fully* as much attended to as in London; and many of the fashionable sprigs, who exhibit themselves in the streets of Halifax, might, even in Bond Street, be said to have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of dandyism."

The population of NEW BRUNSWICK is at least 80,000. The crown holds between two and three millions of acres, and grants to settlers, in common soccage, reserving a quit rent of two shillings per hundred acres. The fire of Miramichi, in 1825, is repre-

sented as the most dreadful conflagration that ever occurred. It spread over a hundred miles of country.

It appears that the woods had been, on both sides of the N.W. branch of the St. John's, partially on fire for some time, but not to an alarming extent, till the 7th of October, when it came on to blow furiously from the N.W., and the inhabitants on the banks of the river were suddenly alarmed by a tremendous roaring in the woods, resembling the incessant rolling of thunder; while at the same time, the atmosphere became thickly darkened with smoke. They had scarcely time to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon before all the surrounding woods appeared in one vast blaze, the flames ascending more than a hundred feet above the tops of the loftiest trees, and the fire, like a gulf in flames, rolling forward with inconceivable celerity. In less than an hour Douglstown and Newcastle were enveloped in one vast blaze, and many of the wretched inhabitants, unable to escape, perished in the midst of this terrible fire. Numbers were lost in lumbering parties.

NEWFOUNDLAND, though first discovered, is the least known. A Mr. Cormack, of St. John's, has done what no other European ever attempted, crossed the island—"a most arduous and perilous undertaking, when one considers," says Mr. M'G., "the rugged and broken configuration of the country." Bad as the climate may be, Mr. M'G. thinks it calumniated. There is not so much ice as on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, nor so much fog as at Cape Breton. Nowhere do the inhabitants enjoy better health. The population amounts to about 90,000, with some few natives, a few families of Micmacs, Mountaineers, and Boethics (Red Indians). The country, on the whole, resembles very much the Western Highlands of Scotland, and will produce whatever will grow on them. The fisheries the author longs to monopolize. The Americans employ 1,800 or 2,000 schooners, of 60 to 120 tons, manned with 3,000 (that is, at the most, one man and a half each). "Nothing," says he, "could be more unwise than to allow either the French or Americans to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence—it is a *Mediterranean*, bounded by our colonies, and those powers had neither right nor pretence to its shores or its fisheries."

Generally, the writer considers these colonies as of far higher importance than the West India islands—especially with reference to emigration.—

The soil, climate, and productions, adopt them for the support of as great a population as any country on earth; and in this respect are infinitely more valuable than any of our other possessions. New Holland and Van Dieman's Land may be considered an exception; but the distance of these countries from England will be for ever an important objection to them.

First Steps to Astronomy and Geography; 1828.—That elementary books multiply is no evil, but a positive advantage—except in the eyes of those who

grudge expense in necessities, to make displays in superfluities—it is a positive advantage, we say, if it be granted that benefit is at all accomplished by communication—for every new elementary book is, in some respect or other, it may be safely affirmed, better than its predecessor. The last compiler has the opportunity, and of course takes it, of making use of the labours of those who preceded him in his particular line, and of renouncing the bad. The great compelling motive for the new attempt is the correction of mistakes—the perception of some improvement—the expansion of some pursuit—some sagacious suggestion, or some happy facility; and as in all communication, the plainest and readiest mode is the point of perfection, and this can only be attained by successive attempts—we repeat it, new elementary books are no evil; and no rational person will lament the pitiful loss incurred by giving up a bad book for a good one, or a good book for a better.

With this conviction upon us, we gladly take every opportunity of pointing our reader's attention to new works of this kind; and we have never with more pleasure or confidence recommended any thing of the kind than we now do these *First Steps to Astronomy and Geography*—published by Hatchard. It is the production of a lady—the writer of a well received volume of *Conversations on Botany*, and does her infinite credit. If the neatness and simplicity of Mrs. Marriott's conversations recommended them to the instructors of young people, the volume, before us, is, on the same grounds, entitled to the same warm and welcome reception. It is well calculated to be popular in schools, and with governesses. A little contrivance, a sort of ocular illustration of the sphericity of the earth, is well imagined—a ship, with all her sails set, is made to revolve on the circumference of a circle, shewing distinctly *why* the sails come first in sight, and the hull last—as they are actually observed to do. The *Geography* consists of a light and lively sketch of the divisions of the globe; but which, in a second edition—which it will undoubtedly reach—will require a little revision—some of the many changes of the last twenty years are not noticed; and it is desirable that things of this kind should be brought up to the latest date.

The Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; by John Hind, M. A.—Analytic geometry has been so long and so successfully cultivated in France, while in this country it has but so very recently formed a branch of education, that it is not to be expected the elementary works we possess on the subject should bear any comparison with those of our neighbours. Yet this is not altogether the case; and Woodhouse's *Trigonometry* will fairly compete with any similar treatise which Europe can boast. *Longo proximus intervallo* appears

the present work. Mr. Hind seems to have written exclusively for the students of the university of which he is a member. But as we do not consider the system of instruction pursued at Cambridge the best calculated to advance mathematical knowledge, we can say very little in favour of the work in question, but must enter our most vehement protest against the introduction of innumerable questions to exercise the ingenuity of the learner, when neither the method nor the result is given of their solution.

Analytic Physiology; by Samuel Hood, M.D. — At a time when the press teems with ill-written volumes on medical subjects; when every youthful candidate for the honours and emoluments of his profession, deems it necessary to advertise himself to the public as an author, whether he have a single new fact or observation of the slightest importance to communicate, or not; when medical men are condemned to winnow a few grains of information from the appalling mass of dulness, ignorance, and misstatement, with which they are beset, quarterly, monthly, and weekly, in countless periodicals; we hail a work which professes to present us, in a small compass, with the most important facts in physical science, and to deduce from them rational principles of medical practice. Our author, if we may judge from his preface, appears to consider himself a discoverer; to think that he has made a grand step in medical science; and that, while the profession at large are wandering in the night of prejudice, and are held in subjection by the authority of obsolete theorists, he alone has applied the lights of modern physiology to medical practice, and, in an especial manner, to the improvement of the treatment of nervous diseases. We know not what may be the doctrines taught in the schools in the other parts of our island; but, accustomed as we are in London to the rapid diffusion of knowledge, through the medium of the press, and knowing that every physiological and medical fact of importance is, by some of our more enlightened teachers, communicated to their respective classes, often within a few hours after their publication, we cannot repress a smile when we are told of the “physiology of the schools,” and fancy we hear the language of a former age. Without for a moment desiring to withhold from our author the praise which is due to his fair pretensions, or doubting that many of his views are, relatively to himself, original, we feel, from the candour which we think we discern in his pages, that we shall have his forgiveness, when we express our belief that we have found *more than* “some crude vestiges of most of his theories in the records of medicine.” The most remarkable feature in Mr. Hood's practice is the formation of successive eschars with nitrate of silver or lunar caustic, in the course of the spine. We cannot suppose that he is not aware of

the frequent, we may even say routine practice of treating some nervous diseases—paraplegia, for example, by external applications to the spine; and among them, caustic issues made with nitrate of silver: and we would beg leave to refer him to the records of some of our hospitals for information as to the extent to which physiological principles are made the basis of medical practice. We should, however, do our author injustice if we hesitated to express our conviction, that no one will be found to dispute his claim to originality in his theory of the mode in which the external application of nitrate of silver acts on the animal economy, as hinted at in p. 20, where, after stating the well-known analogy between galvanism, electricity, and the caloric pro-

cess, he proceeds to observe, that, “diluted nitric acid is the most effectual mean of augmenting the caloric of a galvanic trough. Combined with the oxide of silver, or diluted with water, it is also the most effectual means of augmenting animal heat, when externally applied.” It would give us real pain if we thought that any of our readers would infer, from the remarks which we have felt ourselves called upon to make, that we wish to depreciate the labours of an ingenious physician, for whose talents we entertain much respect. This is so far from being the case, that we have much pleasure in assuring our professional friends, that they will find many ingenuous hints in our author’s work, which we unhesitatingly recommend to their attentive perusal.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Organic Defects.—We have always felt pleasure in communicating to the public any inventions which, either from their ingenuity, or from the advantages which could be derived from them, were raised above the class of mere scientific conundrums; and lately have been much interested in the perusal of a practical work on the deficiencies of the palate, nose, lips, &c. which has been published by Mr. Snell, an intelligent and scientific dentist in Baker Street. The subject has been illustrated by researches, which extend back to the fifteenth century, detailing the various contrivances invented by different artists, many indeed of the most entertaining description, and closing this part of the work with the most approved constructions for supplying these unfortunate deficiencies, among which are a considerable number invented by himself, which display not only great medical talent in their adaptation, but a very correct knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the organs of deglutition and speech, which they are intended to relieve. With the surgical contents of this book we have nothing to do; but having taken the liberty, in consequence of the perusal of it, to ask permission to inspect his cabinet, we feel that we are conferring a real benefit upon a numerous class of sufferers, as well as doing simple justice to an able man, in detailing his merits to the public.

Paper Linen.—A new invention called *papier linge* has lately attracted much attention in Paris. It consists of a paper made closely to resemble damask and other linen, not only to the eye, but even to the touch. The articles are used for every purpose to which linen is applicable, except those requiring much strength and durability. The price is low—a napkin costs only five or six centimes, about a halfpenny; and, when dirty, they are taken back at half price. A good-sized table-cloth sells for a franc, tenpence; and a roll of paper, with one or two

colours for papering rooms, or for bed curtains, may be had for the same price. The French have a strange fancy for paper things. Two or three years ago paper clocks were all the rage—novelty, perhaps, was their principal recommendation; but their performance was extremely good.

Mouth Harmonicon.—A most enchanting little musical instrument, to which this name has been applied, has been imported into this country, and is for sale by Mr. Weiss, the very ingenious cutler in the Strand. It produces modulated chords by the action of the breath, similar to the tones from an Eolian harp when struck sharply by the wind, or like the distant fall of military music, or a blast of fairy trumpets. The tones are variable; from the lightest echo, to a swelling strain; and they have that metallic sound which is the characteristic of martial music. It approaches nearest to the music of the Celestina. In size it is very little larger than a crown-piece, and the manner of playing it is extremely simple; so much so, that any one, however unacquainted with it, can produce the most perfect chords. In short, this instrument is to music what the kaleidoscope is to painting. It has been, as was to be expected, pirated in this country. We have inspected the imitation; and though an apparatus has been constructed of greater pretension, it is totally destitute of the simplicity, and wants the mellowness of tone so remarkable in the former instrument—we therefore withhold the name of its inventor.

The Steam-Engine.—England, exulting in the perfection to which she has brought the steam-engine, has habitually claimed, while others have blindly conceded to her the priority of invention. An eminent French philosopher, the astronomer royal, M. Arago, has recently investigated the subject. The result of his inquiries for which alone we can find room, is as follows:—

A.D. 1615. Salomon de Caus is the first

who thought of employing the elastic force of aqueous vapour in the construction of an hydraulic machine suited to effect exhaustion.

1690. Papin imagined the possibility of making an aqueous steam machine with a piston.

1690. Papin first combined in the same steam machine with a piston, the elastic force of the vapour, with the property belonging to this vapour of being precipitated by cold.

1705. Newcomen, Cawley, and Savary first perceived that to effect a rapid condensation of the aqueous vapour it was necessary that the water should be injected in drops into the vapour itself.

1769. Watt shewed the immense economical advantages resulting from condensing the vapour in a separate vessel instead of in the body of the cylinder.

1769. Watt first pointed out the signal improvement of using the steam expansively.

1690. Papin first proposed a steam-engine for turning an axle or a wheel, and suggested a method of producing this effect. Previous to him, steam-engines had been regarded as fit only to be employed as exhausting machines.

1690. Papin suggested the first double steam-engine, but having two cylinders.

1769. Watt invented the first double machine with only one cylinder.

Previous to 1710, Papin had thought of the first high-pressure steam-engine without condensation.

1724. Leupold described the first machine of this kind with a piston.

1801. The first high-pressure locomotive engines are due to Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian.

1690. Papin must be considered the first projector of steam-boats. (We may also add, that the invention of steam-guns belongs to Papin. As what is the digester which killed poor Naldi to be reckoned?) Of the principal parts which compose a steam-engine.

1718. Beighton invented the plug-frame, the apparatus for opening and shutting the valves in the large machines.

1758. Fitzgerald first employed a fly-wheel to regulate the rotatory motion communicated to an axle by a steam-engine.

1778. Washbrough employed the crank to transform the rectilinear movement of the piston into a rotatory one.

1784. Watt invented the jointed parallelogram for producing a parallel motion.

1784. Watt applied to his different machines, with great advantage, the centrifugal regulator, previously known.

1801. Murray described and executed the first sliding valves moved by an eccentric.

Before 1710, Papin invented the four way-cock, of such great importance in the high-pressure engines.

1682. Papin invented the safety-valve.

Of the above conclusions, so totally different from those hitherto received, we have only

to say, they rest on the indisputable evidence of printed works.

Antidote to Poisonous Mushrooms.—Whenever a fungus is pleasant in flavour and odour, it may be considered wholesome; if, on the contrary, it have an offensive smell, a bitter, astringent, or styptic taste, or even if it leave an unpleasant flavour in the mouth, it should not be considered fit for food. *The colour, figure, and texture of these vegetables, do not afford any character on which we can safely rely.* But, in general, those should be suspected which grow in caverns and subterraneous passages, on animal matter undergoing putrefaction, as well as those whose flesh is soft or watery. All edible species should be thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, as this greatly lessens the injurious effects produced by the poisons. When, however, this dangerous mistake has been made, vomiting should be excited immediately, and then the vegetable acids should be given, such as vinegar, lemon, or apple juice; after which, to stop the excessive bilious vomiting, antispasmodic remedies should be exhibited. Infusion of gall nuts, oak and Peruvian bark, are recommended, as capable of neutralizing the poison. Spirit of wine and vinegar extract some part of their poison, and tanning matter decomposes the greatest part of it.

Steam Navigation to India.—The government of the Netherlands has ordered the immediate construction of a larger steam-vessel than has hitherto swam the ocean. It is to be 250 feet in length, to have three decks, four masts, and a bowsprit, and steam-engine power equal to 300 horses, and to cost 800,000 Dutch florins. This monstrous vessel is to draw but 16 feet water when laden, and 10 feet unladen. The object of the government is to facilitate the intercourse between Holland and the Dutch East Indies; and it is calculated that about 40 days will be sufficient for the voyage, which may be effected with the consumption of about 2,400,000 pounds of mineral coal.—*Asiatic Journal.* The cost appears to be about £71,700 sterling, if the florin mentioned be that which is equal to about one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny, English money.

Artificial Diamonds.—We mentioned, a short time since, the attempts of an experienced French chemist to produce crystals of pure carbon, and his failure.—Since that time, M. Gannal has communicated the result of his researches, as the action of phosphorus in contact with the carburet of pure sulphur. This gentleman having to prepare a great quantity of carburet of sulphur, conceived the idea of separating the sulphur from this compound body, and thus to obtain pure carbon. For this purpose he employed phosphorus, which he perceived by combining with the sulphur, the carbon was disengaged in the form of small crystals, possessed of all the properties of the diamond, and in par-

ticular of that of scratching the hardest bodies. The details of the experiment are as follow:—If several sticks of phosphorus be introduced into a matrass containing carburet of sulphur, covered with water, the moment the phosphorus comes in contact with the carburet, it melts as if it were plunged into water, having the temperature of 60 or 70 degrees of the centigrade scale, and, becoming liquid, it unites to the lower part of the matrass. The whole mass is then divided into three distinct strata—the first formed of pure water, the second of carburet of sulphur, the third of liquefied phosphorus: if, then, the vessel be shaken, so that these different substances become mixed together, the liquor becomes turbid and milky, and, after resting for some time, it separates again, but only into two strata—the upper one formed of pure water, the lower one of the phosphorus and the sulphur; and there may be observed, between the stratum of water and that of the phosphorus and sulphur, a very thin layer of a white powder, which when the matrass is exposed to the rays of the sun, displays prismatic colours, and which consequently appears to be formed of a multitude of small crystals. M. Gannal, encouraged by this experiment, endeavoured to obtain larger crystals, and has succeeded. He introduced into a matrass, placed in a perfectly quiet situation, at first eight ounces of water, then eight ounces of carburet of sulphur, and the same quantity of phosphorus. As in the former experiment, the phosphorus was at first liquefied, and the three liquids arranged themselves according to their specific gravities. After twenty-four hours, there was found, between the stratum of water and that of the carburet of sulphur, an extremely thin pellicule of white powder, which contained some few bubbles of air, and different centres of crystallization, some formed by needles and extremely thin laminae, and the others by stars. At the end of some days, this pellicule gradually increased in thickness. At the same time, the separation of the two inferior liquids became less well defined, and, after three months, they appeared to form only one and the same substance. Another month was allowed to elapse, but no farther change took place; and a method of separating the crystallized substance from the phosphorus and the sulphur, was then investigated, but, on account of the inflammability of the mixture, great difficulties were met with here. After many attempts, more or less unsuccessful, M. Gannal resolved to filter the whole through some chamois leather, which he then placed under a glass bell, in which he occasionally removed the air. At the end of a month, as this skin might be handled without inconvenience, it was folded up again, washed, and dried; and then this ingenious philosopher could examine the crystallized substance which remained upon it. Exposed to the solar ray, this substance presented to him numerous crystals, reflect-

ing all the colours of the rainbow. Twenty of these were sufficiently large to be taken up with the point of a knife: three others were of the size of a grain of millet. The last three being put into the hands of an experienced jeweller, appeared to him real diamonds. They have since been submitted to the Institute of France, whose decision upon the subject we shall not fail to make known.

Fossil Turtle.—Another of those interesting productions of nature, the fossil organic remains of a sea-turtle, has been discovered, and is now in the possession of Mr. Deck, of Cambridge. It is imbedded in a mass of septaria, weighing upwards of a hundred and fifty pounds, with two fine specimens of fossil wood, and exhibits, in a most perfect state, this singular animal of a former world, once undoubtedly an inhabitant of our shores. It was obtained in dredging for cement-stone, about five miles from Harwich, in three fathoms water, and as a mass of stone, been used for some time as a stepping block, from which humble station it was accidentally removed, by its present possessor, for the admiration of the virtuosi.

Friction of Screws and Screw-Presses.—An examination of the friction in screws, having their threads of various forms, has led a French engineer to this very important conclusion—that the friction in screws with square threads is, to that of equal screws with triangular threads, as 2·30 to 4·78, proving a very important advantage of the former over the latter, relative to the loss of power incurred in both by friction.

To render Platinum malleable.—The only paper of any consequence which has been communicated to the Royal Society, during the present session, is one by the late Dr. Wollaston, on a method of rendering platinum malleable; and the details of the process, which, from long experience, he regards as the most effectual for the purpose, are as follow:—When the platinum is purified by solution in aqua regia and precipitation with sal ammoniac, sufficient care is seldom taken to avoid dissolving the iridium contained in the ore by due dilution of the solvent. The digestion should be continued for three or four days with a heat which ought gradually to be raised, and the fine pulverulent ore of iridium allowed to subside completely, before the sal ammoniac is added. The yellow precipitate thus obtained, after being well washed and pressed, must be heated with the utmost caution, so as to expel the sal ammoniac; but, at the same time, produce as little cohesion as possible among the particles of platinum. It is then to be reduced to powder, first by rubbing between the hands, and next by grinding the coarser parts in a wooden mortar, with a wooden pestle, because the friction with any harder surface would, by producing burnished surfaces, render them incapable of being welded together by heat. The

whole is then to be well washed in clean water.—In this process, the mechanical diffusion through water is made to answer the same purposes as liquefaction by heat in the case of other metals—the earthy impurities being carried to the surface by their superior lightness, and the effect of fluxes being accomplished by the solvent powers of water. The grey precipitate of platinum being thus obtained, in the form of a uniform mud or pulp, is now ready for casting, which is effected by compression in a mould formed of a brass barrel, six inches and a half long, and turned rather taper within, so as to facilitate the extraction of the ingot when formed. The platinum is first subjected to partial compression by the hand with a wooden plug, so as to expel the greater part of the water. It is then placed horizontally in an iron press, constructed so as to give great mechanical advantage to the power applied to produce compression. The cake of platinum is then to be heated to redness by a charcoal fire, in order to drive off all the remaining moisture—afterwards subjected to the more intense heat of a wind furnace—and, lastly, struck, with certain precautions, while hot, with a heavy hammer, so as effectually to close the metal. The ingot thus obtained may, like that of any other metal, be reduced by the processes of heating and forging to any other form that may be required: it may then be flattened into leaf, drawn into wire, or submitted to any of the processes of which the most ductile metals

are capable. The perfection of the above method of giving complete malleability to platinum, is proved by comparing the specific gravity of a fine wire of that metal obtained by this process, which is found to be 21.5 with that of a similar wire drawn from a button, which had been completely fused, by the late Dr. Clarke, with an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, and which the author ascertained was only 21.16. A farther proof of the excellence of the method employed by Dr. Wollaston is derived from the great tenacity of the platinum thus obtained, as determined by a comparison of the weights required to break wires made of this metal so prepared, and similar wire of gold and of iron. These weights he found to be, in the proportion of the numbers, 590—500 and 600 respectively.

Boring for Water.—Among the various discoveries and improvements that have lately taken place, none have been more conducive to the general benefit of mankind, than the plan now adopted of procuring water by boring to the main spring, the success of which is certain, and the results thence arising are known to be advantageous. We have so frequently heard of the failure of this process, in consequence of its being undertaken by inexperienced operators, that we are glad to make known the names of the engineers who introduced the practice into this country, and by whom it has been carried on with the greatest success, Messrs. Goode, of Plough Court, Lombard Street.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities.—In the absence of more imposing and popular novelties in Fine Arts, we have much pleasure in directing the public attention to a work under the above title, two numbers of which have already appeared, and the whole of which (to be completed in six numbers) promises to supply a fund of interesting matter not inferior in value and variety to the numerous publications of a somewhat similar nature which had previously gratified and instructed the lover of picturesque antiquity, and of architectural beauty and curiosity, from the same source. We have had occasion to notice, with commendation, some of Mr. Britton's previous undertakings in illustrations of the architectural and antiquarian riches of our island, but have not hitherto been able to give them that detailed attention which their comparative interest and importance seem to claim for them.

The object of Mr. Britton's new work is in some measure, but not fully, explained by the title—"Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities." It is intended as supplementary to and illustrative of a most interesting work edited by Mr. Britton some M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VII. No. 38.

time ago, entitled "Views of the English Cities," the drawings for which were so charmingly executed by Mr. Robson. The present work is intended to include all the minor features which the nature of the other work precluded from introduction: such as the ancient bars, gates, posterns, sally-ports, ruins of towers, dungeon keeps, city walls, remains of churches, castles, mansions, &c. &c.; in short, every thing connected with our English cities, which unites in itself the two characteristics of picturesqueness and antiquity.—Each number of the work is to include an average of from nine to twelve highly-finished engravings, besides wood-cuts of minor subjects, which latter are to be introduced into the page of the letter-press that is to accompany the illustrations.

Portraits of the Female Nobility in La Belle Assemblée.—In looking on one, in particular, of the portraits which form part of the embellishments of *La Belle Assemblée* for *January and February*, 1829, we cannot help exclaiming, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum!* which we will, on this occasion, interpret, "Let justice be done, even though in doing it we hold up to admiration the

merits of a rival magazine!"—a thing, we opine, as yet unheard of in the annals of periodical criticism. The truth is, that the art of pictorial embellishment has reached a height to which it never approached in former times; and its comparative cheapness is no less noticeable than its other merits. We have here two portraits, each of which would be cheap at the price of the whole publication of which it forms the frontispiece merely. That of the Duchess of Northumberland is executed with great care, and the likeness has that individuality about it which almost proves it a resemblance. But the portrait of the Marchioness Wellesley is really an exquisite, and, in its way, a perfectly faultless work of art. There is no part about it that has not

truth, force, and delicacy, each in a high degree, and the whole mingled together with singular taste and spirit. There is a brilliant precision in the character of the face; the flesh, of the left arm in particular, is alive and warm; the dress is admirably discriminated in its details; and the landscape back-ground is delightfully tender and tasteful. Among the many excellent portraits of our English beauties, which this work has presented to the world, we cannot help looking upon this as the very best and most striking. The painter is Mr. Robertson, and the engraver Mr. Dean, who should congratulate himself when he has such paintings to engrave from.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Genealogies of the present resident Families of each County, by Mr. Berry, Author of the *Encyclopædia of Heraldica*, to begin with Kent and Sussex.

A Treatise on Hydrostatics, by the Rev. H. Thomeley, B.A. of St. John's College, Cambridge.

What must I do to be saved? by the Rev. Richard Warner.

The publishers of *The Boy's Own Boy*, have nearly ready, *The Young Lady's Book*, a novel and elegant volume, highly embellished, devoted to the most favourite pursuits and recreations of young ladies.

The Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman, by a Barrister.

An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year 1819, by John Hughes, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford, illustrated by views from the drawings of De Wint, and engraved in the line manner.

Holiday Dreams, or Light Reading in Poetry and Prose, by Isabel Hill, Author of *The Poet's Child*, &c.

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The Rev. S. Wix has a Volume of Sermons on the Beatitudes and the Lord's Prayer, in the press.

A Plain and Short History of England, for Children, in Letters from a Father to his Son. By the Editor of the Cottager's Monthly Visitor.

Mr. Atherstone will publish the remaining portion of his poem of the Siege of Nineveh, in the course of March.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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History of the Peninsular War. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d. boards.

The Modern History of England. Part II.—Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. By Sharon Turner. 4to. £2. 1s. boards.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIEUT. COLONEL WILLIAM DICKSON.

This distinguished officer, (commanding the 7th regiment Bengal cavalry, at Kernal, in the upper provinces,) was in the 47th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the late Thomas Dickson, Esq. of Southampton; and, by his mother's side, descended from Colonel Gardiner, whose confessions are well known, and who was killed at the head of his regiment at the battle of Preston Pans, in 1745. Colonel Dickson entered the army in 1802, and has all his life been in the active service of his country in the East Indies. He was noticed by Lord Lake for his gallant conduct in the campaigns of that General, and was twice severely wounded. For several years afterwards, the management of one of the principal stud departments was entrusted to his superintendence. His merits as a cavalry officer were well known and appreciated by government; and, a very

few months before his death, the highest eulogiums were passed on his meritorious conduct, and on the discipline of his regiment, by Lord Combermere. His death was suddenly produced by a violent fever, which cut short his career, just as he was on the eve of returning to his family in England, having completed his period of service, and earned an honourable retirement. This is the third brother who has fallen in the military service of the East India Company, either on the field of battle, or from the effects of the climate; and his mother, who now survives him, at a very advanced age, has only one of her large family to soothe her declining age, (the present Peter Dickson, Esq. of Southampton). Colonel Dickson was married at a very early age, and has left a widow and several children, who are, we believe, in England. He was a man of very consider-

able literary attainments, and of a cheerful disposition, temperate in his habits, a strict disciplinarian, but conciliatory and kind to those under his command; a warm and zealous friend, and an indulgent and affectionate husband and father. His remains were interred with the highest military honours, the day after his death, the General commanding the station, and the troops, all attending the funeral.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

The Right Honourable Robert Banks Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, Baron Hawkesbury, of Hawkesbury, in the county of Gloucester, and a Baronet, K.G., late First Lord of the Treasury, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, Constable of Dover Castle, Warden, Keeper, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, a Governor of the Charter-House, an Official Trustee of the British Museum, Elder Master of the Trinity-House, and High Steward of Kingston, in the County of Surry, &c., was born on the 7th of June, 1770. His lordship's ancestors were settled, a century and a half ago, at Walcot, near Charlebury, in Oxfordshire. His great-grandfather, Sir Robert Jenkinson, Bart., married a wealthy heiress of Bromley, in Kent; his grandfather, who was a colonel in the army, resided at South Lawn Lodge, in Wychwood Forest; and his father, Sir Charles Jenkinson, Bart., created Baron Hawkesbury, and afterwards Earl of Liverpool, was first known in public life as Secretary to the Earl of Bute, in 1761. He afterwards filled some of the highest political offices in the country.

The late Earl's mother, who died in the month succeeding his birth, was Amelia, daughter of William Watts, Esq., Governor of Fort William, Bengal. He was placed, at a very early age, at an academy at Parson's Green, Fulham; whence, after making considerable proficiency in the classics, he was removed to the Charter-House, where also his father had been educated; and, from the Charter-House, he was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford. There he was distinguished amongst his associates—of whom the late Mr. Canning was one—rather for assiduous attention to his studies than for those shewy qualities which frequently gain for young men a premature and unsound reputation for talent. Political economy is understood to have been the leading object of his attention.

Mr. Jenkinson was at Paris, in 1789, at the very time when the Bastille was destroyed. He is said to have been an eyewitness of many of the most horrible crimes which were at that time perpetrated. Attentively watching the progress of the Revolution, he conveyed much important information to Mr. Pitt upon the subject.

After his return to England, in 1790, he was elected M.P. for the borough of Rye, twelve months before the attainment of his

majority. The interval between the period of his election and that of his taking his seat, in 1791, he employed in a continental tour. His maiden speech was delivered in opposition to the resolutions of Mr. Whitbread, respecting the war between the Empress of Russia and the Ottoman Porte. His speech was distinguished by a profound knowledge of the subject, force of argument, and perspicuity of language.—In 1793, Mr. Jenkinson was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Affairs of India; in 1794, he was made Commander of the Cinque Ports' Cavalry; and, in 1796, he was appointed Master of the Mint, made a Privy Councillor, and named one of the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations. On the retirement of Mr. Pitt, in 1804, he succeeded Lord Grenville, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and, when Mr. Pitt returned to office, in 1804, on the renewal of the war, he quitted the Foreign for the Home office.

On the 21st of August, 1806, in his father's life-time, Mr. Jenkinson was summoned, by writ, to the House of Peers, as Baron Hawkesbury. When Mr. Pitt died, a few months before, he respectfully declined the offer of the premiership; and, unable to retain office under Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox, he resigned. However, though in many points an opponent of ministers, he supported the war. When Mr. Pitt's friends returned to power, in the following year, Lord Hawkesbury resumed his former station, still declining to take upon himself any higher office. On the death of the Duke of Portland, the nominal head of the ministry, in 1809, Mr. Perceval, the efficient chief, still finding Lord Hawkesbury (the death of whose father had just made him Earl of Liverpool) averse to the premiership, united in his own person the two offices of Lord High Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Earl of Liverpool then became Secretary of State for the War Department.—The deplored assassination of Mr. Perceval, in 1812, left the ministry in so disjointed a state, that Lord Liverpool yielded to the request of the Prince Regent, to place himself at its head. This was deemed a fortunate event for the country; the unimpeachable integrity, high honour, and eminent moral worth of his lordship, stamping respectability on the cabinet, and inspiring foreign as well as domestic confidence. It would be a waste of time to follow the Noble Lord in his political career. To his lasting credit, as a statesman, he conducted the most arduous war in which this country had ever been engaged, to an honourable, successful, and triumphant close. Perhaps the most difficult task which he ever had to perform, was that of introducing and carrying forward the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, in 1820. His conduct was distinguished by temperance; but there are yet many who consider that, by abandoning the Bill—prob-

bly through a weakness of nerve—he failed in performing an act of justice to his Sovereign.

The noble Earl continued to hold the high office of Premier of England until 1827. On the 17th of February, in that year, his lordship was attacked by a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never recovered. So strong, however, were the hopes of his recovery, and so anxious was his Majesty that he might be enabled to resume the functions of his office, that the premiership was not transferred to Mr. Canning, who had regarded himself as his successor, till the 10th of April. His lordship remained until the period of his death—which took place on Thursday, the 4th of December, 1828—in a state incapable of discharging any public duty, and seldom able to hold intercourse even with his nearest friends. His death, however, at Coombe Wood, was sudden and unexpected; as, for some time previously, his lordship had been in rather better health than usual. His remains were, on the Monday following, removed to the family vault at Hawkesbury, in Gloucestershire. The funeral ceremony was of an unostentatious character. A handsome mourning hearse, drawn by six horses, preceded by mutes bearing the coronet and the armorial distinctions of the deceased, was followed by three mourning-coaches and six, containing the domestics of his lordship's establishment; then came his lordship's own carriage, followed by those of his brother and the Marquis of Bristol; afterwards, that of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who, unsolicited, paid this mark of respect to his deceased neighbour. The carriages of Viscount Sidmouth, and C. N. Pallmer, Esq., M.P., closed the procession.

Of the Earl of Liverpool's political character, it can hardly be necessary to speak. His information was extensive, varied, and solid; his abilities were rather sound than splendid; his judgment was perhaps more remarkable for its accuracy than for its acuteness. In private life, his lordship, distinguished by benevolence, charity, and every amiable quality, was universally beloved. He was twice married: first, in 1795, to Lady Theodosia Louisa Hervey, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Bristol; secondly, in 1822, to Miss Chester, the daughter of a clergyman long since deceased, and sister of Sir Robert Chester. His first Countess died in 1821; his second survives him. Dying without issue, his lordship is succeeded by his half-brother, Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson, the son of the first earl, by his second wife, daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, of Parham, in the county of Sussex, Bart., and widow of Sir Charles Cope, of Orton Longueville, Bart. The present nobleman was, some time since, Under Secretary in the Colonial and War Department.

THE REV. DR. NICOLL.

The Rev. Alexander Nicoll, D.D., one of the Canons of Christ Church Oxford, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in that University, was born in 1793. He was a native of Aberdeenshire: his parents, humble in their walk of life, were eminently respectable in character. Educated at the college of Aberdeen, he was, by the kindness of the late Bishop Skinner, sent to Oxford, at the early age of fifteen, and elected to an exhibition in Baliol College. There, but for his constitutional shyness, he would have obtained the honours of first class degree, in both classics and mathematics; but, failing in that object, he took pupils, with one of whom he some time travelled. Weary of that mode of life, however, he settled in Oxford, where he obtained the appointment of under librarian in the Bodleian Library. There, availing himself of the vast treasure of oriental manuscripts, chiefly uncatalogued, he made himself complete master of the Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Syrian, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and various other eastern dialects. He drew up and published a catalogue of the manuscripts brought from the East by Dr. E. D. Clarke; and he entered upon the Herculean labour of completing the general catalogue of the oriental manuscripts in the Bodleian Library—more than thirty thousand in number—which had been commenced a century before by Uri, the celebrated Hungarian. This procured for Mr. Nicoll, a splendid literary reputation throughout Europe. In the course of his frequent visits to the continent, he had examined every great collection of oriental manuscripts in this quarter of the world. His correspondence with foreign *literati* was conducted principally in Latin; but he also spoke and wrote, with ease and accuracy, French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, and Rumanian.

On Dr. Lawrence's promotion to the See of Cashel, Dr. Nicoll, through the unsolicited influence of the late Earl of Liverpool, succeeded to the Hebrew chair at Oxford; a promotion which changed his situation in life from £200 a year to nearly £2,000; and from an under librarian of the Bodleian Library, he took rank, as Regius Professor, and as Canon of Christ Church, to the first dignities of the University. This event occurred in the summer of 1822.

Dr. Nicoll's unremitting exertions proved too much for a frame not originally vigorous; and an inflammation in the *trachea* carried him off suddenly, at Oxford, on the 24th of September. Dr. Nicoll was twice married; first to a Danish lady, who died suddenly, in 1815; and, some years afterwards, to Sophia, daughter of the Rev. J. Parsons, the learned editor of the Oxford Septuagint. The latter lady, and one daughter, survive.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE most important relative topic is the FROST—and it is gone ; in all probability not to return during the present season. It was ardently and impatiently desired by the whole country, not only as most congenial and salubrious in our *climature*, as Marshall would say, were he living, but for especial and most important purposes in our agricultural system—the natural draining and moulding of our heavy lands, rendering them friable and culturable, checking inordinate luxuriance in the wheat plant, changing myriads of slugs and insectite vermin into a manure, instead of a devouring plague ; and surely last of all, compelling the farmer to take his stock home to the fold, that they might eat up his superabundance of fodder and of hay, lest he should, like Midas, be surfeited and undone by the excess of that, which he had so eagerly coveted and sedulously stored up. Thus the world wags ; we are at one time overburthened with that which at another time we are exerting ourselves *velis et remis, omnibus nervis*, to obtain, and are at last probably and sorrowfully compelled to go without. The frost in our county, commencing on the 17th, continued nine days, acting very beneficially in the respects above stated. With respect to slugs, grubs, and wire-worms, we have ourselves formerly tried lime, and the nonsense of turning flocks of ducks upon the wheat, without any perceptible benefit ; the vermin would yet remain through the spring, unless destroyed by severe frost. The only remedy in our power, is heavy rolling, *early* and frequent, in order to crush and destroy the *ova* of the marauders, and so practice the noble cure of prevention. A month's continuance of the frost, would have been of immense benefit to the lands, wherever there is any depth of soil. It has been said that wheat, after fallow, is never slugged ; the land then, must have been well and frequently heavy rolled.

Until the commencement of the frost, live stock, in general, were abroad and doing remarkably well, excepting that the tread of heavy cattle was mischievous upon wet and tender soils ; and that sheep at turnips on such soils were much in want of shelter during the high winds. In fact, unless upon the best lands, the turnip has been running away fast, the bulb losing its size and substance, and retaining very small power of nutrition. Of this tribe the *rutabaga*, or Swedish turnip, alone can be depended on, in either moist or frosty seasons ; and we submit to those flock and stock masters, who have a sufficient breadth of grass land, whether it would not be to their interest, to confine their culture of the common roots to the Swedish turnip and Mangold, with the caution, however, that the latter be not brought into use until it shall have passed through its *sweating* process, as several accidents came under our notice in the late autumn, of cattle blown, and dangerously affected by the too early use of that root. Generally, its use should not commence until about the present time. Considerable stock farmers, whose turnips have failed, allow their sheep full feeds of corn, oats, and beans. Such a process continued, will no doubt clap two or three stone upon the backs of the sheep ; and as a valuable addition, will so enrich the manure, as to have permanent effects on the land. Generally, however, never has live stock been maintained better, and at less expence, than during the present season. This fortunate abundance of keep, will have the effect of preventing flesh meat from rising to any exorbitant price in the spring, since it has compelled all who had it in their power to provide stock to graze their lands ; and the common sense of the present Ministry, to do them justice, by that well timed national measure, passing the corn bill, have secured a similar advantage in the still more important article, BREAD. A considerable supply of flour is expected from the *us flaminica*. There is little variation in the price of flesh meat, fat or lean stock ; the latter still held too dear to return a profit to the feeder ; store pigs, indeed, are quoted still higher ; and by the invariable scarcity and high price, through such a number of years, an occurrence unprecedented in former days, it is obvious that the national stock and breed is upon too limited a scale. Our musical farmers prefer the lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep, to the grunting of *nasty* pigs. Fat hogs are worth about sixpence per lb. in the distant counties. It is universally expected that the fall of lambs in the spring will be uncommonly large, from the favourable circumstance of the ewes having been so fully fed during the autumn and winter.

Wheat, besides being a most extensive crop, is almost universally, a strong and good plant, upon the best lands, fully tillered and stooled, no material damage having yet occurred ; the same may be said of winter tares, clover, and seeds of every description ; but the last year's seeds were a defective crop, with the exception of hop-clover or trefoil. Clover and sainfoin, though considerable in bulk, are yet poorly in seed, whether as to quantity or quality. The lands are generally in great forwardness, and ready for the seed furrow. The short interval of frost was employed in carting manure or mending roads. Fine malting barley is very scarce, and must be dearer ; the crop having been large, it may be supposed the inferior surplus will be used, to some extent, in the country, as horse-feeds, which will have considerable effect in moderating the excessive import of oats. Hay and fodder of all kinds

declining in price. It is remarked, that wheat and barley only, are dearer at the present, than at the same period in 1827; all other farm produce cheaper. Hops dull of sale, with no prospect of a rising market. This article has long been a deceptive one to the speculator, showing that the annual growth and quantity on hand, have far exceeded the general opinion. Wool scarcely need be mentioned, but for the purpose of remarking, that with respect to fine, if our flock masters will not grow fine wool, they ought not to expect a fine price, nor be so unreasonable as to expect legislative compulsion in their favour. From Scotland, as usual, we receive the most favourable accounts, and the fewest complaints, from the cultivators of the soil, and from the labourers. It may be, perhaps, a useful and profitable question for us to ask ourselves in the south—why is this so?

Smithfield.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 5s. 0d.—Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 5s. 2d. to 5s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 7d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 92s.—Barley, 27s. to 42s.—Oats, 15s. to 32s.—Bread, London 4 lb. fine loaf, 1s.—Hay 50s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 105s.—Straw 30s. to 38s.

Coals in the Pool, 35s. 6d. to 42s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, January 26th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGARS.—THE demand for Muscavadoes has continued general and extensive; the estimated sales of last week were 300 hogsheads; the good and the fine sold at rather higher rates; the low browns were more inquired after, on account of the scarcity of good sugars; but no improvement of the prices could be stated, as the holders met the demand freely, on account of their being so long neglected, and the great proportion of stock being of soft low brown descriptions. The refined market continued to attract attention last week; the sales of fine goods were on an extensive scale, and the low goods for export were nearly cleared of the market. Several sales of crushed were reported. Bastards were in great demand, and were 2s. higher. Molasses, dull.—*Foreign Sugars.* There have been several arrivals of Havannah and Brazil sugars lately, but none are reported.—*East-India Sugars.* There are inquiries after good Mauritius sugars, but few are offering in the market; the crop is reported to be late, and nearly one-third less than last year. In Bengal sugars no sales are reported.—*West-India Molasses.* There are no sales of any extent to report.

COFFEE.—There was a slight improvement in the demand and in the prices of Coffee last week. A large parcel of Brazil descriptions, old to fine old, sold at 34s. 6d. @ 37. 6d.; and, afterwards, a large proportion were sold at the advance of 1s. per cwt. The inquiries after Coffee by private contract considerably revived last week; and, if the holders had met the demand at the market prices, the transactions would have been extensive. A small portion of good old St. Domingo was made at 37s. 6d.

TALLOW.—The demand for Tallow was brisk and extensive last week, but the request yesterday and this forenoon is not so general; the prices are a shade lower. In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Antwerp, 12. 2.—Hamburgh 13. 11½.—Paris, 25. 35.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 37½.—Cadiz, 37½.—Bilboa, 37½.—Barcelona, 36½.—Seville, 37.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 43.—Genoa, 25.—Venice, 47½.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 120.—Lisbon, 45.—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 27½.—Bahia, 35.—Buenos Ayres, 01.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £3. 16s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 2951.—Coven-try, 1,0801.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½1.—Grand Junction, 2951.—Kennet and Avon, 27¾1.—Leeds and Liverpool, 4601.—Oxford, 7001.—Regent's, 24½1.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 7951.—Warwick and Birmingham, 2551.—London DOCKS (Stock), 85¾1.—West India (Stock), 2001.—East London WATER WORKS, 1171.—Grand Junction, —1.—West Middlesex, 681.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½1.—Globe, 151½1.—Guardian, 231.—Hope Life, 5½1.—Imperial Fire, 1051.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 52½1.—City, 1351.—British, 15 dix.—Leeds, 1951.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of December, 1828, to the 21st of January, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Cork, New Bond-street, silk-mercer.
J. Turner, Hatherleigh, spirit-merchant

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 115.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Brooke, T. Bradley, farmer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)
Brooke, M. Sheepridge, fancy manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield)
Beaumont, J. B. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, common-brewer. (Ewington and Co., Bond-court, Walbrook)
Butcher, J. jun. Coal Exchange, coal-factor. (Rankin and Co., Basinghall-street)
Brewin, T. Melton Mowbray, mercer. (Holme and Co., New Inn; Bishop, Melton Mowbray)
Beckwith, G. Batty-street, Commercial-road, coach-maker. (Horsley, Commercial-road)
Bondley, J. Shelton, earthen-ware manufacturer. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Griffen, Shelton)
Cottrell, J. Pangbourn, luncheon. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Hodges, Wallingford)
Coucher, T. Worcester, victualler. (White, Lincoln's-inn)
Cauty, T. H. H. Pall-Mall, auctioneer. (Ford, Pall-mall)
Carrington, J. Ludgate-hill, linen-draper. (Ewington and Co., Bond-court, Walbrook)
Cooper, W. Nottingham, wine-merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
Casterton, S. Great Yarmouth, brewer. (Butterfield, Gray's-inn; Fisher, Great Yarmouth)
Cardinal, J. Leicester, currier. (Sandome, Dunster-court, Mincing-lane)
Chadwick, T. Crab-Eye, Heap, Lanc., cotton-spinner. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Halsall, Middlesex, near Manchester)
Cooper, S. Newington, builder. (Fisher and Rhodes, Davies-street)
Duffy, W. Spital-square, silk-manufacturer. (Burfoot, Temple)
Dodgson, T. and T. Hartley, Cheap-side, warehousemen. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard, or James, Bucklersbury)
Duncombe, W. Broomsgrove, builder. (Simcox, Birmingham)
Drew, J. Cheltenham, builder. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Rayner and Co., Cheltenham)
Dun, T. Holland-street, engineer. (Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury)
Edwards, W. Derby, bookseller. (James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house)
Ferguson, T. Catterick-bridge, innkeeper. (Williamson, Gray's-inn; Glaister, Bedale, York)
Fox, J. and T. R. Trapps, Church-court, drysalers. (Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostle)
Foster, E. H. Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant. (Scott, St. Mildred's-court)
Ferneley, T. Thrusington, coach-maker. (Emley and Sanger, Temple)
Firth, J. Heckmondwike, merchant. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn; Carr, Gomerall)
Forsyth, J. C. Milk-street, silk-manufacturer. (Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house)
Gibborne, H. P. Manchester, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Heslop, Manchester)
Gordon, L. Westmoreland-place, and Lewisham, black-lead-manufacturer. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
Glover, W. Wood-street, woollen-factor. (Locket, Wilson-street)
Go's, T. Newton Abbot, Devon, mercer. (Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-road)
Gregory, B. Brighton, druggist. (Rose, Essex-street)
Green, G. Little Chester-street, cow-keeper. (Canon, High-street, Marylebone)
Godwin, J. Manchester, flour-dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)
Griggs, R. jun., prisoner for debt in Dover Castle, farmer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Kennett, Dover)
Heale, R. Mincing-lane, grocer. (Pearce and Co., St. swithin's-lane)
Hammond, G. Eye, victualler. (Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Marjotts, Stowmarket)
Hyde, L. Horsley, clothworker. (Beetham and Sons, Freeman's-court)
Haslam, J. Bolton-le-Moors, tripe-dresser. (Hurd and Co., Temple, Fendlebury, Bolton)
Hammerton, J. near Holywell, Flint, wire-maker. (King, Castle-street, Holborn; Oxley, Rotherham)
Holroyd, W. Old Bailey, eating-house keeper. (Kowden and Co., Aldermanbury)
Hetherington, F. St. John-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemonger. (Crowther, Newgate-street)
Hartley, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Brown, Liverpool)
Hodson, R. Camberwell, upholsterer. (Parker, Furnival's-inn)
Higgins, J. jun., Lancaster, scrivener. (Wheeler, Gray's-inn; Robinson, Lancaster)
Jones, M. Brinmawor, Brecon, ironmonger. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol)
King, C. jun., Halesworth, carpenter. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; White and Co., Halesworth)
Keer, W. Southend, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
Kendrick, J. and T. Bruze, Tipton, engineers. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Smith, Walsall)
Leekie, W. Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, insurance-broker. (Oliver and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry)
Lee, J. Leeds, tea-dealer. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds)
Logan, D. Brighton, builder. (Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row; Attree, Brighton)
Lambert, S. North Shields, grocer. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Carr and Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
Lawrence, J. B. Great St. Helens, scrivener. (Vincent, Temple)
Layton, J. Kertish Town, stockbroker. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)
Leighton, T. H. late of Bread-street-hill, and Blyth, Northumberland, chemist. (Plumptree, Temple; Cram, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
Mellor, D. Lane Top, Almondsbury, clothier. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield)
Morrah, M. Worthing, apothecary. (Hillier and Co., Gray's-inn; Tribe, Worthing)
Morley, W. Manchester, factor. (Willis and Co., London, or Wilson, Manchester)
Meyer, H. Red Lion-square, print-seller. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane)
Monson, Honourable Katherine, Cheltenham, builder and hallier. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Strafford and Cox, Cheltenham)
Marshall, J. Vere-street, linen-drapeer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
Middlecoat, W. Walworth, coal-merchant. (Matlock, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury)
Mason, R. Norwich, earthenwareman. (Francis, New Boswell-court; Peart, Great Yarmouth)
McKee, S. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bird, well and Son, Liverpool)
Manger, J. Mount-street, grocer. (Brooke, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
Newton, J. Dillington, joiner. (Holder, Clement's-inn; Walker, Whitehaven)
Nicholson, W. Manchester, broker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Oliver, Manchester)
Orton, R. N. Ashted, scrivener. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Co., Birmingham)
Ostler, S. Helston, grocer. (Brown, Cook's-court, Carey-street)
Prior, R. Hillingdon, chair-maker. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Riches and Co., Uxbridge)
Pound, G. Brudonell-place, New North-road, builder. (Young and Co., Mark-lane)
Puhlman, J. G. Kentish Town, book-seller. (Parker, Furnival's-inn)
Pearson, J. Manchester, flour dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)
Parker, S. Dublin, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Beevan and Co., Bristol)
Pryne, W. Great Scotland-yard, broker. (Venning and Co., Cophall-court)
Powell, H. Boroughbridge, corn-factor. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hirst, Boroughbridge)
Rawlinson, J. King's Cliffe, grocer. (Fildgate and Co., Essex-street; Jackson, Stamford)
Ree, J. Aston, Hereford, dealer. (Fitch, Southwark; Coates and Co., Leominster)
Ruppenthal, E. Pall-Mall, wine-merchant. (King, Bedford-place)
Remington, W., R. Stephenson, D. R. Remington, and J. P. Toulmin,

Lombard-street, bankers. (Barrow and Co., Leadenhall-street.
Rowley, W. G. Leeds, hatter. (Robinson, Fancras-lane, Queen-street.
Rose, F. B. High-street, Southwark, dealer. (Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark.
Rolling, C. Moorgreen, Notts, lace-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hopkinson, Nottingham.
Smith, T. and T. Hall, Wood-street, warehousemen, (Bolton, Austin-Friars.
Swindall, W. Worksop, grocer. (Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Beardshaw, Worksop.
Sands, W. Leeds, tailor. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Bloome and Co., Leeds.
Shiers, T. Huddersfield, wool-stapler. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Stevenson, Holmfirth.
Swanell, W. and J. Harley, Nag's-Head-court, Gracechurch-street, dealers in drugs. (Templar, Great Tower-street.
Spiller, R. Lansdown Mews, Guildford-street, stone mason. (Hall and Co., Salter's hall.
Stratford, W. Tottenham-court-road, cutler. Williams, Alfred-place

Sloper, J. D. Stone-street, shoemaker. (Cairns, Robert-street, Adelphi.
Thomas, J. Burslem, grocer. (Wilson, Inner Temple; Hiliard, Leek.
Trotell, J. Heaton-Norris, iron founder. (Tyler, Temple; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris.
Thomas, R. Piccadilly, livery-stable keeper. (Ford, Pall-Mall.
Thomas, E. and W. Park-lane, horse-dealers. (Stevens, Hatton-garden.
Wright, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Webb, G. and J. Stewart, Threadneedle-street, merchants. (Spurr and Leach, Wamford-court.
Warne, G. Clifton, hotel-keeper. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Corrish and Son, Bristol.
Wood, J. Shoreditch, and Chatham, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.
Woodd, J. Manchester, toy-dealer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Booth, Manchester; Bartlett, Birmingham.
Wildish, W. D. Canterbury, wine-merchant. (Brooks and Co., John-street, Bedford-row.
Watson, G. W. Charles-street, mil-

liner and dress-maker. (Richardson, Golden-square.
Watts, J. Brighton, builder. (Lowe and Son, Southampton Buildings; Evans, Carnarvon.
White ide, J. Whitehaven, merchant. (Falcon, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven.
White, G. Worthing, whitesmith. (Wise, Harpur-street; Edmunds, Worthing.
Whiting, W. Manchester, oil-manufacturer. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place.
Wyatt, T. Hunter-street, Kent-road, flour-factor. (Wright, Little Aylic-street.
Williams, R. Great Surrey-street, piano-forte maker. (Hume and Co., Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Wahurton, W. Harwood-street, Jeweller. (Florence, Regent-street.
Wright, R. Theobald's-road, builder. (Stokes and Co., Cateaton-street.
Wadsworth, A. Sturton-row, Newington, Surrey, chessmonger. (Brown and Co., Mincing-lane.
Yoscal, R. Stockport, victualler. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport.
Young, T. Threadneedle-street, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. L. Townshend, to be Chaplain to St. Philip's, Liverpool.—Rev. L. V. Nernon, to the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, York.—Rev. C. W. Eyre, to the Canonry and Prebend of Strensall.—Rev. J. F. Roberts, to be Chaplain to the Trinity House Chapel, Mile-End.—Very Rev. Dean Greene, to the Precentorship of Connor, and living of Ballemoney.—Rev. W. Hett, to the living of Elkesley, Notts.—Rev. J. R. Inge, to be Chaplain to Earl of Winterton.—Rev. E. Goddard, to the Vicarage of Earham, Sussex.—Rev. T. Best, to the Rectory of East Barkwith, Lincoln.—Rev. B. Gilpin, to the Living of St. Andrew's, Hertford.—Rev. Dr. Fancourt, to the Living of All Saints, Leicester.—Rev. H. Banks, to the Living of Cerolinge, Suffolk.—Rev. Dr. Wilson, to be Rural

Dean, Southampton.—Rev. C. Pitt, to the Vicarage of Malmesbury, Wilts.—Rev. C. Neville, to the Cure of the Chapelry of Hindon, Wilts.—Rev. J. Brasse, to the Lectureship of Enfield.—Rev. J. Buckingham, to the Rectory of Doddiscombe-leigh.—Rev. J. C. Clarke, to the Perpetual Curacy of Fyfield, Berks.—Rev. J. Maingy, to the Perpetual Curacy of Shotwick, Cheshire.—Rev. C. H. Collyns, to the Rectory of Stokeinteignhead, Devon.—Rev. W. Heberden, to the Vicarage of Broadhembury.—Rev. J. J. Lowe, to the Rectory of Fletton, Hants.—Rev. J. Proctor, to be Chaplain to the Royal Military Asylum at Southampton.—Rev. E. P. Henslow, to be Chaplain to the Royal Artillery, Woolwich.—Rev. J. Field, to the Rectory of Braybrooke, Northamptonshire.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

December 23.—His Majesty having taken up his residence at Windsor Castle, received the young Queen of Portugal with the honours due to her rank.

27.—Mr. Rowland Stephenson went off with an immense amount of property, belonging to the firm of Reamington, Stephenson, and Co., bankers, and that house gazetted.

January 3.—Marquis of Anglesea recalled from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland.

—The enclosure of St. James's Park, which has been lately tastefully laid out in gravel walks, and planted with shrubs, thrown open by order of his Majesty, to the public.

5.—State of the revenue published up to this day, announces an increase for the year 1828 of £1,660,647.

6.—First division of the Portuguese troops, 700 in number, sailed from Plymouth, under the command of General Saldanha and Pizarro.

9.—At the half-yearly meeting of the West-India

Dock Company, the directors reported, that in consequence of the increase to the dock accommodations of the port, &c., it would be expedient to reduce the dividend at the next meeting to 8 per cent.

9.—At a meeting of the London Dock Company the Report stated that there had been an excess in the receipts, beyond those of the corresponding half-year of 1827, of about £10,000.

15.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty in Council, of 24 prisoners condemned at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when two were ordered for execution on the 21st instant.

—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

19.—The Marquis of Anglesea quitted the scene of his vice royalty in Ireland, and embarked on board the Pearl, sloop of war, at Kingston, for England.

—The Secretary of State for the Home Department addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor, desiring the concurrence of the Court of Aldermen, in allowing the warrants of the Middlesex magistrates to be acted upon in cases of great

necessity, without waiting to be backed by those of the City, which was refused, on account of its privileges!!!

20.—Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador, suddenly left town for France, after an audience with the ministers.

—The Duke of Wellington appointed to the office of Warden and Keeper of his Majesty's Claque Ports.

21.—Two culprits executed at the Old Bailey.

—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 16 were condemned for death, and 90 transported, besides a large number imprisoned.

—The Duke of Northumberland received the keys of office, and went through the preliminaries for entering on the functions of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the office of Mr. Peel, in Downing-street.

MARRIAGES.

At Brotherton, Lord Muncaster, to Frances Catherine, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.—At Bath, Rev. J. H. Keane, to Madame Leonora Garciar.—T. Davidson, esq., to Miss Anne Grace.—At Charlton, O. Lang, esq., to Charlotte, daughter of Lieut. Col. Rogers.—At Abberley Lodge, Rev. H. S. Cocks, son of the Hon. Reginald Cocks, to Frances Mersey, daughter of H. Bromley, esq.—At Godalming, H. Watkins, esq., to Miss Lack.—W. H. Wood, esq., of Brazenose College, Oxford, to Miss Mancknols.—At Marylebone, Rev. W. H. Hughes, to Miss A. C. Williams.—At Marylebone, W. Peters, esq., to Marianne Jane, second daughter of Henry Bonham, esq., M.P.—At Brighton, W. Campion, esq., 15th Hussars, to Harriet, eldest daughter of T. R. Kemp, esq., M.P.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of Cornwallis, to Miss Laura Hayes.

DEATHS.

At Missenden, General Sir Brent Spencer, Bart.—At her residence at Whitehall, Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, joint hereditary great chamberlain of England (with her sister the Marchioness of Cholmondeley).—At Brighton, Sir Hutton Cooper, M.P. Dartmouth.—At Horsley Hall, P. Philips, esq., only brother of Viscountess Strangford.—Rev. R. Bathurst, third son of the Bishop of Norwich.—At Gloucester, Lady George Sutton.—At Hampton Court, Sir John Thomas, Bart., 82.—At Norwich, P. M. Martineau, esq., 76.—At Great Yarmouth, J. Watson, esq., 79.—At Eaglehurst, Viscount Kilcourse.—At Bruton, Rear Admiral Goldesbrough, 82.—At Hampton, the Right Rev. Dr. Robert Stanser, Bishop of Nova Scotia.—In Tavistock Row, J. Johnstone, esq., 82, the celebrated Irish comedian.—Dr. Hyde Wollaston, Vice President of the Royal Society.—At Holbeck, near Leeds, Betty Jackson, aged 106; she had resided the whole of her life in that village, and had not suffered much from the infirmities of age.—At Gawsworth, Mr. W. Gee, farmer, 93; he had resided during the whole of his protracted life upon an estate belonging to the Earl of Harrington, and retained all his faculties to the last, working about the farm till within a few weeks of his death.—At Coventry, J. Woodcock, esq., 70.—In Powis Place, Godfrey Sykes, esq., Solicitor to the Board of Stamps.—At Hampstead, Hon. Mrs. Tyler, sister to the late Lord Teynham.—At Peterborough, Mr. R. Wilson, 97.

—At Threnhall Priory, the Baroness de Feilitzsch, 87.—In Norfolk, Sir E. Stracy, Bart., 88.—Near Swansea, Catharine Rees, 101.—In the almshouses, at Ludford, Herefordshire, endowed for the relief of old servants, John Griffin, 87; he had formerly been coachman to Sir F. Charlton, and in his latter days his great boast was, that he had eclipsed all his rival charioteers belonging to the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, by taking the family coach in *six days* to London, which no one else could accomplish under *seven*!—Rear Admiral Swiney, 82.—At Exeter, Elizabeth Blanchard, she was widow of the late town-serjeant, and was upwards of 100; she was remarkable for ready wit and rhyme, and retained these gifts, with all her mental faculties, to the end of her life.—In Sidmouth-street, Mrs. F. H. Duncan, widow of J. Duncan, esq., late member of the medical board, Madras.—At Hillington, Maria, youngest sister of G. Fuller, esq., banker.—At Bottesford, Roosilla, 77, widow of Admiral E. Sutton, and sister to Mrs. M. Sutton, widow of the late Archbishop of Canterbury.—In Baker-street, Mrs. Campbell, 82.—At Edinburgh, Mr. R. A. Smith, presenter in St. George's church, well known to the musical world by his Scottish and Irish Minstrels, "The Flower o' Dunlaine," &c.—At Llangoodmore-place, Archdeacon Millingeham.—At Solihull, Rev. C. Curtis.—In Stratton-street, Roger Wilbraham, esq., 86, formerly M.P. for Helston and Bodmin.—At Bath, Rachael, wife of Lieut. General Dickson; and Sarah, daughter of the late Sir R. Blackwood, Bart.—At Exmouth, C. Baring, esq., 88, younger brother of the late Sir Francis Baring, Bart.—At Sturbiton, Sarah, wife of Alderman Garratt.—At Ramsgate, Sir William Curtis, Bart., 77.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At New Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates Aurelius Cesar Hannibal Marcellus George Washington Tredwell, to Miss Caroline Sophia Juliana Wortley Montague Joan of Arc Williams!—At Paris, Viscount Perceval to Louise Marie, daughter of Count d'Orselet.—At Florence, Sir S. C. Bruce, Bart., to Miss H. B. Alves.—At Quebec, Rev. E. W. Sewell, son of Chief Justice Sewell, to Susan Stewart, daughter of the Hon. M. Stewart, and niece to the Earl of Galloway, and Bishop of Quebec.—At Paris, E. Gambier, esq., to Emily, daughter of the late C. Morgell, esq., M.P.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Tananarwo, Madagascar, Rev. D. Tyerman, deputy from the London Missionary Society.—At Paris, the Princess of Essling, 63, widow of the celebrated General Massena.—At Paris, F. Plowden, esq., formerly a distinguished member of the Chancery bar, and well known for his Histories of Ireland.—At Boulogne, R. Peake, esq., 72, treasurer of Drury Lane theatre 40 years.—At Chaulcelade, Frances Descours, on the eve of attaining her 111th year. Her body was nothing more than a dried-up skeleton, but she had not lost, even to her very last day, either her perfect senses or her good spirits. It is to be remarked that she had had a fall within the last six months, by which her thigh was broken. She was not bedridden until this period, and her death is to be attributed to this accident.—*Bulletin de la Dordogne*.—At Cadiz, J. N. Hall, esq., of Bow Church-yard.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—There are no less than five Associations for the Prosecutions of Felons advertised in the *Newcastle Courant*, as having just held their annual meetings, viz. Urpeth, Newburn, Witton Gilbert, Belsay, and Chirton; the number of prisoners at the county quarter sessions does not appear to be near so numerous as in many other counties.

There is a nest of resurrection men now prowling about all parts of the country. A corpse was lately taken up at Newcastle, and the grave so neatly made up, that no person could have discovered the robbery if the body had not been seized at the coach office.

DURHAM.—A skeleton was discovered a week or two back, in the kitchen of an old house, in Warren-street, Sunderland, about two feet below the floor. Much curiosity was excited by the circumstance.

We learn, from the bills of mortality for the city of Durham, that 252 baptisms, 56 marriages, and 257 burials have taken place in the year; being a decrease of 5 in baptisms, and of 4 in marriages; and an increase of 62 in burials.

Bills of mortality, in the parochial chapelry of Barnardcastle, for 1818—baptisms, 175; marriages, 25; burials 104.

A fine specimen of the red-coated diver (*colly rubus stellatus*, Lin.) was shot, on the 12th of January, on the river Wear, near Framwellgate-bridge, Durham.

CUMBERLAND.—At a meeting held at the grand jury room, Carlisle, Jan. 10, of the subscribers favourable to the Rail Road betwixt Newcastle and Carlisle, it was resolved, that application be made to all the members of the Legislature, connected with this part of the county, soliciting their active support of the Bill about to be introduced into Parliament. About 100 shareholders have already paid, in Carlisle, their deposits, upon their shares, amounting to nearly £25,000.

On Christmas day, there was, in the vicarage garden at Alston, a gentianella, in full flower. This was the more remarkable, when we consider, that Alston is the highest inhabited town in England, being 1,460 feet above the level of the sea.

YORKSHIRE.—The corporation of the Hull Trinity House have given notice that a light has been established by night at the entrance (between the piers) of Bridlington harbour, and a red flag by day, which will be hoisted when there shall be seven feet depth of water on the flood tide, and remain up till the tide shall have ebbed the same.

The delegates from the different townships in the parish of Halifax for negotiating the business of the Vicarial tithes, have arrived at the termination of their labours, the result of which is quite satisfactory to the parish. A bill will, in consequence, be introduced in Parliament early in the next session, which, when passed to a law, will secure to the present, and all succeeding Vicars of Halifax, an income of about £2,000 per annum!

An accurate census of the population of Halifax has just been completed, and the following is the result compared with different periods, beginning with that of 1574, "when," says Camden, "there were more human beings than beasts;"—1574, 12,000—1811, 73,415—1821, 93,050—1828, 104,269.

The ancient custom of tolling the Devil's passing bell on Christmas eve, at Dewsbury, which has been discontinued for some years, at the request of the worthy Vicar, has this year been revived. The practice originated in the belief, that the Devil died when the Saviour of the world was born.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The sixth annual general meeting of the Ship Owner's Society was held at the Mansion House, Hull, Jan. 14, when it was unanimously resolved, "That this meeting, after another year's experience, are more strongly convinced of the deplorably depressed state of the shipping interest of the United Kingdom, and recommend to the Committee for the ensuing year, to pursue all such measures as they may deem advisable, in endeavouring to procure some relief from this depression."—The chairman stated that during the past year the entry into the port of Hull was 858 British ships, being 105 less than 1827; and 640 foreign ships, being 124 less than 1827.

A few months ago a Roman Catholic Defence Society was instituted at York: several highly respectable gentlemen were named on the committee, most of whom have since withdrawn, the society having been converted into one of *offence*, and not of *defence*, by the circulation of tracts of the most seditious tendency.

A new sect of Christians has sprung up at Grassington, in Craven. They call themselves Nazarene Canaltes, who believe that no religious assemblies are lawful except they are held in a barn, as our Lord was born in one.

A singular modification of the *aurora borealis* was observed in the vicinity of Hull, in the evening of the 26th of December. It wore the appearance of a broad belt of pale, but very vivid light, forming the segment of an immense circle. It was visible for nearly an hour.

A swallow was seen flying in the streets of Hull, in the last week of December, a most unusual occurrence.

The branch bank of the Bank of England, at Hull, commenced its operations on the 1st. inst.

The workmen who are employed in laying out the grounds round the museum, now erecting on the ancient site of St. Mary's Abbey, York, for the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, on the 12th and 13th of January, found seven statues, which had been laid at the bottom of the foundation of a wall, which was ten feet thick, and six feet underground, and which were in a very good state of preservation. One was a statue of Moses, and four of the others were, most probably, the four evangelists. Two of them are without heads. These statues are very well executed, and were originally embellished in all the splendour which painting and gilding could impart. Of course little of this now remains; the number of years they have been imbedded, having obliterated

nearly all the purple, and crimson, and gold, which once shone resplendent upon them. They will form a very valuable addition to the antiquarian stores of the society.

NORFOLK.—By the abstract of receipts and disbursements of the treasurer of this county from Midsummer 1827, to Midsummer 1828, authoritatively published in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, it appears that (allowing a trifle still left in the treasurer's hands) the sum of £16,590, 6s. has been paid for expences—upwards of £12,000 of which has been devoured in the administration and attendant expenses of the criminal laws, for punishing, but not preventing crime!

DORSETSHIRE.—His Majesty has been pleased to confirm and renew the ancient crown grant to the inhabitants of Portland, enabling them to dig and raise stone in the common lands of the said island.

At the last meeting of the trustees of the New Blandford Savings' Bank, it appeared that the affairs of the institution were in a prosperous state, that the amount vested in Government Securities was upwards of £44,980, and the number of accounts open 1050, being an increase of 74 in the last year.—*Salisbury Journal*.

LANCASHIRE.—By the annual return of the number of vessels and tonnage which have entered the port of Liverpool last year, it appears that there was an increase of 1,025 vessels, and 67,033 tons, while the duties present a decrease of £2,742, 4s. 5d.; in the year 1827 they being £155,211, 13s. 1d., in 1828, £152,469, 9s.

The new church of St. Martin's in the Fields, at Liverpool, has been consecrated; it will seat upwards of 2,000 persons, including 1,300 free sittings for the poor. It will be of great use to the inhabitants of the north part of the town, for whose convenience not a single place of worship has been erected during the last 20 years.

The new cemetery now in progress behind the Mount, will form the most ornamental and picturesque abode for the dead which at present exists in these islands, and in some respects will exceed the celebrated Père la Chaise, with which, we believe, originated the idea of a decorated burial-ground. The beautiful and classical chapel is roofed in, and is complete as to the exterior, except the fluting of the columns; it is exactly copied from the Greek temple, and has at each end a portico of six Doric columns, supporting a rich entablature and a pediment.—*Liverpool Paper*.

Warrington will be graced this year with two new churches, at least one in the town, and the other in Latchford; the latter place is now very much increasing in population, and stands in need of greater accommodation in the church. The present church of St. James's is to be taken down, and a new one erected on a more extensive scale, and in another site, fronting the Wilderspool road, the foundation for which is now preparing; it will contain about 1,500 persons, including the free sittings, and is expected to be consecrated this year. The other church is to be built by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and will contain about the same number as St. James's church, including the free sittings.

The annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Warrington Savings' Bank, was held

on the 16th ult., when it appeared, from the report, that the deposits of last year had somewhat exceeded the sums withdrawn and the interest. The sums deposited were £14,117, and those withdrawn were £12,207. The amount now in the bank is £67,457.

CHESHIRE.—At the eleventh annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the Chester Savings' Bank, held at the Exchange, Dec. 22, 1828, it appeared that from December 1, 1817, to November 20, 1828, they had received (including interest, and bonus at 3 per cent) the sum of £235,472, 7s. 2½d.; the repayments during that period amounted to £134,678, 15s. 8d.; and that the amount of Government receipts and money in hand, amount to upwards of £101,000!

The following is the state of Knutsford gaol, at the beginning of the year 1828!—For trial at the sessions, on charges of felony, 73; on charges of misdemeanour, 17; for Congleton sessions, 3; convicted prisoners, 157; total, 250; of which are, males 212, females 38, total 250 prisoners, and eleven children!!!—"The police expenses for this county last year," said the chairman at the quarter sessions, to the grand jury, "were at least £15,000; and in Stockport alone, £2,400, whilst the county rate collected in that town was only £904!"—*Macclesfield Courier*.

The depredations and boldness of poachers have now risen to an alarming height in this county, and call aloud to the legislature for some alteration in the game laws. Lately, a gang of 17 scoured Stanneywood, when the keepers retired, to avoid so numerous a gang of desperados. At Cholmondeley Castle, a numerous gang of poachers had a complete *battue* in the plantations, and challenged the keepers to fight! The latter very prudently declined the invitation; upon which the poachers gave three cheers, and departed heavily laden with the spoils of the preserves. Mr. Shaw, head-keeper of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, accompanied by his assistants, encountered a gang of from 10 to 15 poachers, at Dunham Massey. The keepers very prudently determined to retire, upon which the poachers fired a volley upon them. One of the assistants was shot in the face and most frightfully disfigured, one eye being completely torn out of the socket. A second was shot with a ball under the shoulder-blade, and it came out in the breast below the arm-pit. A third was shot also with a ball, in the left side of the neck, and it came out in the opposite side of the throat, narrowly missing the carotid artery. A second division of the gang visited Tabley Park the same night.

WARWICKSHIRE.—At the quarter sessions for this county, commenced Jan. 12, upwards of 140 prisoners were for trial.

At the last meeting of the Birmingham Savings' Bank, it appeared that up to Dec. 10, 1828, the sum of upwards of £35,632 had been paid in by 1,893 depositors.

A declaration against the proposed "London and Birmingham Junction Canal," has been signed by upwards of 180 owners and occupiers of land on the line, considering the measure unnecessary, and injurious to their property.

At a late meeting at Birmingham, of the proprietors of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, it appeared that the tonnage had increased during the last year as much as £3,000.

Seven poachers were committed to Warwick gaol, charged with being concerned in a late affray with the gamekeepers on the Earl of Denbigh's estate. One of them is supposed to be the man who shot at, and dangerously wounded, the principal keeper. This gang consisted of 30 armed poachers, who commenced their operations close to his lordship's house at Newnham Paddox.

Another instance of those wicked and malicious offences has occurred near Stratford-upon-Avon, which have so often alarmed and terrified the inhabitants of that town and adjoining county; Mr. Low's premises at Binton, his house, his corn ricks, clover, hay, &c., have all been wilfully set on fire and totally consumed. Some opinion may be formed of the state of alarm in which the neighbourhood has been kept, when it is stated that the fire-bell at Stratford has been rung 6 times within the last twelve months, and yet none of the perpetrators of these diabolical acts have been yet apprehended.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At the annual meeting of the managers of the Northamptonshire Savings' Bank, it appeared that up to Dec. 31, 1828, the sum of £316,986. 10s. 9d. had been received, and that £172,920. 2s. 5½d. had been repaid to depositors, leaving in the hands of the managers upwards of £144,000.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—At a meeting at Leicester, Jan. 2, it was resolved to form a public banking company in that town. The capital proposed is £500,000, divided into 5,000 shares of £100 each, and the company to be considered as formed, as soon as 2,000 shares are subscribed.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—At the county sessions upwards of 110 prisoners were for trial.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—It is a fact, that there is a man in Ilchester gaol upon an execution for a debt of 12s. 6d.!!! For six months has this man been a charge to the county, and his family to the parish of Martock, at an expense, perhaps, of 20 times the amount for which he is confined.—*Sherborne Mercury*.

At the eleventh annual meeting of the trustees and managers of the West Somerset Savings' Bank, held at Taunton, Dec. 15, 1828, it appeared by their report (made up to Nov. 20), that they have invested in government securities, with interest on ditto, the sum of £203,725. 10s. 10d., which, with balance in bankers' hands, and their actuary (£1,239. 15s. 8d.) amounts to £204,965. 6s. 6d., the number of depositors were 3,823.—*Taunton Courier*.

By the last statement of the Yeoval Bank for Savings, it appeared the trustees had placed in government investments, £34,060; and that the number of depositors amounted to 771, besides 23 charitable and friendly societies.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At the general quarter sessions, nearly 100 prisoners were for trial, 86 being in the calendar for the county, and 9 for the city.

Last year's importation to Bristol, exhibits a very large increase, upon the whole, as regards the duties that have been collected: it is upon sugars; upon which, we believe, not less than £126,000 increased duty has been paid, owing to the magnitude of the crops, and the consequent enlarged importations.—*Bristol Journal*.

The amount of tonnage on the Gloucester canal, in 1827, was 106,996 tons; in 1828, it was 223,574, thus shewing an increase in the year just ended, of 116,578 tons! The receipt of duties last year exceeded that of 1827 by no less a sum than £16,000.—*Gloucester Journal*.

HAMPSHIRE.—There are 61 persons confined for offences against the game laws in the Bridewell at Winchester, besides a number of others committed for trial at the next assizes, for conflicts with game-keepers! The magistrates have made an energetic Report upon the subject, alluding very forcibly to the fashionable *battues*!!!

Notice has been given for an application to Parliament to obtain an Act for paving, watching, &c., the town of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and for establishing a market there.

Portsmouth, Dec. 20.—The four Egyptian officers who have been for some time in England for the purpose of studying our language, and of acquiring a knowledge of various arts and sciences that may be useful to their country, and promote a beneficial intercourse with our own, arrived here this week. All Effendi is going out in H. M.'s ship Shannon, Capt. Clements, to learn navigation, and Mohammed Effendi is to remain here to study naval architecture and ship-building. Sellm Aga is studying mathematics and military engineering at Woolwich, and Omar Effendi is qualifying himself for diplomacy. They all speak our language fluently, and express themselves in terms of the warmest gratitude for the liberality they have experienced. They are attached to the household of Ibrahim Pacha, son of the Viceroy of Egypt.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Poaching has this winter become more distressingly alarming than ever. Bedford gaol and penitentiary are very full, and there are upwards of 40 prisoners confined under the game laws; there is one who has taken up his winter quarters for the 21st time!!!

WORCESTERSHIRE.—State of the Worcester Savings' Bank up to Nov. 20, 1828—by money invested with the National Debt commissioners, including interest, £170,233. 1s. 3d.—in the hands of the bankers, £1,738. 17s. 7d.—total amount, £171,971. 18s. 10d.; depositors, 4,087.—The Bewdley Savings' Bank produce up to the same period, amounted to £14,369. 8s. 8d.; and the number of depositors was 294.

DEVONSHIRE.—A new church is about to be built in the centre of St. Petrox, Dartmouth, and the present church, so far removed from the parishioners, and so beautifully situated at the mouth of the harbour, is to remain, as a cemetery for the dead.

An estate, situate at Lodeswell, near Kingsbridge, in this county, has within the last few days, by the death of a person advanced in years, come into the possession of his brother; the value of the estate is estimated at £500, and on examining the title-deeds of the property, it appears that it was purchased about two centuries ago for the enormous sum of *Four Pounds Ten Shillings*!—*Trewman's Exeter Flying Post*.

At the commencement of the Devon sessions (Jan. 13), the county prisons contained 253 prisoners, including those for trial, and those in prison on former orders!

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—There are now in Aylesbury goal nearly 180 prisoners !! 4 only are debtors!—*Berkshire Chronicle*, Dec. 27, 1828.

KENT.—At the winter assizes for this county, 6 convicts were recorded for death; 7 were transported, and 30 sentenced to imprisonment for various periods.

SURREY.—The following resolution was proposed, and carried unanimously, by the magistrates assembled at the quarter sessions of this county—"That this Court deem it a duty to represent to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the crying evils resulting from the present state of the Game Laws, and to implore his Majesty's Government to effect such an amendment of those laws as to its wisdom shall seem expedient, for the diminution of crime and the general welfare of the country; and that the county members do present the same."

The ancient Archbishop's Palace, at Croydon, the remains of the once splendid palace, were sold at the Mart. This extensive palace once covered 13 acres of land. The principal remains are the ancient hall, with its curiously-constructed roof, the chapel, the Judges' chambers, and the old head of water. There are now a number of modern buildings erected on the site, which is bounded by the river Wandle.—The whole produced £6,700.

CORNWALL.—The Union Canal, between Liskard and Looe, is now in full working: it has been effected in the course of two years, at an expense of nearly £15,000.—The new line of turnpike roads, avoiding hills, between Liskeard and Torpoint, and branching thence towards Looe, are now open to travellers, combining usefulness with pleasure. These works have been the result of very liberal expense; and the grand object of establishing a steam ferry across the Tamar, from Torpoint to Devonport, is nearly accomplished.—*Sherborne Mercury*.

At a late meeting held at Penryn, it was unanimously resolved, that an institution for the instruction of infant children should be established.

At the quarter sessions, the chairman stated that a saving had been made last year in the expenditure of the county of £1,428 in the current expenses, and on the total expenditure, of £583, notwithstanding an increased sum of £840 had been expended in repairs.

The Plumper is arrived at Falmouth from Sierra Leone, with forty prisoners, crew of a piratical schooner under Buenos Ayres colours, captured by one of our cruisers, and sent to this country for trial.—*Sherborne and Yeovil Mercury*.

WALES.—The late tempestuous weather has been truly terrific throughout the county of Monmouth, and the country round Abergavenny, is entirely inundated. The river Usk has overflowed its banks, and the Merthyr mail-coach has been washed from the road through one of the arches of the bridge. One of the passengers was drowned, and the whole of the horses.

The inhabitants of Merionethshire thus introduce their petition to the commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the courts of common law in England and Wales:—"We, the undersigned inhabitants of the county of Merioneth, beg to solicit your investigation of

the present mode of administering justice in Wales, more particularly as regards the expediency of assimilating the Welsh judicature to that of England. The facilities that must be at your control, and the information that has been forwarded to you from other parts of the principality, render unnecessary our going at length into the subject. But we are anxious that, amidst other matters of consequence, your attention should be given to this subject, which is of paramount importance to the community in Wales, so as to ensure them the benefit and instructions of the leading gentlemen of the law."

SCOTLAND.—A noted resurrectionist, named Burke, and a woman with whom he cohabited, named Helen McDougal, have been apprehended in Edinburgh on several charges of having committed murders for the purpose of selling the bodies of their victims to surgeons for dissection. The crime seemed to be of too horrible a nature to be true, and few persons were disposed to believe in its reality. Their doubts, however, have been removed, and one of the inhuman wretches has expiated his offences by the forfeiture of his life—a punishment scarcely adequate to the enormity of his guilt. Their trial came on in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh; they were indicted on three counts; the first, with the murder of Mary Paterson, while in a state of intoxication, by covering her mouth and nose, and forcibly compressing her throat, thereby causing suffocation; the second, with having committed a similar offence on J. Wilson, commonly called Daft Jamie; and the third, with having murdered Mary Campbell, also by suffocation. The prisoners were tried on the latter count only; and in this case, after witnesses had testified to their belief in the horrible trade carried on by them, W. Hare, an Irishman, who acted as an accomplice in the disposal of the bodies, proved the facts stated in the indictment: that Burke had drawn the old woman into the murderous receptacle, had made her drunk, then laid his breast over her head, and remained in that state till he had suffocated her; they then put the body in a tea-chest, and sold it to the Museum, whither it was carried by witness. The deceased had arrived from the country only one day before the murder, having left her home at Glasgow in search of her son, and being nearly destitute, was found by Burke in the street begging: he promised to give her food, and induced her to go home with him. Before he could finally accomplish his purpose, the poor woman cried "Murder," which was heard by a passer-by, and this led to the horrible discovery. Burke's accomplice, Helen McDougal, was acquitted; and he was ordered for execution on January 28.

The theatre at Glasgow has been burnt to the ground.

IRELAND.—The following is an estimate of the value of the principal articles of produce, &c., exported from Ireland to Liverpool, in the year 1827: grain, £1,451,170—provisions, £1,010,778—live stock, £1,170,998—manufacture, £1,011,697—cotton twist, woollens, soap, glue, starch, snuff, quills, hides, and skins, potatoes, feathers, &c. £200,000—salmon and poultry, 50,000—total £4,894,643.